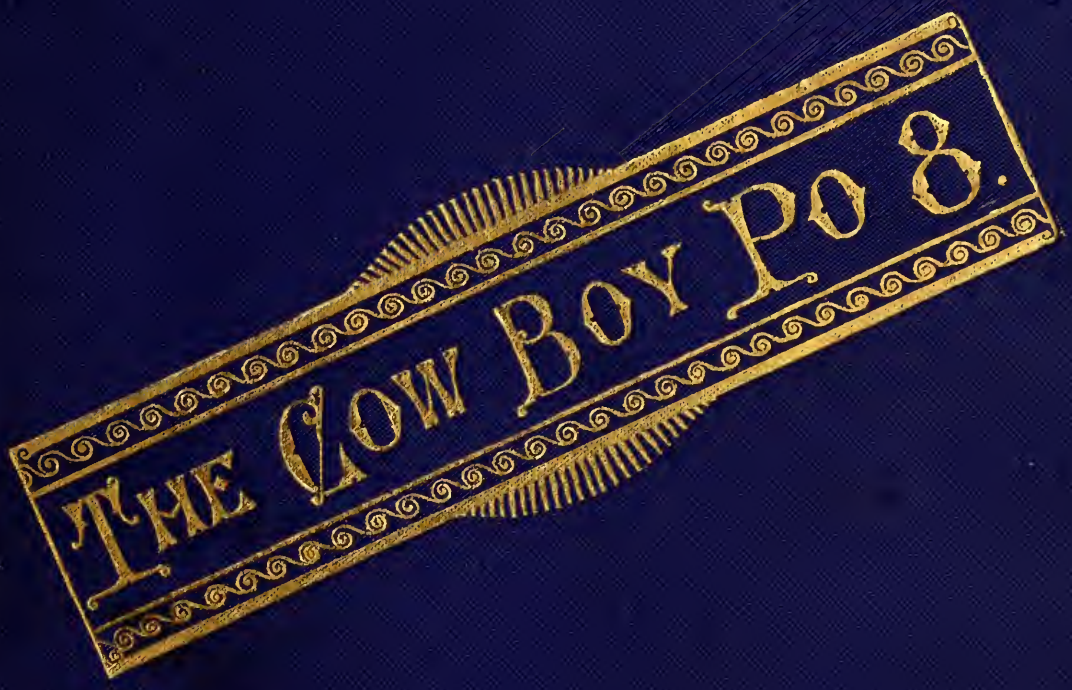
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— Sam Brown Jr.

(The Cow Boy Pos of the Platte)

MAY-DAY DREAMS,

PASSION FLOWERS,

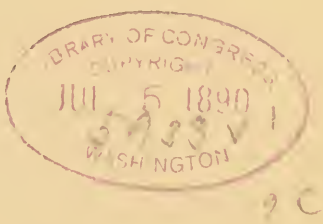
POETIC FLIGHTS AND PROSY THOUGHTS.

THREE BOOKS IN ONE VOLUME.

BY

SAM BROWN, JR.

(THE COWBOY POET OF THE PLATTE.)



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PREFATORY.

Fool, air thyself in this world,
For that makes mediocrity endurable.

These tnree little books have nothing classical about them. They are neither ante-Memphian, post-Albanian nor Attic. They advance no claims whatever to modern art. In fact, their fairest pretensions are sadly obscured by doggerel and ruralism. Moreover, they were never meant for public inspection at all. They were kept rather as so many every-day records of the author's private life, of his waking day-dreams, of his melancholy moments, of his happier inspirations, and, in brief, of all other such kind of ultra poetic sentiment.

Had it not been through the persuasive influence of some admiring friends, these three little books would never have been printed—not in their present very imperfect state, at least.

That his hand has always possessed greater cunning in the use of the gun and lasso than may be possible for it to ever attain in the art of handling the "mighty pen" is a self-evident fact, and a truth which the author has never yet had the audacity to make denial of.

Composed, as these three little books were, during that very verdant and eccentric period of life when over-flushed hopes, feverish sentiments, shame-faced follies, fickle, false first loves, etc., are all at work, playing strange freaks among one's heart-strings, breeding hot riot in the blood, and intoxicating the mind of youth with freely promised, but never-to-be-fulfilled delights —composed almost entirely during that very immature period of life, is it strange that these three graceless little books contain many things of which the author is now ashamed, and regretful of ever having written? Yet, since these things are chronicled, it is our earnest desire and request that a generous and forgiving public will kindly let them remain standing, as it were, simply for what they are—first efforts; nothing more.

Fresh from that lotos land of youth—that turning point in life where boyhood and manhood first meet, and then join hands

and travel on through sunshine, cloud and shower, for years together—fresh from that mystic May-day dreamland, these three little literary wanderers (I came near saying literary tramps), even with all of their many faults and imperfections, should still have some of that subtle, sweet perfume and dainty freshness about them so highly prized and so purely enjoyable in spring flowers. I don't say that they really have any of this dewy fragrance still lingering about the hem and folds of their garments—I only say that, considering the purely pristine source from whence they have had origin, they should have a trace of it, at least.

That the author's earlier life was a somewhat troubled one is a truth of which we make cheerful confession. However, that unhappy chapter of his career is now passed by and is all over with. He stands to-day within the sacred precincts of that charmed border land—that "Ultima Thule" into which all men are striving daily to gain an entrance. Already the calm, reposeful quiet of a more mature manhood is upon him. What he has heretofore thought, written, said and done, although of little intrinsic merit in itself, still may be useful as well as interesting to others, inasmuch as it has been the means whereby was supplied all that close training necessary to raise the author up above his own coarser, darker and more material self, into that holier and higher and more realistic life of which we have just spoken. Whatever the author's past existence may have been, his present is truly a happy and a holy one.

If the lessons which we have proposed to teach in these brief pages shall yet bring peace to one single unhappy soul, then our labor is amply repaid, and our effort a success.

As to our future intentions, briefly we would say that should we ever again appear in print before the public, it is our earnest hope and prayer to be able to present the reader with a more finished, a more artistic and a better work than the very rude one offered at this present writing. These are the works of the boy. What the man shall do remains yet to be seen.

THE AUTHOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

May + Day + Dreams.

"O heart of youth, when first you speak
The story all young lives must know,
Although your words seem faint and weak,
What deep, delicious bliss you know—
A prelude to the holiest rest
That ever dawns in mortal breast."

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

HOME, SWEET, SWEET HOME.

" Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the wide world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

—*J. Howard Payne.*

I.

Of all the palaces upon the earth,
Of all life's templed halls the dearest,
Home is the holiest, highest, fairest.
House of my youth, house of my birth,
Where'er I roam, wherever stray,
On winter's eve, or summer's day,
" My heart untraveled turns to thee "—
Turns fondly, sweetly still to thee,
To thee, sweet home, to thee, sweet home.

II.

Of fairer spot does mortal dream,
Of rose-girt bower, or lilied isle,
Or palace by some Orient stream,
Where Houris fair and Devas dwell,
Or do some mortals love the Pol ?
Or is the desert sweet to some ?
Or—, well, I'd not exchange my home
For all the cates which gypsies tell,
Or leave my rural love to roam.

III.

Perchance in foreign lands there are
More lofty hill, more flowery dell.
It is not so to me—thrice fair
Each wood, each stream, each hill, each plain.
I love the West ; it is my home—
The forest wild, the savage glen,
The Heavens' blue, unclouded dome,
The rushing stream, the cascade's roar,
The mountains looking down, the plains before.

IV.

It may be sweet in Florida to dwell
'Neath orange grove and tall palmetto tree;
It may be sweet beside the Pol;
But, for my part, I'd rather be
Among Colorado's parks and hills,
To hear the music of the rills,
To feel upon my face the spray,
To watch the fountains in their play,
Or listen to my true love's roundelay.

V.

Go—go tell the saint he errs, the man of brain
He is misled—there is no wealth, no gain,
No love, no joy outside of home's domain.
O bleeding heart! O pining soul!
What is thy art; what is thy toil;
What is thy hope—thy triumph worth?
A life of grief, a world of pain, a timeless death.
The wag may laugh, the prophet dream, the gypsy roam—
There is no joy, no rest, no Heaven but home, sweet, sweet
home,
For home is Heaven, and Heaven is home!

VI.

Farewell, ye streams, ye vales, ye forests wide!
Farewell, ye distant lands, ye foreign views!
Ye fair, deceptive scenes that ever lure my eyes,
Ye wound my feet, ye cheat my heart;
Your beauties are unstable fair,
Delusive and dissolving as the air;
Ye lead my steps from duty, and my thoughts astray—
Oh, hence, ye guys, ye jacks of mockery!
Ye have undone, impoverished, starved and lamed me.

VII.

Farewell, ye towns, ye glittering courts!
I will no more your puppet be—
No more the plaything of your heartless sports.
Farewell, ye queens, ye kings, ye courtiers gay!
No more your hollow show for me,
No more your fleeting joys that come and go,
No more your transient sweets that steal away
The careless heart, the happy mind.
Ye leave a venomed sting—a curse behind.

VIII.

Farewell, ye orgies of the world,
Ye harpies that on ruins build!
Ye shall not beak nor tear my heart.
Farewell, ye vanities that lead
Ambitious men and Learning's slaves
To ruin, and untimely graves!
Oh, hence, ye Cunnings and Conceits
That look on thrones, yet stand in streets!
Farewell, ye dreams—ye selfish cheats!

IX.

Farewell, ye sirens, Wealth and Fame,
Ye petty Nymphs that chain the deep!
Ye make men cry and women weep—
Your petted playthings for a single day,
Your tortured vassals for a life.
Oh, cease your smiles! ye charm not me.
Farewell, ye names—ye titles fine!
Be blithe, be gay, smile while you may,
For ye shall die—in ignominious defeat die.

X.

Go—go tell the saint he errs, the man of brain
He is misled—there is no wealth, no gain,

No love, no joy outside of home's domain.
O bleeding heart! O pining soul!
What is thy hope; what is thy toil;
What is thy art—thy triumph worth?
A glare, a breath, a grave, a hell on earth,
A martyred soul, a living death!
Oh, let the jester laugh, the poet dream, the gypsy roam—
There is no rest, no Heaven but home, sweet, sweet home,
For home is Heaven—Eden—home!

XI.

Give—give me back, that old familiar scene,
The haunted wood, the meadow green,
The blossomed bank, the loitering stream,
The ruined mill, the water dam,
The sky, the hills, the brooks between,
The happy bird, the happy bee,
The old, mysterious, hollow tree
Where dwelt the genus of the wood—
That sleepy valley where the cabin stood,
My father's house—that home where I was born.

XII.

Oh, give me back my youth's bright morn,
That time forever dear—forever sweet to me!
Oh, give me back my native plain—my boundless cattle *ranchoree*,
The little tangled garden in whose rosy wild
My infant, timid, footsteps oft in wonder strayed—
Each scene a mystery, each green bush-hidden glade
A wonder-land—an unexplored world.

XIII.

O ye who have a heart! what are the glittering diadems
Of the whole world—the high reared palaces,
The gem-embossed thrones the seats of chased gold,

The wealth of centuries, the spoils of realms,
The pomp of monarchies, the immortal name?
All is delusion, tinsel, glass—vain, hollow show,
When in the soul's just balance weighed with home.

XIV.

Sweeter, sweeter far, unspeakable thy rural, leaf-hid cottage is,
Thy mother's quiet face, thy aged father's silvery hairs,
Thy sister's kiss, thy baby brother's wondering, starry eyes,
The well remembered friend, thy mate of years—long years forever flown,
The face of her—the dream—the hope—that Heaven that might have been!

XV.

Or think how glad—how sweet, at close of day,
To watch thy little children romp and play,
To take the little chubby darlings on thy knee,
To kiss their hurts, their tears, their little griefs away.
Or think of her—the partner of thy joys,
Though storms may rage and rave without,
Thy heart steadfast—thy soul unchangeable—
No—not unchangeable, yet still steadfast.
No fret is thine, no wakeful dream,
No thirst for worldly good, for wealth or fame,
No hope for power—thou only knowest that 'tis sweet
To live, to love, to toil and be content—
Thy cares at rest, the world forgot,
Thy head, each night, softly, sweetly pillowed
By thy young love's fair, white, ripening breast—
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awaking ceaseless in a sweet unrest,
Still—still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live on forgetful ever of e'en death.*

* Changed from Keats' "Last Sonnet."

XVI.

Go—go tell the saint he errs, the man of brain
He is misled—there is no wealth, no gain,
No love, no joy outside of home's domain.
O bleeding heart! O pining soul!
What is thy strife; what is thy toil;
What is thy hope—thy labor worth?
An earthly hell, a living grave, a timeless death!
The wag may laugh, the preacher yawn, the poet dream—
There is no rest, no Heaven but home, sweet, sweet home,
For home is Heaven, and Heaven is Eden—home!

XVII.

Lo! round those dear old half-forgotten, half-remembered scenes
Still cling some hidden charms, all potent still
To melt the coldest heart—the fiercest mood subdue.
Sweet home! all worshiped, hallowed home!
Thou place of all places immeasurably most bright,
Oft bards have sung thy speechless joys before,
Yet still thy deathless praises will be rung
Long as the unfathomable spirit stays its flight,
Or the deep heart of Nature has a tongue.

"Home is a type of Heaven—the word 'home' means everything bright. The highest, grandest, mightiest institution upon earth is home."—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

"Home is not, in reality, a place in *time* and *sense;* it is a state of eternity. All its belongings and adornments are ideas born of spiritual sense, and hence are unchangeable and indestructible—a joy forever. * * * Man is never at home in evil; the purity of spiritual sense is his holy habitation, wherein is to be found no 'unclean thing.' Things are thoughts, and the thoughts that furnish and adorn the home of man are pure, clean, perfect thoughts. * * * Home is Paradise—Eden—Heaven—Eternity."
—*Bettie Bell in Christian Science Journal for March, 1890.*

CONSTANCY.

"With one small, shining hand
She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
'Death, not inconstancy.' * * *
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand."

—*Anonymous.*

'Twas in youth's morning, Constancy,
Life's month of May,
When you and I were glad, Constancy,
And all the world was gay.
We met beside Hope's river, Constancy,
In God's own clime—Love's Land of Florida.

We met, we plighted, Constancy,
We pledged, but never wed.
We kissed—we parted, Constancy,
"Good by," we said.
You lingered on the shore, Constancy,
I floated down the bay.

You watched, you waited, Constancy,
I drifted out to sea.
Long years passed by, Constancy,
And I came back to thee
To find you dearer, fairer, Constancy,
God bless you—waiting still for me.

LAUGHING WATER.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
You and me!
Laughing water, I love thee!
Laughing water—water free,
Full of glee,

Glowing, flowing
Merrily,
Leaping, laughing,
Bubbling up
From Nature's crystal cup,
Wherein Elfin Winter has locked up
Sweets for Summer Fays to sup.

Water! Water! Water free,
Full of glee,
Mirthfully
Ringing, singing
All the day.
Who can sing, who can play,
Who can laugh like thee?
Laughing water—water free,
Do not run—do not run away.
Precious stream,
Flash and gleam.
Eden's daughter, Heaven's charm,
Seen where'er we loiter,
Heard in every dream—

Water! Water! Laughing water!
Long ago,
Long, long ago,
So they say—so they say,
Andromache and Hebe
No such nectar
Gave to Hector,
Or Pyrrhus,
But to-day we confess,
We're ashamed to say,
Christian men turn from thee
Turn to Lethe—now called "whisky"—

By the Deil, so they say—so they say.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! you and me!
Laughing water, I love thee!

TO A WILD WARBLER.

Pretty robin, sitting
On yon leafy spray;
Airy rover, flitting
Through yon flowery canopy;
Joyous cherub, warble you to me?
"*Ha! ha! ha! ha!*" Well-a-day! well-a-day!
Now you're in a tree,
Dashing, dancing, hopping, skipping,
Woods awake with melody—
"*Turey! turey! lurey!*"*
Crooning, hissing, screaming—
"*Churee! churee! churee!*"
Strutting, stalking, swelling—
"*Ree! ree! ree!*"
Rythm, rapture, poetry—
"*Gee! gee! gee!*"
Eclogue, laughter, euphony—
"*Ha! ha! ha! ha! turey!*"
But away you fly,
Good-by, my bird, good-by!
"*By! by! by!*" Good-by, good-by,
Well-a-day! well-a-day! ah, well-a-day!

*"Turey" was the name by which the West India Islanders called their Heaven. (See Irving's "Columbus," Chapter VII.) It is also one of the notes uttered by the oriole. I think it very probable that the Indians, believing that the bird came from Heaven, named their spirit land "Turey," after the note of the bird.

LINES TO THE SWAN AND THE LILY.

Snowy swan, dwelling with the lily
On the land of summer by the sea,
Glancing in the sunshine and the spray,
Gliding through the marge so green and mossy,
'Neath the shade of flower, shrub and tree,
In the lakelet bathing,
In the shady rill,
In the sunlight basking,
In the moonbeams pale.
On the mountain's azure gazing,
On the skies ethereal blue,
In the foam and bubbles diving,
Listening to the mirth so mild and merry,
And the roar and rabble of the falls—
Of the falls so wild and airy,
That waft the water from the snow,
From the heights so blue and dizzy,
From the founts so cool and icy,
To the green, sequestered vale below,
To the land of summer—
To the lake of lustre,
In the wildwood by the sea.

I have loved thee, swan!
Thee and the lily,
I shall love thee on.
Who could not love thee, bird of beauty?
Who could not love thee, flower chaste and saintly?
None—none! I hear the woodlands echo, "*None.*"
Then live thee on, sweet swan,
Thee and the lily.
Oh, live thee on in peace and plenty,

THE BUTTERFLY-BOAT.

Loved by Nature, God and man;
Live thee on forever,
In thy grace and beauty,
In the lake of lustre,
In the land of summer,
In the wildwood by the sea.

THE BUTTERFLY-BOAT.

"I know of a country,"
Said a Nymph to a Fairy
As she sat on the wing of a bee,
"I know of a country," said she,
"Far away from the din of the world.
I know of a lakelet," said she,
"Where the mountains so white
And the clouds overhead
Are mirrored way down in the tide—
Where the cygnets sport ever
And the water-bugs, fleeter
Than the fly-hawks of the air,
Race round on their long supple legs,
Turning mosquito-boats over
And spilling their cargoes of eggs.
I know of a valley" she said,
"Where a lily-bell white
And a rose ruby red
And two sunflowers are dying
To marry a shy violet—
Where a sweet mignonette
And a daisy are crying
'Cause there's a bee in their bed."

"Then come, pretty Nymph," said the Fairy,
"We will away to that wild, pretty country.

We will chain a canary
And a humming-bird airy;
We will harness a bee
And a dragon-fly fleet;
We will yoke up a bat—
Then away, away we will float—
Away, away in our butterfly-boat!

"Away, away we will scurry,
Away, away across the broad prairie,
Away, away beyond the blue sea!
We won't be in no hurry,
But our steeds will go free—
They shall soar when they want to,
And float when they please.
They may drink the cool dew,
Or feed on the flowers
As over the bright sunny bowers
And across the green meadows we pass,
While we sit at our ease
And squeeze, or kiss, whichever you please."

"Its agreed! its agreed!"
Said the Nymph to the Fairy,
And quick as the winged sunlight,
They caught up and harnessed their team,
And away, away I saw them both float—
Away, away like a dream,
Away, away in their butterfly-boat.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET LETHE.

Flow gently, sweet Lethe, among the tall palms;
Flow gently, sweet Lethe, thou river of dreams;

Flow gently—my boat is afloat on thy stream;
Flow gently, flow gently, by my spirit-love's home.

Ye wild, sunny highlands, where the Seraphim live;
Ye sweet, flowery valleys, beyond the dim grave,
How oft in my fancy, when the moon is on high,
My Psyche and I through the flowery realms stray.

Sweet rest to you, Psyche, with your bonny brown eyes;
Sweet rest to you, Psyche, with your shy, pretty ways;
Sweet rest to you, Psyche, in your home by the stream;
Sweet rest, little sweetheart, till we meet in our dream.

Flow gently, sweet Lethe, among the tall palms;
Flow gently, sweet Lethe, thou river of dreams;
Flow gently—my boat is afloat on thy stream;
Flow gently, flow gently, by my spirit-love's home.

LINES TO LONGFELLOW.

Sleep on, Longfellow, sleep, and may Life's swelling river
Linger to kiss thy feet.
Sleep on, sweet bard, sleep on, and may thy songs forever
Make this world more good and chaste.

Reared in the truth—reared in God's own presence,
No vulgar thought was thine;
As pure thy words are, and as chaste thy lessons,
As snow-flakes zeyhyr blown.

Thou wert the Pan, who, far from crowded cities,
Made thy haunt the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed those artless ditties
That came to us as dreams.

Of men whose lives ran on like rivers
Thy tuneful muses sang,

Telling of hapless days and parted lovers,
And joys delayed too long.

Sleep on, Longfellow, sleep, and may Life's swelling river
Linger to kiss thy feet.
Sleep on, sweet bard, sleep on, and may thy songs forever
Make our lives more good and sweet.*

BABY CLYTE.

Baby Clyte! baby Clyte!
How beautiful! how sweet!
Chubby arms, tiny hands and feet,
Pretty mouth and tender skin,
Roguish eyes and dimpled chin,
Romping, rollicking little mite,
Soul of mischief, idol of delight,
Blossom, jewel, flower,
Gift from Cupid's bower!
Not a bird on all the trees
Half so blue is as your eyes;
Not a pink-cupped flower sleeps
Half so red is as your lips—
Sweetest thing I know;
Not a dove is that can coo
Half so soft or lovingly as you.

Sleep, baby, sleep—
Be your slumber full and deep;
Wake not till the sun is up.
May your rest the angels keep,
Bonny Clyte, pretty Clyte,
Baby Clyte of Baby Land.

* Longfellow's own verses, with but a slight change of words. See "Fleur de Lis."

BABY CLAIR.

Baby Clair! baby Clair!
Pretty, dimpled, witty Clair!
Hazel eyes and flaxen hair,
Teeth as white as pearls are,
Cheeks the color of the rose,
Lips as sweet as apple blows.
Little darling, come to me;
Sweetheart, sit upon my knee;
Hug me, kiss me, squeeze me, Clair,
Crown my head with garlands fair;
Woo me, tease me, plague me, too—
All my heart I give to you.
Knight never loved his lady so;
Did he—could he, Clair?

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Little children! little children!
Little children, race and run,
Cheating "blind man" in the sun,
Playing "puss" and "fox and geese,"
"Batting ball" and "changing base,"
Rolling marbles on the green.
Little men and little women,
Shouting, laughing all you can,
Pleasure mirrored in each face,
Cease your romping—come to me.
Little Jenny, sit upon my knee.
Harry, Robby, Katie, Mary,
Hattie, Maggie, Minnie, Polly,
All you little people come—

By my side is lots of room.
Georgie, Phœbe, Dora, Lottie,
Lula dear and Tony aren't forgot;
Olive is remembered, too.
Little playmates, sweethearts true,
Half my heart was never told—
All my love you'll never know.
Jenny, kiss me, "cause I'm old."
Little ones, "love one another"—do!
"Heaven's kingdom," Jesus said,
"Is of children"—such as you.

A SNOW IDYL.

O beautiful, beautiful snow!
How fast and thick you fall from your Heaven above;
How soon you cover our world below;
How soft, like the buoyant down of a milk-white dove,
You flutter lightly to and fro.

O wild, wild, winds! oh, whirl and blow,
Oh, howl and thunder, and bellow as over the hills you blithely go.
Oh, ripple the rivers' icy flow
As down the forest you plunge and o'er the fields of flowery snow.

Oh, firmly grasp thine aerial plow,
As over the land and sea you panting go.
Oh, cleave with your sharp, keen, piercing prow
The fields of cloud and turn us down, furrows of snow—
Furrows of saintly, beautiful snow.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful snow!
Come, let me breathe my love to you, as I did in the long ago—

As I did in the days when youth and joy
Sped through my veins, uncumbered by age's alloy.

Oh, let me recall to memory
The wild, wild woods, the rolling plains and the frozen brooks,
The mountain's grand sublimity—
Its ermine robe, its frozen beard and its hoar locks.

Oh, let me trudge to school once more
Through the biting, blinding blast and the deep billows
Of sparkling, crystal, fairy flower,
With its constant shift and change in the gust and flaws.

Oh, let me stand beneath the bough
Of the forest tree, with its vine-clad canopy,
And list to the howl and bellow
Of the wind so free, as it plows the ether sea.

Oh, let me sing to you, sweet snow,
As you whirl and shift through the mat of branches high,
Fast falling down to the earth below,
Whitening meads and fields, curdling rivers rolling by.

Oh, let me feel your frozen breath,
As you thunder and roar along the shaggy shore.
Oh, let me hear your rabble mirth,
As you plunge through the wood and o'er the marshy moor.

Oh, let the ocean's bosom heave,
When the breakers toss on high great hills of lily foam.
Oh, let the wounded forest grieve
For its broken branch, for its shattered trunk, for its battered dome.

Oh, spread thy pinions far and wide,
Oh, tear the rugged spruce tree from the mountain's side;
Oh, harness the wind to thy chariot cloud—
Away! away! far over the earth and the ocean wide!

LITTLE DENNY DEAN.

Little Denny Dean is sitting
By a brook-side in the grass,
On the gold-eyed lilies gazing
Through his half-shut, dreamy eyes.
Little Denny Dean is nodding,
The fleeting moments heeding not,
Soft May winds about him sighing,
Whisper sweetly, "Little boy, forget."

Little Denny Dean is dreaming,
And a smile is in his eye;
Far away his thoughts are roaming,
In a land where fairies be—
In a land of song and summer,
Where little maidens dance and play,
Where children learn no lessons, never,
But have eternal holiday.

Little Denny Dean is sitting
By a brook-side, on a stone,
Soft May winds about him straying,
Shower the shining roses down;
Shower the silky, shelly petals o'er him,
Falling on his sunny hair and face.
Oh, ye blushing, shy-wild roses,
Steal from little Denny boy a kiss!

Little Denny Dean awakens,
And his soft, brown eyes unclosing,

Sadly looks up at the sun;
"My! what precious time I'm losing,"
He cries—"'Tis nearly half-past nine.
Oh, they'll think I'm 'hookey' playing,
But no, dear me, I'm not that mean."

Little Denny Dean, arising,
Starts off on the run—
Honest little soul, disdaining
Dishonest act or mean.
Much he loved the birds and bushes,
Much the brooks and skies;
But dearer, fairer far to him
Was "honor bright"—brave little Denny Dean.

BUY MY ROSES.

LITTLE MAIDEN.

"Buy my roses! buy my roses!
Buy my beautiful wild roses!
Some are yellow, some are red,
Some are pink and some are white—
All are fragrant, all are sweet,
All are dewy, all are bright;
They were gathered by my hand.
Buy my roses, buy them all!
Buy my roses, stranger pale?"

PALLID STRANGER.

"Little maiden, little maiden,
With the flower basket laden,
With the roses in your hair,
With your garlands fresh and fair,

Tell me, tell me, little maiden,
Tell me, tell me, if you can—
Tell me, tell me, while I dream,
From what sunny little Aden,
From what flowery, fairy land,
From what happy place you come."

LITTLE MAIDEN.

"Not from Aden! not from Aden!
Not from sunny fairy land;
Not from fancy's world at all,
Traveler weary, traveler pale;
I'm no fairy, light and airy,
Not from cloud land do I come;
I'm not Mab, sir, I am Mary—
I'm a little maiden just from home."

PALLID STRANGER.

"Then tell me, tell me, little Mary,
Tell me, tell me, if you can—
Tell me with your ways so light and airy,
With your manner calm and bland,
Tell me, tell me, while I dream,
Are you not that wee child woman—
That little mortal mother men call 'Home'?"

LITTLE MAIDEN.

"Stranger, stranger, yes, I am—
I'm that little mother,
I'm that Mary and no other,
I'm that child-wife men call 'Home.'"

PALLID STRANGER.

"Then tell me, tell me, little Mary,
Tell me, tell me, while I dream,

Is there any region airy?
Is there any Heaven flowery?
Is there any Eden land but home?
Is there any love, my Mary?
Is there any rest for man?
Is there any joy save at home?"

LITTLE MAIDEN.

"Stranger, no! stranger, no!
You may come, you may go,
You may travel the world through,
You may wander, you may roam,
You may visit Winter's frozen home,
Live with Summer 'mid her bloom,
Call on Autumn—call on Spring,
Help Aurora plume her wing;
House with Evening—house with Night,
Bask in morning crimson light,
No matter in what country you may roam,
No spot you'll find—no place like home.

"Stranger weary, stranger pale,
You may ride or you may sail,
You may wander where you will,
Walk with Hope in Fancy's vale,
Sit with Art on Music's Hill,
Sleep or dream by Pleasure's stream—
No spot is there, no place so sweet as home.

"Stranger weary, stranger pale,
Gems will tarnish, gold will rust,
Crowns and sceptres fall to dust,
Pomp will perish, power will rot,
Greatest names are soon forgot,
Men will kneel who honor not,

Arches spread and columns fall—
Time, who raises, levels all.
You may delve in science or in art,
You may raise the structure fair and bright
In battles proud, in trusts of state.
You may honor gain,
But a glory is you cannot win,
But a wonder is you cannot find,
But a flower blooms you cannot paint.

"Then, stranger weary, stranger pale,
If you seek that joy, if you seek that sweet,
If you seek that pleasure-yielding plant,
Buy my roses fresh and wild,
Buy my roses white and red.
They can cure you; they can heal;
They are pretty blossoms all.

"This is Patience, this is Peace,
This is Love and this Grace,
This is Ever-Meant-to-Please,
This is Honor, this is Truth,
This is Virtue, this is Mirth,
This is Ever-Blooming Youth,
This is Free Heart, this is Right,
This is Help-a-Friend-in-Need,
This is sunny Self-Content.

"Stranger weary, stranger pale,
Buy my roses, buy them all!
They are fragrant, they are sweet,
They are nice to have about;
They can cure you, they can heal,
They will make you glad and well.
Two for four, six for three—

None will cheaper sell;
Cheap are they as cheap can be—
Twenty takes the pile.
Choose the best, buy from me
Kisses true, kisses true!
What! you cannot buy to-day?
Well, well—ha! ha!—I'll give you some.
That's the way—ah, that's the way!
That's the way we sell at home."

THE VIOLET FLOWER—A FAIRY TALE.

You all have heard the power,
No doubt, of this love-tipped flower;
It is the same the fairy laid
Upon the sleepers' eyes that night.
Around the poet's mossy wood-seat
Us elfins danced. Whole hours
We did watch—those weary lovers, passion-led,
Pass by, lost in the Naiads' bowers.
Ere long we followed, and, betime, with faint
And weariness o'ercome, amid the mosses dank
They sank down side by side upon a flowery bank,
And in the grass their sweet, but guiltless, couches made.

O wondrous power of this dainty flower!
It made Demetrius and fair Helen wed,
And wild Lysander seek his love again.
I saw the god his love-dart fire—
It was a cloudless summer's night,
And Cupid, that wicked baby lover,
Was swimming gaily the moon's river.
'Twas Psyche's self he shot at,
But, wary little soul, she dodged the dart,

And, swift as thought, upon her wings of light
She fled afar off to her charmed bower.
Near where I stood, among the tufted clover,
The arrow fell—here did it pierce the flower!
But luck forsook me—I could find it never—never.
Wherefore, a mateless elf I've vowed to live me ever, ever.

BEAUTIFUL CITY WHERE THE ANGELS DIED.

(COMPRISING VARIOUS SCENES FROM THE PENTATEUCH.)

"And it came to pass * * * that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose. And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth. And the Lord said, I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth."—*Genesis vi.*

"And it came to pass that all flesh died that moved upon the earth, * * * and all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land died."—*Genesis vii.*

PART FIRST.

Have you heard of that vale, that valley so green
Where a white city stood, and a river came down,
And a temple above, on the capitol height,
O'er the fair valley looked, o'er the city so bright,
And the river it sparkled and flashed in the sun.
'Neath the bridges it leapt, 'neath arches it ran,
Through a forest it curved, by a mountain it swerved,
Through a valley it foamed, through a valley so blest,
Down, down to a lake, to a crystaline, heavenly lake,
To a sun-kissed, lily blest, bright bosomed lake,
To a wonderful lake, where a tall mountain crest
Bent over the tide to mirror the snows on its breast,
And the skies overhead and the clouds floating past
Paused oft, in their haste, on that mountain to rest,
And to gaze on that tide—that magical tide,
That beautiful, unrippled, wonderful tide,
Where the wind ever slept, and the gale ever died.
And a wonderful bark on those waters did ride—
A broad breasted bark, a white winged bark,
A beautiful, gold-plaited, silver-railed bark,
An odd-fashioned, strange looking, one masted bark.
Yet, oh! what a wonder to man—what a glorious scene
Was that white pillared town, that marble-walled town,
That Heaven-built town which stood in the vale,

And, oh! that temple, that wonderful temple
That gold-covered, six-terraced, marble-built temple,
That beautiful, periptoral temple that stood on the hill.
Yet stay—have you heard of that land, that wonderful land,
That mountainous, mystical, plentiful, sun-favored land,
That ancient, delectable, pastoral, primitive land
Where the Shepherd King dwelt with his prosperous band?
Ah, yes, and have you heard of that band, that wonderful band,
That pastoral people, that people of old,
That beautiful people with tresses of gold,
With faces so fair that the angels for love
Their Eden forgot, their Heaven forsook,
Preferring with Man and his pleasures to dwell,
Preferring on earth and its beauties to look,
To the sweets of their bower, to the bliss of their vale,
Preferring the nymphs of this earth—our daughters of love—
To the Psyches and Mayas of their gardens above;
Preferring bright eyes and warm, rosy faces;
Preferring soft kisses and cosy embraces
To the chilly, cold breasts and shower-wet hair
Of their shy water-nymphs and pale sisters of air.
Ah, me! 'twas a grand, 'twas a wonderful land,
'Twas the vale of the sun, 'twas the Eden of man,
'Twas the land of the blest, 'twas the land of the free,
Where the summers flew o'er and the winters went by,
And the fields ever bloomed, and the hills ever dreamed,
And the flocks ever strayed, and the herds ever roamed,
While the angels went up and the angels came down,
And a thousand years passed on the earth as a day.
Yet hold—you have read, you remember, no doubt,
How sin had its curse, as pleasure its pain;
How a terrible doom came over the angels and men—

The fruit of those weddings unlawful, those unions of sin,
The scourge and affliction for angel transgression,
The anguish and sorrow for unheeding men.
You have heard, you remember, no doubt,
How God, looking down from His Heaven-built throne,
Beheld those trystings unholy, those weddings of sin,
And His bosom waxed hot in His all-righteous ire,
And His holy brow darkened, His eye flashing fire,
And He said, "For their sins accursed let all men die;
Let the angels be banished their homes in the sky;
Be their offsprings resigned to the furies below—
Thus, thus be they punished for breaking my law."

PART SECOND.

The Almighty spake, and His voice filled the sky.
"Let my curse," He continued, "fall speedily down;
Let it sweep like a blast—like a hot desert blast;
Let it blight like a gale—like a gale from the east;
Let it scathe like a star—like a planet on fire!
Yet no—let it rest, let it stay,
Let it pause, lest the good be o'erwhelmed with the bad.
Be the mandate hung for a sign in the sun,
In the midst of the sun, that the good may be warned,
For a hundred and twenty short years the curse I suspend."
The Almighty spake and commanded the sun,
And behold, on his face was a sign—
Like a blood-red spot, like a circle of fire
It looked to the earth, to the planets afar,
And the seasons rolled round, and the summers went by,
And the angels went up, and the angels came down,
And the earth and the sky and the planets were gay,
But the warning was seen by both angels and men—
In the midst of the day it was seen,
In the heat of the noon, in the cool of the morn,

And the righteous were warned and fled in their fear
From that valley accursed to a region afar—
To a beautiful stream in a beautiful clime,
To a plentiful home in a wonderful grove,
To an asylum built by the Lord in His love
For those dutiful few, for those righteous and true.
Thus the righteous gave heed, but the wicked remained
In that sin-clouded clime, in that pride-lifted land.
Thus the seasons rolled round and the summers went by,
And the wicked, unheeding the light in the sky,
Their brethren derided, their prophets upbraided,
So benighted were they, so wed to their sin,
So drunk in their pleasures, so lifted in pride.
Thus God was unheeded, thus His warning was slighted,
Still the seasons rolled round and the summers flew o'er,
And a hundred years passed on the earth as an hour,
And the twenty years came and the twenty years fled,
And the "last day" came and the "last day" went,
But the moon fell dark and the clouds flew low,
And a fiery wind blew out of the East—
All day it did bellow, all night it did roar,
The women shrieked loud and the men they swore,
The children they cried and the angels all died,
But the storm raged still, and the thunder awoke,
And the lightning flashed and the whole earth shook.
Still the wind it wailed and the sky was red,
And the night wore away and the morning came,
And the sun rolled up with his wonted beam,
And the wind it ceased and the storm was stilled.
Thus the day arrived, but no man lived,
For Death had come with the darkness down,
And the storm, so fierce when the evening fell,
Was hot as a blast from the doors of hell,
And the men lived not, and the angels died,

And the women and children were smothered and burned.
Thus the mandate fell on the sinful town,
And the vengeance of God was satisfied.
Thus the morning woke, but the sun looked down
O'er a lonely land, o'er a blighted scene,
For the hills were bleak and the valleys dry,
And the fields and forests had lost their green,
And the river had ceased and the lake was not,
And the city was silent in the vale below,
And the temple looked down from the hill's black head,
Like the ghostly bower of the silent dead.
Like a skeleton path was the water stair,
And the vale was filled with a mystic dread,
For, lo! the "shadow of death" was resting there.
Thus the midday came and the eve went by,
And a new morn woke with a rosy light,
But a chilly gust o'er the mountain blowed,
And a sable mist lay on its side.
Far in the East was a golden cloud,
And in the South a "white-cap" rose.
Still the wind blowed chill—still the mist-cloud spread,
And the thunder muttered along the west.
Then the wind it changed, then the wind it ceased,
Then chilly draughts were felt, then puffs of heat,
Then the wind it howled, then the wind it sighed,
Then the lightning flashed and the thunder roared,
And the gale was high and the tempest bellowed,
And the rain came down from the bursted cloud—
It showered at first, and then it poured,
And soon it became a raging flood.
From the fountains above, from the fountains below,
From the base of the rock, from the roots of the tree,
The waters did spurt, the waters did flow.
Thus the rain did fall, thus the floods did pour,

And the rivers were full, and the lakes ran o'er.
The land sank down and the sea rushed in—
Still the waters rose up from the drowned plain,
And the highest mountains were scarcely seen,
Yet the tempest lashed, yet the waters swashed,
Yet the thunder roared, yet the lightning flashed,
And the day went by, and the night fell dark—
Not a ray was there, not a gleam of light.
Thus the deluge fell—no sun by day, no moon by night,
No star showed down through the foggy air,
And, save the lightning's flash o'er those waters dark,
Not a single glare, not a gleam of light was there.
Thus the weeks rolled round, thus a month passed by,
But the winds went down and the storm blew o'er,
And the sea grew calm, and the fourth day came,
But the days were dark, and a sable gloom
Hung o'er the earth, like the pall of doom.
Till the hundred and fiftieth day there was no light;
Then the sun woke up with his wonted beam,
And the day came out in his glory,
And the wonderful sky and the wonderful sea
Had a beautiful look, like the world of a fairy,
For the sea seemed above and the Heaven below,
And the mountains far up in the sky,
And the clouds floating down at their bases.
So clear was the wave, so lucent in places,
That the sky seemed the sea and the sea seemed the sky.

PART THIRD.

Thus the first day came, thus the second day passed,
Thus the third day came and the fourth day fled,
And still the days came, and still the days went,
Till the days grew to weeks, and the weeks grew to months,
But the wave, ebbing low, receded each day,

And, ere the old year had worn quite away,
To the far-away ocean the waters had flown.
'Twas the twentieth month and the eleventh day—
The old year had died, and the new one was born—
When the earth grew dry and the land grew green,
And the sun looked down on that valley of sin,
And the city still stood, and the temple on high
With its white pillars basked in the vertical ray,
But no man lived, and the river ran by
With a listless moan, with a sorrowful lay,
And the clouds flew low in the summer skies,
And the lilies bloomed on the calm lakes' breast,
And the summers came and the summers went,
And the wild rose bloomed in the city streets,
And the ivy green round the pillar twined;
It climbed the shaft, it reached the crown,
Up the architrave it ran,
The frieze it passed, the cornice it crossed,
Up! up! still up it climbed and scrambled on—
Up! up! and over the pediment;
It reached the eaves, then it outward bent,
Then over the edge, and across the roof it wound,
Till over the ridge it slipped and dangled down,
Till over the arch, till over the crown,
And there it fluttered and swung in the wanton wind.
But it grew on down to the moist green ground,
Where it rooted again—then it upward wound
Round the pillar tall, round the pillar white.
And its leaves are green, and its heart is young,
And the ivy green is growing still,
While the tie beams part and the columns fall,
While the arches crack and the towers loll,
For the ivy green can perish not.
Likewise do the ruins of that city stand

A warning to angels, a wonder to men,
For they cannot fall, for they cannot fade—
From the first they stood, to the end they will stand.
Among those ruins old I have often been,
But my heart was awed and my soul dismayed,
And I stood like a child in a haunted wood—
Like a traveler lost in a forest wild,
Where the aspic hissed and the lion growled,
And a demon spirit in the shadow dwelt.
On high, like a skeleton bower, the temple stood,
And the skeleton stair came straggling down
Like a ladder of bones—like the bones of a giant man,
And a giant from near the water stood,
Like a warrior old—like a Titan God.
His arm was raised, and a bended bow
With an arrow barbed was in his hand;
His air was that of a listener poised
For a shot at the hiding ghost.
But, avaunt! those scenes were bright!
That ghoul-haunted city was lovely still.
In ruin its very wreck was grand.
But my heart was faint, and my soul dismayed,
And, oh! while I stood in that town—that skeleton town,
I thought of its builders, those children of sin,
And my lips breathed a sigh, and a tear dimmed my eye,
And I seemed to live—ah, me!—in the days of other men,
When loud hosannahs were heard on yon templed hill,
When the gay crowds came down their pitchers to fill,
When the vesper clear and the tolling matin bell
Woke music sweet, re-echoing loud from vale to vale.
As I stood in that city—that city in ruin—
I thought of God's vengeance and the vengeance of Heaven;
I thought of the tempest, the flood and the fire,
And my heart grew sick with a nameless fear,

And I fled from that valley forever.
But, oh, when half way down the gloomy vale I turned
For a last look back—my God! what a sight I saw!
Like a skeleton head, like a demon's face,
Like the front of a spectre fiend it looked.
Its teeth were clinched, and its massive jaws
Gleamed white in the red sunlight.
Like the "Spirit of Death," it grinned at me,
And it stared at me from its sightless eyes—
Away! away! and I fled for fright—
Away! away! through the red sunset—
Away! away! but, oh, for shame! avaunt!
'Twas a childish fear; 'twas a craven dread;
'Twas only the temple upon the height;
'Twas but the gleam of those pillars white.
'Twas not! 'twas not! 'twas a fiend from Hades!
'Twas Death that grinned at me o'er the hill's black head.
Away! away! through the red sunset—
Away! away! and I fled for fright.
Away! away! and never again to tread
That skeleton path, that haunted road—
Never, never again to gaze
On that ghostly face, in those sightless eyes!
Never, never again in that city to stand—
That wonderful, beautiful city where the angels died!

THE ALBANO.

HISTORICAL.

"Ancient and holy things fade like a dream;
The works of man return to earth again."

Alba Longa was founded several centuries before the city of Rome, by Valencia, a son of Æneas, the famous hero of Virgil's immortal epic.

Lake Alba, on whose shores once stood the city of Alba Longa, is eighteen miles southeast of the city of Rome. It occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, and is six miles in circumference and over 1,000 feet deep. Having no natural outlet, its waters discharge through an artificial tunnel 6,000 feet long. The tunnel is of very ancient construction, for it was built nearly 400 years B. C. On the east shore of the lake, Monte Cavo rises to the height of 3,000 feet, and on its summit are the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Latialis.

Pompey once lived in the Albano, and his country villa is still standing near the lake. The ruins of the ancient city of Alba Longa have also been discovered. The lake, city, etc., taken collectively, are known as the Albano.

LEGEND OF THE "TWIN BROTHERS."

According to Roman mythology, Alba Longa was the birthplace of the famous "stout twin brothers," Romulus and Remus, the sons of Rhea Silvia, a priestess of Vesta and the war God Mars. While the two brothers were yet quite young, King Numintor, who reigned at Alba Longa, and who was also their mother's father, was dethroned by his brother, Amelius, aided by the high pontiff, Camers. By order of Camers, the two babes, Romulus and Remus, were thrown into the river Tiber, but, the river refusing to

drown them, they were borne along safely on its buoyant bosom and landed finally at the foot of the Palatine Hill, which is now one of the "seven hills" of the city of Rome. Soon after being landed, the babes were found and suckled by a she-wolf, who then carried them into a cave, where for many months afterward she nourished them—not only with milk from her breasts, but also on the flesh of sheep and other animals, killed by her daily in the neighborhood of the cave. The children, however, at length fell into the hands of a shepherd who had tracked the wolf to her den. The shepherd took the little boys home with him, and they were well raised and educated by him and his wife, who had no children of their own. When they had grown to the age of manhood the two brothers marched into Alba Longa one day, and, single-handed, slew and beheaded Camers and Amelius. They then reinstated King Numintor. Some time later on, they decided to build a city, conjointly, at the foot of the Palatine Hill, but they quarreled, and Romulus slew Remus, and superintended the building of the city alone. He called the city Rome, which name it has borne ever since, even after a lapse of 2,500 years, or 750 B. C., for Rome was founded in the time of the prophet Isaiah. Rhea Silvia, the mother of Romulus and Remus, was buried alive in her tomb, at the time the babes were set adrift on the river, by order of Camers—wherefore the terrible revenge of her sons. The poem is descriptive of the Albano and the sentiments its scenes and memories awaken within the heart of the tourist.

On Alba's street to-day
No battle flag is flying;
On Alba's lake to-day
No battle craft is seen.

Asleep is Rhea's wood,
And a dreamy mist is lying
On Cavo's rocky side.
Yet, oh, 'tis sweet! it still is sweet
To sit at eve in Alba's street,
To watch the eagle overhead
His plumage bathe in golden light,
To view the landscape still and fair,
The lazy cattle standing there,
The shady trees, the wavy grass,
The templed hill, the water-stairs,
The fisher folk, the children fair,
The rustic craft at anchor seen,
The shattered duct, the fortress brown,
The ancient causeway coming down,
The hanging cliff, the gorge sublime,
The ruined playhouse—that might seem
The relic of some splendid dream.

Yes, many a vault is standing still,
And many a structure stout and tall,
And sweet the wild flowers bloom about,
And fragrant lilies scent the air.
The violets blow, the roses grow,
The ivies mantle many a tower.
Yet, oh! a charm has passed away,
A feature fair to view is gone—
Full many an arch and pillar white,
Full many a frieze and cornice bright,
Full many a palace, famed of old,
Now low in ruin lies, all nameless and forgot.

Gay once was Alba Longa,
And joy befilled indeed,
And proud her armies rode to war,

And prouder yet returned,
Their broadswords bathed in rich Hellenic blood,
Their brows with laurels crowned,
But, oh! to-day no more such sights are seen,
No more the bugle-call is heard;
Beneath the ruins of the hamlet,
Beneath the shadows of the wood,
Beneath the tressy willows weeping,
That hardy Roman brotherhood—
That martial band is sleeping.
Poor Rhea's children—three thousand summers dead!

On Alba's lake to-day
The fair white lily blooms as bright
As in those years long passed away;
As silvery still the ripples gleam;
As silent still the clouds float by,
All mirrored in the waters calm;
As silent still the swans sit there and dream.
Still Pales drives the cattle by,
Still Liber tends the vine;
Pomona is as fresh to-day
As in those ages gone;
Still Venus hums her roundelay,
But, oh, alas! poor Rhea's sons alone—
Jove's hardy soldier boys are not.
Beneath the ruins of the hamlet,
Beneath the shadows of the wood,
Beneath those tressy willows weeping,
That martial brotherhood is sleeping—
Rome's warrior children—three thousand summers dead!

RIVERSIDE.

I dream of thee, sad Riverside,
Of thee, sweet city of the dead,
And lo! within this scope of fancy,
Visions of thy sacred beauty
Rise zoned in Luna's lucid glory.
Nay—in this trance of sad delight
I view thy slabs of marble white,
As icebergs 'neath Aurora's light—
As porticoes of starlit heaven,
When white-winged souls are flitting in.

Nay, nay, blest city of the dead,
Thy winding walks I lightly tread,
Thy blooming sprays I brush aside;
I hear thy sad willows weeping,
I see thy crystal fountains leaping,
I see thy bashful, blushing roses,
And the tender ferns and ivies;
I see thy pretty, peeping posies,
And, while gazing, I compare them
With the flowers sleeping 'neath them.

I pass among thy dewy isles,
Borne on fancy's airy sails;
I gaze upon the flowers sweet
That nestle close about my feet;
I smile—they smile my look to greet;
I inhale their balmy fragrance;
They, still my pleasure to enhance,
Exhale a sweeter, purer incense,
And thus I know, sweet Riverside,
That happy here do conscious souls abide.

Now close beside a fountain sparkling
I rest me, weary-sad, upon the green,
And from the spray there seems to well
A weird influence, sweet to feel,
As o'er the soul its raptures steal,
And quick in slumber I repose,
While through my hair the zephyr blows,
Fragrant with the smell of rose.
Then brighter grows that dreamy light,
Bathing stone and slab in silver white.

Waking soon, I see the moon
Revealing beauties so serene,
Sparkling 'mid the maze of dew-drops
Like snow-flakes in the tree-tops,
Like white flowers in a green copse,
And now I breathe a rich perfume—
Lo! I am in a world of bloom,
While round me wreaths of lustre fall
In snowy circlets, like a silver wall.

Yet see! the illumine now doth spread
And brighteneth, with its crystal tide,
Sky, water, hill and plain.
Ghost-like the distant mountain
Overlooks the prairie's silent main,
Bright above clouds are floating,
Bright below lakes are gleaming,
Sleeping streams are sweetly dreaming,
And the Queen City near
Extends her snowy arms in prayer.

Soft among the shrubs and grasses
A melancholy zephyr sighs,
Mingling fragrance, giving sweetness,

To a low, sonorous cadence,
Snoring of sleepers, 'neath these blooming pleasance,
Sleepers lost in blissful dreams forever,
Dreams of endless peace and pleasure,
Realms of light—worlds of ecstasy,
Edens—Heavens—Eternity.

Now to mine ears come sounds of minstrelsy,
Too sweet for thrill of lyres, or voices earthly.
Down from the starry steep it seems to come,
Sweet angel music from an angel home.
Ringing, falling, dying, drawing nearer,
Sweeter, louder, as I listen—clearer,
Fleeting, warbling, quivering on a chord of fire,
Till the ether turns to seas of melody,
Till the skies melt with resplendency,
Till earth and Heaven unite in ecstasy.
Then from those sapphire battlements and gold
A voice is heard that resurrects the world.

Trains of angels, in living colors clad,
Mount, on wings of snow, the blue vault overhead;
Cherub hands about them throw—wreathed lustre,
And amaranths, and many a sky-born flower
And laurel twig—the great's immortal dower.
While leaning from the portal of the skies,
One hand upon the gate of Paradise,
Gabriel stands—celestial ardor in his eyes.
Farther back gray-haired Paul and Peter stand,
Welcoming the blessed to seats in Eden Land.

Thus lingering 'mid the moonlit tombs and flowers,
I see the immortal wafted to their bowers.
I hear the merry laughs of those who wake
From restful slumber 'neath some flowery bank;

I see the health-blush bright upon each cheek,
I see the faces of the proud, the brave, the meek.
The child, the man, the dark, the gray-haired and the gold,
I see them all—the young, the fair, the old
Alike ascend the sky, in phalanx and in fold.
Then, those heaven-born glories brighten but to die,
And Riverside is left to darkness and to me.

Weary and dejected by the night's return,
I rest me 'neath an ash-tree on the green,
And while sitting here I ponder
On life's mystery, and wonder.
And oft my lips give forth a sigh,
Repeated by the zephyr plaintively,
Till, startled by the echo of my voice,
I rise to leave a place so sad, so beauteous;
Yet scarce I stretch my limbs to roam,
When memory leads me to a neighboring tomb.

Too well I know that obelisk,
Too well the verses on its disk,
Too well the words and figures carved below,
Too well, oh, youth, the fate of sorrow;
Too well I know that day
That had no joy for me—
A day that held for thee no morrow.

But bloom on, sweet garden, bloom on,
And sleep, sad Riverside, sleep on—forever on.
And you, oh, youth, sleep too, for blest
Is this enchanted ground! Oh, sweetly rest,
Dear Grant—dear brother dead,
Sleep soundly, for beside you lie
The hearts of heroes, ever true.
The sky above you is soft blue,

The river murmurs lowly by,
The great green world is all around—
Farewell, poor Grant, long rest and sound.
Tread lightly, ye who pass, this spot is hallowed ground.

THOSE TWO LOVERS.

Do you remember, sweet,
A summer long ago—
A pathway by the Platte,
A sandy bar below,
A stretch of meadow land,
A blossomed wood around,
A duck pond cool and blue,
A cabin just beyond?

Do you remember, love,
A pathway in a grove,
Where once two lovers met,
A-chancing there to rove?
Or how, hand locked in hand,
They wandered by a stream,
Loitering as in a dream
Of hope-lit Fairy Land?

Do you remember, dear,
That log whereon they sat,
Splashing the wavelets clear
With restless, swinging feet—
His arm about her waist,
Their cheeks together placed,
His hat flung on the ground,
Her hat held in his hand—

Their hearts too full to speak,
A secret in their eyes;
Their lips too proud, too meek
To take Love's liberties—
Half in the sun, half in the shade,
Birds about them flitting,
Hanging above the rippled tide,
Still do you see them sitting?

Or do you see, instead,
Love's ardor soon a-turning
To coldness and restraint,
An unrequited yearning
Undone by pride and spite—
A spark, a vanity, a fire,
A breath that thaws, to scorch the heart,
Then freeze Love's fountains over?

Lo! all at once—so coldly
Do you see them part?
Ah! vain fools! unkindly,
And yet they quarreled not,
And all their sentiments were holy,
Yet love it fell a-turning
From warm restraint to chilly folly,
And now both of them are repenting.

Methinks I hear them for reunion pray,
And thus moans he, and thus sighs she:

HE.

"Her love it was so sweet
To him who truly loved,
And Lotta I had loved indeed.
Sweetheart, sweetheart, do be moved
And grant my humble suit—

No other woman ever lived
Whose eyes could move my soul
As thine have done, and do move still."

SHE.

"I wonder will for me
His eyes look love again,
Or will they turn away
Ever as haughtily as then?
Oh, may he yet relent
And bring my future peace—
A heartease for the smart
Felt all these bitter days."

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

Just over me the "spirit of the mountains" sat
Upon her rock, and sang a song few souls may know.
Weird, strange, and like the sighing of the wind
Her accents were—methought some Deva of the air
Had left her far-off Himalay and lighted there.
A vision of such loveliness she was—
As poet's dream in Paradise, fair, ethereal;
A being of celestial mould—a maiden
Such only as can tread the "spirit world."
The transient sunbeam, as it fell,
No shadow made, but passed unbended through
This gentle thing, all love and loveliness.
The floating clouds beyond were seen
As plainly as some lone, bright star
At evening, viewed through the comet's train,
And she was fair—oh, wildly, weirdly fair!
Earth's brightest dye was on her cheek; her eye
Was blue as Heaven, in whose depths

You might gaze forever, nor there discover
Her far-off sentiment. Her hair
Was lucid gold—the tresses of the maize,
All dewy bright, scarce had the sheen of hers.
In all the jeweled plaid of innocence
Her form was clad, and yet methought the maid
Should have a dress less simple in its loveliness,
And I rose coyly up in reverence,
With cloak in hand—a modest offer,
But, oh, what was my grief—my wild dismay!
Her virgin breasts were but the snow, her eye
The blue of Heaven, and her hair
A bright, wild Alpine flower that grew
Upon the mountain's smooth, round crest,
And covered it with yellow blossoms over.
I woke—'twas but a dream, a fancy clever,
A prank, such as Cupid plays, when summer days
Are lovely, to retrieve an ardent rover,
Repenting, back to nature's laws,
And reprove a truant nymph for folly's ways,
And turn her homeward, thinking, as she goes,
Of love she's lost, of beauty she has wasted.

A DAUGHTER OF THE DESERT.

She found me on the desert hot,
I dreamed—a traveler in Judea's wild,
And to a pleasant shade she led
My wandering feet.
She gave both food and drink to me,
And cheered me with her pleasantry.
Her eyes,
Brown as the haze that rests in Paradise,
Were full of passion; her hair,

Yet dark, was wavy brown;
Her form, like Hebe's, was
All grace, all suppleness—
Not tall, not gross,
Light, yet voluptuous.
Her face
Was like the face of Magdalen—
Raphael's Mary, when she was young,
Ere yet the slanderer's tongue
Of hate had exiled her in Palestine.

She found me on the desert hot,
I dreamed—and led me to a pleasant shade,
And there betime we both grew passionate,
And fell to wooing with delight.
She pressed her fair, hot cheek to mine,
And kissed me with her baby mouth.
O transport of that hour unspeakable!
Bliss above all earthly bliss divine!
I lived one moment in the Heaven
Of her glorious arms, and then,
Gone mad, I pressed her o'er and o'er again.

WHY I HAVE NEVER POPPED THE QUESTION SINCE.

Tho' long I'd been a going to see her,
Small chance I'd ever had to woo her.
The children hung around like bats;
Her parents watched us like two cats,
And we could be alone together nowhere.
But never yet was wall or fence
So high or strong, or parents' vigilance
So keen, save yet by stealth or chance

Lovers may meet, if they but watch and wait,
And choose with wariness the hour.
Thus my sweetheart and "yours truly" met
Alone one day—well, no matter where;
Suffice to say I summoned all my eloquence
The question old to pop right then and there.
But scarce I had a half a chance
Ere yet she blushed red as the dawn, and ran
Off homeward like a startled fawn.
Then I heard her father loudly halloo;
Her sister came a-running, too,
As if she had been sent forthwith to do so,
And, so fearful I have been of consequence,
I've never popped the question since.

HER PORTRAIT.

Cheeks as red as roses,
Where a dimple oft reposes;
Teeth as white as pearls—
She's the sweetest of all girls.
Lashes black as jet,
By tear of sorrow never wet,
What a love-lit dream there lies
Half awakened in her hazel eyes.
Head as proud as Psyche's was,
Form replete with graces,
Mouth shaped as the Love God's bow
Throat and shoulders white as snow,
Lips that challenge kisses—
What a peerless country lass
Our little rosy Essie is.
Walking in the ways of God,

Task and duty shunning not,
Ever trying to do good.
What a charming nymph, indeed,
What a model modern girl
Is our gentle, thoughtful Essie Lyle.

THAT PICNIC IN THE PARK.

Oh, this life it is so sweet!
Oh, this life it is so sweet!
When a lot of German peoples meet
At a "picnic in the park."
Oh, this life it is so sweet!
Oh, this life it is so sweet!
Drinking beer and eating krout,
Clapping hands and stamping feet,
Shouting loud and caring not—
Oh, this life it is so sweet!

Oh, this life it is so sweet!
Kissing girls and making sport,
Waltzing lightly in the shade,
Getting tight! getting tight! getting tight!
Singing glees in chorus sweet,
Care and trouble all forgot.
Got in Himmel! dot make my heart feel glad
And on dot sholly picnic I was stuck,
So help me Shiminy Crickets—by dam, you bet!

Oh, this life it is so sweet!
Oh, this life it is so sweet!
When a lot of German peoples meet
At a picnic in the park.
Shouting loud and caring not,
Clapping hands and stamping feet,

Drinking beer and eating krout,
Getting tight! getting tight! getting tight!
Oh, this life it is so sweet!
Waltzing, sporting, loafing in the shade—
Oh, this life it is so sweet!
And on thish life I shust was stuck,
So help me Shiminy Crickets—by dam, you bet!

THE ZAMBA.

In the glory of the evening,
In the fullness of the Spring,
In the crimson of the Autumn,
On the hottest Summer's day,
From the mansions of the city,
From the quiet country home,
Out to dance the Zamba
All us happy boys and girls would come;
For we loved to dance the Zamba,
The Zamba on the green,
The joyous, care-beguiling Zamba,
That pretty dance of Spain.

Oh, you may praise the Polka,
Or Lancers, wild and free;
Oh, you may choose the German,
Or the Newport light and gay,
But there's nothing like the Zamba,
The Zamba 'neath the tree.
You may love the Gallop or Mazourka,
Or the Scotch "May Queen,"
But there's nothing like the Zamba,
The jolly, life-awaking Zamba,
That lively, pretty dance of Spain.

OUR NATIONAL FLOWERS.

Are you seeking a blossom both useful and fair,
A flower of the heart and the home,
A beautiful, suitable emblem,
For our Goddess Columbia—our country to wear?

Gather you the sweet ferns and the mosses,
Seek you the shy violets,
Search you for lilies and roses,
Pluck you the pink cotton buds.
Clip you the astor's yellow-hued head,
Cut you the throat of the great golden-rod,
Pluck you the "tags" of the maple,
Cull you the blue-flags in the dell.

Gather you buds in the May-time—
Is it your own nightly dream?
Have you no thought in the day-time
Other than to capture the beautiful blossoms of fame?

Seek you a blossom both useful and simple,
A heart-stirring, soul-thrilling symbol,
A wide-spreading national flower,
A beautiful, truly American flower?

Well, surely—oh, surely, you ought to find one!
Flowers there are on the hill-side,
Flowers there are in the lane—
Surely, oh, surely, you ought to find one!

Flowers there are in the fen-land,
Flowers there are in the wood-land,
Flowers, sweet flowers, on mountain and plain—
Surely, oh, surely, you ought to find one!

Flowers, sweet flowers—you surely forget
That flowers, sweet flowers, grow wild in our land!

Corn there is in the South Land—corn, tobacco and cane,
Pumpkins there are in the East Land—pumpkins, potatoes and beans.

Wheat there is in the West Land—wheat, maize and lucern,
Birch trees there are in the North Land—birch trees, turnips and pine,
Cabbage-heads there are in the Middle States—cabbage, barley and grain,
Yes, yes, man—and a thousand more blossoms as fragrant and fine.

With so many sweet flowers to choose from,
Surely, oh, surely, you ought to find one!
One blossom, sweet blossom, to braid in her crown,
One blossom, sweet blossom, for our Goddess, our Queen.

Now, why should all of our poets and painters be out
And lost in the lurch and search for a flower?
Why, surely there's roses—red roses, white posies and violets blue,
And all are nice flowers, I swear—as nice as ever grew anywhere.

There are roses and lilies and daisies, you know—
Red roses, white lilies, and violets blue.
What want you of flowers more apt and more true?
Why, surely our flag has no color save *red*, *white* and *blue*.

Our "States" should be willing—indeed, now, they ought to,
To twine out of white lilies, red roses and violets blue,
A suitable crown for Our Lady so fair—
For our Country, our Queen, our Columbia to wear.

THE BATTLE.

File and column on the run,
Plunging cavalry between,
Officers and men
Racing in a line,
Rushing on to battle
Over hill and dale!
Signal-light and rockets glare,
Bomb-shells bursting in the air,
Flash of fire-arms, blaze of cannon,
Opening of the gun-boats on the fort!
Tramping, toiling through the night,
Charging foemen with delight,
Armies meeting, hosts retreating,
Plot and plan completing,
Deploying on the fields of war,
Friend and foemen meeting there—
Infantry and cannoneer,
Solid phalanx, hollow square—
Oh, the rattle! oh, the glare!
Oh, the pomp and panoply of war!

Drums! drums! drums!
Hear the brazen-throated drums,
Martial drums, soul-arousing drums,
Iron drums of war.
Hear the mellow music soar!
Hear the trumpet! hear the fife!
Hear the silvery bugle call
On to battle! on to strife!
"On to glory or the grave!"

See the flags! see the flags!
Star-bespangled flags,

Gayly colored flags,
Banners of the war!
See the steeds! see the steeds!
See the glossy, supple steeds,
See the prancing, iron-footed steeds,
See the plunging coursers of the war!

Hear the guns! hear the guns!
Hear the cannons' opening roar—
Guns! guns! guns!
Union guns, rebel guns!
Brazen-throated guns!
See the sudden flash of fire!
Hear the screaming of the shot—
Hear the deep, re-echoing report!

Hear the shells! hear the shells!
Shells! shells! shells!
Hear the dreaded, deadly shells,
How they scream—how they roar,
How they circle, how they soar,
What a horror they outpour!
How they thunder 'mid the hills,
How they scream across the fields!
What a hell-scene they disclose,
Falling 'mong the thickly fighting foes!
What a demon legion grim
Flashes from their hollow womb!
How they scatter, how they clear,
How they sweep the fields of war;
How they batter, how they plow—
Wall and redoubt crashing through;
How they burst above the walls,
Whelming guns and engines bright,
Flashing ruin left and right.

Oh, the shells ! shells ! shells !
Oh, the dreaded, deadly shells !
Oh, the murderous, maddening shells !
What a power in them dwells ;
What a doom their heraldry foretells
As they whistle through the night,
As they scurry overhead,
As they hover ever, ever
In the bosom of the air ;
As they burst above the river,
Falling on the ruined fort,
Sinking ship and battle-boat,
Firing all the noble fleet,
Blowing vault and redoubt up,
Illumining all the crimson colored night.

Oh, the wonder, terror of the fight !
Oh, the tramp of men and cattle,
Oh, the deafening crash and rattle
Of caisson and shot.
Wild with rage and fury,
Drunk with blood and hate,
On they rush to death or glory,
On they rush to battle and their fate.
Features grim and faces bloody,
Waistcoats torn and trousers muddy,
Still they strive and struggle on,
Aiding friend and foiling foe,
Receiving thrust and dealing blow—
Into Hell's very jaws they go,
Defying death, yet slaying ever,
Driving foemen from their lair,
Over dying, and o'er dead,
They wade knee-deep in blood.
Still they butcher, still they slay,

Still they cut and hew their way,
Striking guard and gunner down,
Spoiling shell and spiking gun,
Till at last, the battle won,
Hear them shout! hear them shout!
Hear them halloo! hear them cheer!

Marching homeward, stern and sad,
Comrades wounded, brothers dead,
Mothers crying, wives forlorn,
Lovers better never born—
Oh, the heartache! oh, the tears!
Oh, the hope! the dream that dies!
Oh, the moaning and the sorrow!
Oh, the anguish of to-morrow!
Oh, the maimed that were so fair—
Empty sleeve or severed foot,
Crippled limb and saddened heart,
Ruined home, deserted bride,
Friends and family, children dead,
All for glory, all for fame,
All for honor and a soldier's name!

THE SOLDIER'S GOING HOME.

"Going home"—yes, "going home,"
"Going home no more to roam,"
Now the cruel war is over,
Now the joyous peace has come,
"Going home"—yes, "going home!"
Steaming up the river,
Steaming fast and far away,
Shouting, "Union, live forever!"
Shouting, "Freedom, guard the way!"

"Going home"—yes, "going home,"
Restless feet that loved to roam,
Reckless hands that fought and bled,
Guiltless hearts that duty led—
"Going home"—yes, "going home."
Forgot the battles we have won,
Fighting 'neath that Southern sun;
Forgot the deeds our hands have done,
Aided by a Power divine—
By a Will above our own.
Forgot the hardships we have felt,
Sleeping on our arms at night,
Tramping in the sleet and rain,
Marching through those fields of death,
Breathing the hot cannon's breath—
"Going home"—yes, "going home,"
"Going home no more to roam."
"Going home" in peace to rest,
Now that Freedom's cause is won,
Now our blameless work is done.
"Going home" from battles just,
"Going home" to friends at last—
No more to battle and to bleed,
No more to tramp o'er dying and o'er dead,
No more to war with pride and sin,
To right the wrongs which godless men have done.

MIDSUMMER IN FAIRY LAND.

It was a summer's day, and I sat
In a woodland of the fairy,
The shade trees bending o'er me, and a merry
Fountain gurgling at my feet.
Ere long a drowsy spirit wooed me,

And my head fell lightly on the sward,
While a vision bright came o'er me,
And lo! behold, the fairies of the wood
Were standing by the fountain, and I heard,
Amid the hollow vistas echoing loud,
Weird, elfin music, wild and sweet.
The Fairy Queen was singing,
And these are the words I heard:
"Oh, hurry, hurry, fairies! race and run;
Search the fountain, search the spring,
Find the Genus, if you can;
Find the gentle, good old man.
Now's your moment—race and run;
We must triumph while we can,
While the water-sprites dance in the sun."

Thus sang the buskined Fairy Queen,
When, lo! from out the fountain's lucent grotte,
Wherein the elfin sisterhood did sport,
A chorus low and plaintive glad replied,
"Oh, joy, Lady! joy, joy, Queen!
We have found the Genus—poor old man!
We have broke the lock and burst the chain—
Joy, joy, fairies! joy, joy, Queen!
We have triumphed—we have won."

Round the fountain, o'er the green,
Laughing, shouting, dancing as she ran,
Did skip the giddy, joyous Fairy Queen.
Her face was beautiful—no pen
Could paint her form; her voice
Was like a mellow, far-off lute;
Her words, melodious, were these:
"Oh, hasten, fairies! here they come,
Water-spirits tall and slim—

Hurry, hurry, fairies! hasten, come!
Lose no moment, lose no time;
Bring the Genus to our home.
Fairies, fairies, leap and climb—
God be praised, you all are out in time!"

One moment on the margin dripping,
Laughing, shouting, dancing, tripping,
The fairies stand—one moment clapping
Hands above the Wood-God, gray and grim,
Then off the fairies run, skipping
For the wild-wood gay and green,
The Genus, faint from joy and laughter,
With clumsy feet, slow hobbling after.
Meanwhile a motley train
Of water-spirits, lissome, tall and lean,
Come shouting from the glen a-near.
Loud sound their voices, singing clear
These verses passionate:
"Oh, sisters, brothers, look!
See those fairies duck and duke and hide;
See them sneak and crouch and glide—
Naughty fairies, they have broke
Into our home, and thieved, and stole, and took
And loosed the horned Genus of the Wood.
Shameless fairies, laugh and shout—
We shall conquer, we shall pay you yet,
We shall catch a fairy soon or late,
We shall chain him in our hollow grotte—
Naughty fairies! naughty fairies! sneer and shout—
We shall conquer, we shall triumph yet."

Thus sang the naiads as they shook
Their sunny hair and in the fountain sank.
The music died, the fairies fled,

And now beside the fountain stood
The dripping Genus of the Wood.
With raptured ear I listened, for I heard
In accents wild and glad this speech—
It was the Wood-God spoke, and thus he said:

"Delight! delight! delight!
O Heavens! what delight!
Delight to breathe again the Summer's breath!
Delight to tread again the gay, green Earth!
Delight to stand again where once I stood
In bygone days, when all was bright,
Ere sorrow chilled this fiery heart,
Or time had caused these ebon locks to fade.

"Delight! delight! delight!
How glad to watch the blue sky overhead;
How glad to bask me in this saintly light;
How glad to gaze out in the fair, fair day;
How sweet to listen to the wild-bird's melody.
How sweet to tread again the gay, green World—
To feel that I am free—free! free! free!
Long in the crystal grottoes, deep and cold,
Of this noisy fount,
Designing evil spirits kept me hid,
But, thank God! the fairies found me out,
And gave me back my liberty.
Liberty, liberty, what a boon thou art,
Amid all times, all seasons bright.
The right to come and go at will, how sweet!
And now—in this fairy season to be franchised thus,
It is more than liberty—it is ecstasy!
For it is Summer—
Yes, midsummer in the Land of Fairy."

THE FAERIE VOYAGEUR,

OR,

Little Sammy's Dream.

PART FIRST.

Little Sammy sits alone
By a brook-side, on a stone—
Softest May-winds ever known,
Musky wood-scents, zephyr blown;
Sweetest bird-notes ever heard
Softly woo him, whisper to him,
Saying, "Dream Man's Land is sweet;"
Saying, "Little boy, forget!"
Saying, "Sammy, do lie down."

Little Sammy falls asleep
By a brook-side, 'mid the rushes,
But a "small voice" whispers to him,
And the little "small voice" says,
"Sammy, Sammy, dream no more!
Sammy, Sammy, heed the hour—
June has come and April's gone,
Snow and ice and hail and rain,
Flaw and whirlwind, both have flown;
Gust and cloud and thunder shower,
Frost and winter are no more,
Brooks are bright and rivers clear,
Woods are green and meadows gay—
Hear ye the mock-bird on yon spray;
Billing doves and robins near,
Larks and blackbirds everywhere,
Hum of insects, drone of bees;

Behold, bright blue the sky is.
The fields are pleasant, too—and see,
Sweet fruits and flowers are waiting you."

Little Sammy falls asleep,
But hark—whose is that dainty step
He hears among the bushes?
Whose are those great, black eyes that peep
So slyly through the rushes?
If not Queen Mab's own face,
Whose are those dusk-red blushes?
Or is she of the Indian race,
Who owns those locks so ebon?
Straight on she comes apace—
That wondering little woman,
And now before the boy she stands.
Her lissome form and tiny hands,
Her dimpled cheeks and glossy hair
Are fair to look upon; her eyes,
As cloudless as Edenean skies,
Are large as a gazelle's, and clear
As fancies' own deep well of dreams.
A love-child of the sky she seems,
A cherub fresh from Paradise.
With waving arms, with dancing feet,
Like some enchantress of the wind,
Before the enraptured boy she stands,
Displaying all her pretty graces.
Was ever nymph so beautiful, so bright?
Hath fancy ever penciled fairer faces?
Sammy thought not, and his heart
Began to beat "pitty pat," "pitty pat."
"O Sammy! Sammy! rise," she cries,
"Why do you sleep? Are not the trees

All gay? Lo! sweet the robin calls.
Hear ye not the oriole upon yon spray?
Behold, bright blue the sky is!
The fields are pleasant, too—and see!
Sweet fruits and flowers are waiting thee."

Little Sammy woke—or seemed to wake,
For, though beside the meadow brook
He lay asleep, he seemed awake—
But such the wondrous imagery
Of dreams—and looking in his fancy up
He spake, or seemed to speak.
"Little Voice," he said, or seemed to say,
"What is thy wish? Why have you sought
Me here? What is thy name?"
"'Spring,'" the little voice replies,
"Twixt summer and cold winter's realm
I make my home—my bower
Is where the snow-drop and wind-flower
Are blooming. I love the lilac and ash-tree,
And oft in fields of corn and new-mown hay
I wander. Children call me 'Queen of May,'
And youthful lovers court me ever, ever,
But I have vowed to wed man never, never!
But, Sammy! Sammy! wake!" she cries,
"Awake! lift up thine eyes,
And if you have a wish to gain,
Speak bravely out and make it known,
For, oh, I am that wealthy woman,
Queen Maya, and King Zeus' only daughter,
The heiress-child of Winter and of Summer.
The earth's first green is mine,
The love-gift of my mother.
Mine also are the fruits of June,

The dower of my father.
Three months of all the year I own—
My empire is the vernal season.
Around the earth I fling my zone,
To warm the landscape into blossom.
I travel all the long, long days alone;
I visit many a nook unknown;
I love to wallow in the meadow clover.
From clime to clime I wing my way!
I float the cliffs and mountains over,
I tumble down the cloud-hills fearlessly,
I fall a mile sometimes, and more.
Do I get hurt?—oh, never; no, sir.
From morn till eve I fly,
And at night I lie
On the warm bank of the sea,
With the moonlight over me,
And the stars my jeweled canopy.
Sometimes on the desert hot,
When the lazy winds are dead,
I seek that blessed, shady spot
Where the well-spring bubbles bright.
There I lie me down,
Calmly sleeping, sweetly dreaming,
Till the crimson-colored morn,
O'er the landscape brightly gleaming,
Drives the drowsy God away—
Spoiling all my pretty scheming—
Warns me that I must away
Ere the heated orb of day
O'ertake me in his flight.
Oft at dead of night,
When the stars are shining bright,
I seek the Northern Pole,

Where Aurora over all
Rears her many-colored bow,
Flooding all the crags below
With a weird and wizard light.
High upon a crag I sit,
With the sun-dogs overhead
And the caverns under me,
Arching o'er a golden sea.
All around the heavens bright
Runs a circle of white light,
And afar the channeled hills; between
The billows whirl in eddies green."

PART SECOND.

In quest sometimes of tropic isle,
Across the Southern Sea I fly,
Humming a love-song all the while,
Or crooning an old-time roundelay.
Ere long, in groves of cinnamon and spice,
I chase the gold-hued "birds of paradise."
The scents of clove and camphor trees I prize,
And oft in palm and myrtle groves
I watch the green-hued parrots plight their loves—
Into the ocean depths sometimes I dive,
To live me in a coral cave.
There the mermaids sing to me
And the seamen on their conches play.
Heaps of shells I gather there—
Gold and gems and pearls rare,
Coral-sprays and chunks of spar,
Chrysoprase and opals, too,
Rubies red and sapphires blue
Among the wrecks that strew the deep
I purloin many a vase and crystal cup,

And when of ocean life I tire
I rise again to earth and air.
First over the Orient lands I fly,
Passing tombs and temples by.
The palace of the Khan I spy;
I hang above the Ganges—"holy river;"
I steal a dart from Kama-Deva's quiver;
I light upon the Kutub spire;
I seek the Taj by Jumna's shore;
I visit both Benares and Delhi—
Then to the Himalayas I hie;
I soar the peak of Chin-Chin-Junga over,
I swoop down by the Chinese wall,
I cross the desert "steppes" of Cobi,
I pass the dreary Samoead plain.
In sledges stout, by dog or reindeer drawn,
Siberia's wastes I next explore,
And for those exiles poor I drop a tear.
I pass St. Petersburg and Moscow, too,
I cross the dark North Sea;
I touch at Denmark and at Norway;
But the maelstrom catches me,
And in the whirlpool downward I am drawn—
Into total darkness gulfed at first, but soon
A light steals through the Plutonian gloom,
And out into the day once more I come.
Behold! upon a broken spar I float
In a black river rushing swiftly out
From a wide cavern in the mountain side.
A mystic city, too, comes into view—
A wondrous city, built of ice and snow;
A frozen city in a frozen vale,
Hemmed in by mountain-cliff and mountain-wall.
Near by I pass Walhalla Hall,

And soon in Odin's court I sit,
An honored guest of Thor and Fredda.
The light-haired lords and ladies welcome me,
And I am shown through all the palace bright,
The wondrous dome, the rainbow-bridge of light,
And all those halls of mythic lore.
But soon of Norse and Vic-King cheer I tire,
So over Europe land I fly,
To light me down in sunny Italy.
But, Sammy, Sammy, if you have a wish to gain,
Speak boldly out, my boy, and make it known—
For, oh! I am that wealthy woman,
Queen Maya, and King Zeus' only daughter,
The heiress-child of Winter and of Summer."
"I have a wish," the little boy replied;
"I wish that I had wings—I do, indeed,
For then I might accompany you—oh, might not I?"
"Nay, nay," the fairy said, "I travel all alone;
Yet you shall have wings, sir, and wings as good and stout
As these of mine—only they shall not be quite so light;
Yet they shall be light wings, sir—*the wings of thought!*
And now good-bye—I must away. Adieu! Adieu!"

I HAD A DREAM.

The other night, when all the world was still,
I had a dream—a strange, wild, vivid dream;
The vision was so bright it haunts me still.
First in soft repose and slumber, sweet and calm,
My weary senses sank, but fancy soon
With rosy arch spanned all the weird oblivion,
And then on downy wings my spirit seemed to float
Of its own lightness—cares' weary weight forgot,
I roamed me with glad heart in Fairy Land.
First over Libya fair my flight I bend,
Down by the Nile and old Pharaoh's land,
A moment over Moeri's purple lake
I rest my wings—my wandering glances take
Their flight o'er all that old bright, dreamy land,
From Thebai's hundred gates of gold and gems,
And granite walls that fling their arms around
Those marble palaces and crystal domes,
Where sleepless Memnons greet with warbling sound
The smiling features of the morning sun,
Or wake the Bull from slumber on the green,
Whose lowings loud proclaim the day has come.
From thence to Memphis, and on to distant Rome,
These all did greet my sight at once, for time,
Scope, space and order are nothing in a dream.

Yes, I went to Rome and Greece—
I saw the Latin rise and fall, and Illion,
When men and gods united powers divine
To raise that Heaven-built wall. With bliss
I fought me in each classic war; then I sat me down
To drink and feast and weep with Alexander.
I had a bumper, too, with young Lysander—

Some wine with Corinne and with Sappho also.
I had a lunch with Pygmaleon and Dido, too;
Then I dined with Pompey and great Cæsar,
With Antony and Cleopatra I got on a tear,
And I guess we "painted the town red" down there.
With Pindar and Plato, with Cicero and Cato,
With Pericles and Simon and Ulysses I went in
To try old Homer and Virgil on at rhyming.
With Hannibal and Scipio, Aristotle and Aristo,
Quintillian and Sophocles I went out one day
To visit Pliny, Philip and Augustus,
To meet Demosthenes and Herodotus, likewise,
But, someway, something kind o' got us,
For, instead, we met with Socrates,
Rude old Nero and young Constantine
Sesostris, short Attila and tall Charlemagne,
And a lot of other jolly fellows, drinking gin,
And all were drunk and crazy as Loyola Ignatius,
And we ourselves likewise got "somewhat full," I guess,
For I don't remember what was done for several hours.
But then my fancy took its wing
To old Dodona's warbled spring,
Where I heard young Anacreon sing,
And we danced with Pan and Bacchus.
Next I courted nymphs in Ida's olive groves;
I showed the Spartans how to use "hard gloves;"
I knocked the Trojans out with "cestus;"
I camped out in the Arcadian mountains;
I kissed the pretty Naiads in their fountains;
I climbed up high old Heaven-kissed Olympus;
I frolicked with the demi-gods and goddesses.
Then, introduced by Haylais and Hermes,
I met the Graces and the Muses;
Apollo and the War-God welcomed me.

I stayed to tea with Eurydice and Venus;
With Æolus and Vulcan I "hit the breeze,"
And then I called on Jove and Juno;
With them I hobnobbed many a day,
And dared to woo the hired girl, sweet Hebe.
For this I got sent down to the realms below,
The involuntary guest of Pluto.
But Pluto's court and kingdom suited me so well,
I've dwelt there ever since, the jolliest devil in Hell.

THE ENCHANTRESS OF THE WOOD,

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

PART FIRST.

I.

Returned at last, lady—my toils are o'er.
Long time detained in Orient realms afar,
I stayed—held by the Diva's power,
Methought the world's gay face no more
To view, but in seclusion evermore
To dwell—a prisoner of that enchantress bold.
But men found out the charmer's bright abode
At last, and burst my prison door,
And now, to thy high court returned again,
I do seek grace, and at thy feet kneel down.

II.

My Queen, erewhile in shining armor clad,
Thy trusted Knight, I ventured forth abroad.
Proud was my heart upon that gala morn;
All night before in tournament I rode
Triumphant—oh, yon Heaven has no light
Bright as thy smiles, and they that day were mine.
But soft! I rode away—what fate was mine?
Oh, vain, inglorious, bootless strife,
The mistake of an hour! the ruin of a life!
But list, oh, lady, list, and kindly hear.

III.

In merry May it was, just twenty summers gone,
When we parted, lady, and I galloped gaily down
Life's sunny lane. No weary care was mine,
Those days. I knew no sorrow then; such word

As *fail* was written not in youth's bright lexicon,
Men said—I thought it true, all looked so fair,
But soon I found—alas, how very soon!—
That every garish thing that shone afar
Was neither gold nor gem—delusive is the hue
Of far-off meadows—mountains are not blue.

IV.

But why delay? I sighed, but journeyed on
Beneath the mid-day sun, beneath the moon,
Beneath the starry, still twilight—still on
Beneath the gloomy, dark midnight,
When no light shone—oh! seldom laid I down.
Save 'mid the storm, when elemental wars
Raged fierce, and Death, descending with the showers,
His meteors hurled and flashed his forked fires.
Then pleasantly I slept, all in the forest lone,
Nor heard the thunders crash nor high-winds moan.

V.

Wouldst know my fare? the hazel and acorn
My bread supplied—wild fruits and berries wild
My dessert gave—the brook my sparkling wine.
Thus day by day, in deeper wilderness beguiled,
I strayed. On Nature's ample bounty fed,
I knew no wants, or, soon as known, supplied.
The months went on—a solar year rolled round—
I journeyed still, in forests deep, in desert plain,
Crossed rivers wide and torrents swollen with rain.
On, on, still on! still Fortune fled—still I pursued.

VI.

At last, unto a castle old and rude
I came, and asked for lodging and for bread.
A maiden young and pretty met me at the gate.
"Come in, Sir Knight, a welcome guest," she said;

"Our cheery hearth is thine, our board and wine.
My mother is away; my father hunts the boar;
In pastures fair my brother tends the kine—
Come in, Sir Knight, and bless our humble door;
There is nothing I do love so much as hear
Heroic stories told—and give a Knight good cheer."

VII.

In middle Ind it was—that flowery clime
Where fairies dwell and elfins roam,
Where devas stray, and witches, dusk and sly,
Tread the thin air, and haunt the sky—
Dance on the river brine both night and day.
Oh! never, never did my glances stray
O'er fairer scene, or rest on darker eye,
And yet I've roamed the earth all over—
I've ranged from Capricorn to Cancer;
I've stood upon the Pole—yes, miss, and the Equator.

VIII.

Warm June the time—soft winds were straying,
The cuckoos sang and wood-doves gay were cooing.
I hitched my steed and laid my sabre by,
And leaned my lance and shield against a tree.
Next I doffed my helmet; then, undoing
My corselet bright, I stood all cap-a-pie,
In crimson vest and gold-fringed buskins bowing.
"Come in, sweet Knight," the maiden said to me;
"Our ample board is spread, the ruddy wine is glowing,
The almond bread is white, the honey sweet,
Rich is the cream—come in, sweet Knight, and eat."

IX.

"Fair maiden," said I, "such kindly greeting
I have not had this many a long, long day.
Oh, damsel, surely you are cheating?"

"No, truly, sir," said she, "may this be reassuring!"
My Queen, forgive a moment's thoughtless straying—
For one lost kiss a dozen you may take.
"Shy nymph," said I, "you need not frightened look;
I will not harm you." "I know you won't," said she,
"But I am used to kissing Bud and Papa only;
But I meant no slight, kind sir. Won't you forgive me?"

X.

"Forgive you, dear?" I cried; "why, really!"
Then I stuttered, stared—what else I did
I know not, unless caress, perchance, I did,
Her pretty cheeks and lips so tempting red.
But, truly, Queen, I know not what I did,
Her simple ways so much my head confused.
Ye Gods! I thought, such innocence, such confiding,
The simple little damsel only needs a wing,
Ere 'mid the angels bright and Cherubim
In cloudless blue Heavens she goes flying.

XI.

But, hang me, club me, Devil take me,
All ye wags conspire—ye buffoons, kick me!
That maiden was no sylph, no saintly being—
That soon did I find out to my long ruing.
No sooner had I drank that potent wine,
And e'en before I yet had tasted fruit or biscuit,
All my golden fancies were upset.
Dim grew my sight, my mind was going,
My head waxed heavy and my heels waxed light—
End changed end, and I 'gan bobbing, bobbing,

XII.

My senses fled away, and all grew dark—
Than Tartarus more dark—nay, as dark as Hayde,
As on the Stygian shore I lay bechilled and tranced,

Nor dreamt. Long ages came and went, it seemed,
Ere I awoke; but coming to at last,
I oped my eyes with cautious, careful look,
And gazed about, but saw no light, no day;
All was chaotic dark, without a single ray—
Limitless it seemed, yet I arose and felt about.
Alas! my weak hand only touched the empty night.

XIII.

But I had neither power to stand nor walk;
My heart was faint, my limbs were weak,
And I sank down again and fell asleep,
But scarce old Somus soft did steep
My weary cares in rest, ere I did dream—
And such a dream I had, in passing it did seem
An age, for summers came and summers went,
And men did die, and men were born again;
New, young green trees did grow, while old dead trees did decay;
New cities rose, old cities fell to ruin;
Old creatures passed away, new creatures then had being.

XIV.

O ceaseless change!—endless coming, going!
O death! O birth of time! dissolving, then reforming;
I looked upon the earth when it was young;
I looked upon the earth when it was dying;
When first the primal sunshine and the rosy-tressed Spring
O'er all the hills and valleys bright was glowing,
When Life was in its morn, and morn its May-day—
Before old Death was born, when Time held holiday.
Then looked I on the earth when it was old,
When, spent, the sun in Heaven's azure canopy
Hung low, and looked adown with pallid face and cold—

No warmth was in his beam, no cheerful glow,
But Death and Ice held silent reign below.

XV.

But time goes round as night and day.
Whatever was or is to be,
Like stellar orb or rabbit-chase,
Comes back at last to starting-place.
So with my dream—my voyage through space,
And I returned to sleep again—but not to sleep.
I heard a velvet tread, a lively step—
Methought the mistress of my ruth had come,
That little airy innocent—that guileless dame.

XVI.

"Come," a gentle voice did say, "Sir Knight, do come!
What is thy wish? did not I hear thee sigh?"
It was indeed the authoress of my misery.
A lighted taper in one dainty hand she held,
In one a silver key and little magic wand.
I little knew that switch's potency that day—
Its subtle thrill, its melancholy charm for me.
But soon I learned—alas, how very soon!
That weapon's smart—the witch's vast supremacy.

XVII.

"Why do you stare?" said she; "I am no ghost,
But little gypsy, sir—the woodman's child.
I've come to wake you up, for you're our guest.
The sun is up, Sir Knight, the morn is old—
Too bad you drank so much last night,
Too bad, indeed. When Bud and Pa came home,
Surely, sir, you can surmise my shame;
They found you drunk—dead drunk—upon the floor,
And in their wrath, Sir Knight, they placed you here.

XVIII.

"This is the dungeon, sir, but I am sure
It grieves me very much to find you so—
But 'tis your fault; you know the reason why,
And if you are a gentle Knight, dear sir,
You will excuse your fault and pardon pray."
This was too much—my anger did undo
My better sense, and at the lying wench I flew
Precipitate—I grasped the taper-light and key,
And snatched the wand—oh, cruel snatch for me!
That potent rod—that little stem of cane
Sent such a shock through me—a pain
Electric-like in subtlety, and full
Of venomed dole and melancholy bane.
My God! how sad I grew—how weak did feel!

XIX.

It seemed—oh, ye who are to rum and chloral wed
Can well surmise my state, your drug all being out,
And you in anguish toss upon a sleepless bed,
The slave of Nightmare and old Horror dread,
Your courage flown, your hope, ambition gone;
You are so lonely, and you lay supine,
Of cowardice the prey, and vile abandon,
Like a lost soul, debauched, despised and fallen.

XX.

Thus I felt—not alive, not dead, but in a state
Midway—a Purgatory d——d suspended,
Nor could I curse, nor could I pray,
Nor from my madness break away,
Nor from my ire a moment's respite steal,
But in this doleful state, this almost Hell,
My heart, my soul, my every sense was chained.
Such was the magic of that tiny wand,

And such that damsel's might—the might of Hell,
For she was *Satan's child*—too soon I found that out.

XXI.

Thus did she with her wicked power enslave me,
Thus with cunning arts she thought her to deceive me.
"Nay, come, kind sir," said she, "now do believe me,
You are our guest and shall be treated well
So long as in our house you choose to dwell
In civil manner, but if you rude would be,
How can you blame us for discourtesy,
Or the right to govern our own house religiously?

XXII.

"But, here's some milk and coffee, sir," said she,
"And fruit, and wine, and honey for you.
Eat heartily, good Knight, nor fearful be
Of food or drink; no touch of harm
Can come of it." Thus soothed my dire alarm,
I ate and drank with keenest appetite.
And when at length my meal was done,
She placed her small, white hand in mine,
And then in gentle tones she said—

XXIII.

"Pray follow me." Obedient to her kind command,
I quickly gained my feet and followed at her side.
Through a dark passage, cold, and damp, and wet,
She led the way; it curved, and swerved and turned and wound,
It seemed to have no end, when, lo! and all at once,
A light burst on us, and a spectacle
So wonderful and grand—no human eloquence
Can justice do it—was to our sight revealed.

PART SECOND.

I.

Within a cavern old and grand we stood—
A wondrous cavern, hewn from Nature's walls
By Nature's hand—embossed with gold and gems,
Decked out by elfin art and fairy craft.
More wonderful it was—ah, yes, an hundred times—
Than Egypt's tombs or Rome's old catacombs;
More splendid than Abydos or grand old Karnak;
Surpassing Petra in her ancient rock;
Grander far than famed Khailas
At Ellora, called "Cave of Paradise."

II.

A cavern 'twas of more voluptuous glory
Than ever graced a tale of Tasso's day,
Or fabled since in wild Melisian story.
Pillars there were of pearl, and wondrous aisles
Paved with silver tiles and bricks of gold;
The walls enameled were, and smooth as tinted shells;
Suspended from the ceiling and hung in rich array,
Swung many colored lamps and garlands gay.

III.

Was it "Epheseus' house" wherein we stood,
Or the cavern of the "seven sleepers" old?
What features proud—what frames we gazed upon;
What forms of beauty, grace and power.
Dead men—but in all their living, acting mein,
Soldier, peasant, king, queen, concubine,
Rhea-nymphs yet in their bloom, ladies of form divine—
All petrified, devoid of feeling, sense or shame,
To marble turned—to nerveless stone.

IV.

And yet, how wonderful! methought those lifeless tribes
Did beckon me, so sorrowful, and long

They seemed to smile, or raise the prayerful hand.
How lovely more those forms of life that were
Now senseless stone, than all the beauty Art has stolen
From scenes of earth or dreams of Heaven.
Their lips were parted still and seemed to smile;
Each cheek still held its hue—each eye its soul.

V.

Oh, prate ye not of caves of Aladdin,
Of jewel-bearing trees or gold-embossed mine.
Speak not of grottoes, temples, ruins, tombs,
Of cavern cities or ghoul-haunted catacombs,
Tell me not of marble halls or dazzling palaces,
Or splendid cells, where grinning skeletons and toothless mummies sit,
Or harpies hoar, or gorgons dire, or bat-like spirits flit about.

VI.

How wonderful! I saw Apollo there,
Madonna with her child, St. Cecilia near;
I saw soft Psyche, too, and baby Cupid;
I saw young Lurelei with her golden hair;
Andromeda of her fate complained,
Methought—she looked so lonely and constrained.
Near by sweet Hebe with her Hector lay,
And Venus, nursing still her wounded "hunter boy."

VII.

We passed on—next to the Titans' twelve we came.
Those old gigantic men and great herculean women
From Gea and Uranus sprung; then between
Those two Cherubim, who ever seem to weep,
We passed "Death and his twin brother, Sleep."
Still on, still on—and yet the bright array
Of chained men and ladies fair, like wondrous statuary,

Adorned the gemmy aisles and stretched away
For miles—an army far as I could see.

VIII.

But soon we turn aside, and lo! alas,
Through caverns dark as Erebus we pass.
Yet once again, behold! in grotto bright as day
We stand. Far off we catch the gleam
Of molten rill and fiery stream.
And lo! the blessed chime of music sweet
Is heard re-echoing those sounding galleries along.
'Mong jeweled corridors and isles of gold
We stroll for hours—our eyes behold
A demon crowd of Ogres old,
Of Stygian youths and Stygian maids,
And some are standing by the pillars bright,
And some are sitting still, in niches, lorn and sad,
Some eat, some drink, some lie around,
Some whirl in dance, some shout in drunken revel loud,
Some sights I saw 'twere shame to tell—
Too chaste my pen is—and, indeed,
Some things are better told whenever left unsaid,
Yet, though concealed, the truth should never be denied.

IX.

At length that cavern world was left behind,
And once again out in the air we stood.
The moon and stars were shining brightly overhead,
And soft and sweet along the valley blew the wind;
Green fields spread out on either hand,
And here and there, beside the lakes and rivers bright,
Tall palm trees rose and lotos bushes blossomed.

X.

Out on the plain two cities stood,
And in the midst of the flat field,

Among the trees, a lazy, noiseless river wound—
'Twas "Fancy's river," and amid the tufted cover
Of plumy lotos trees, and date-palms bending over,
The lazy waters ran. Amid that vale of gloom,
Weird as the landscape of a troubled dream,
A mystic haze was resting. In eternal calm
A lake slept at the valley's foot,
And just midway in the valley standing,
Two lovely, leaf-crowned mountains rose.

XI.

The one was lofty and commanding,
And towered gigantic in the night;
The one was smooth, and straight, and round,
With table-top and sloping side;
The other one was peaked and crag bedight,
With shelving cliff and dizzy head;
The one was firm and beautiful,
The other seemed about to fall.

XII.

On one an ancient, lordly castle stood,
On one a shapeless, ruined fort.
Within the castle bright a fairy dwelt,
And in the fort a wizard wight,
Who did the fairy and her castle hate.
Between the hills the river flowed,
And on its banks grew Proserpine's dark wood.
Amid the grove a demon poet dwelt,
A demon player and a singer sweet,
And loud and long, at eve, at morn, at noon,
I heard the sound of song and music wild and grand,
Re-echoing along that elfin-haunted river-side.

XIII.

But stay! who was the ruler of that enchanted world?
My little gypsy, sir, the woodman's child,

And she likewise the fairy was who dwelt
Within the lordly castle on the height.
Thither to fight the demon wizard she had brought
My humble self, and I—ah, well, the wizard wight
I did battle give and slay with my good sword,
And from his spite the beauteous fairy freed.

XIV.

What else I did were long to tell, indeed;
Therefore I deem it best to make my story short.
Suffice it, then, to say, for years I dwelt
The willing captive of that fairy maid,
For, know you, love had bound me in his rosy thrall,
And thus constrained me in that charmed place to dwell.

XV.

In mystic vales, whose stones are pearls,
Whose rocks are sapphire, whose hills
Are gold, azurite and amphibole,
There did I dwell, a love-enchanted Knight,
'Mong far-off hills, by waters bright,
In speechless visions, who may tell?
What splendor! in realms where dwell
The genii, and the satyrs play
By glassy brook, by bushy tree,
In witched grottoes of the fairy.
Weird caverns, whose pillared aisles
Are from the mountain cut, whose walls
Are jaycint and sard and lazuli,
Whose candelabras hung in rich array,
Show far off, illuming the sparry dome
For miles, filling all the wondrous room
With glory greater than the light of day.
There in the regions of eternal spring,
Where sun-birds flash and louries sing,

Where fruits and flowers of fairest hue
Hang over brooks of crystal water,
Where lakelets, clear as Heaven's blue,
Lie languorously sleeping ever,
Where wood-nymphs, far too beautiful and blithe
For art of mine to paint their graces,
Roamed the wild woods, reveling in mirth
And flinging at me coquettish kisses—
There did I dwell a love-demented Knight,
Forgetting earth and all its faces.

THE MAD MUSICIAN.

I stood beside the moonlit river
When the mad musician sang,
When the dew-wet boughs did quiver,
And the sleeping robin hung.

Long I loitered by that river,
Listening to the charmed melody,
Musing on the days forever and forever
Departed—passed away.

And while I stood beside the water,
My eyesight glancing through the tide,
I saw the faces that forever and forever
Had looked upon the earth and died.

I saw the faces of the sages,
The features of the bold and great,
The humble peasants and the pages,
The feudal lords of centuries forgot.

I saw, beside, the beautiful, the bright—
Willowy young Lilith, dimpled baby Clyte,
Cornelia, Beatrix, Niobe sweet,
Hebe, Dido and Pygmaleon's saintly bride.

I heard young Ariel sound his warbled shell,
I heard the fabled sirens singing,
I heard much more—too strange to tell,
And in my ear the music still is ringing.

BROOKSIDE IDYLS.

IT IS SPRING.

Well, it is Spring—lost is the honey bee
Among the myriad flowers.

On lazy wing the butterfly goes banqueting,
And in the wildwood, rose-girt bowers,
The golden oriole is heard to sing.

YON STREAM.

Once—oh, once I found it sweet to stray
Along yon stream, or lie all day
Amid the pleasant wood; betimes
The moonlight found me there,
Dreaming amid those vernal glooms,
Or piping ditties to the midnight air.

THE HUSH OF NOON.

Amid those aisles and bowers of shade,
Where bees and birds are often heard,
And rabbits frisk and play both eve and morning,
Soft languor now and hush are lying,
Nor will the birds renew again
Their carols till evening cools the heats of day
And twilight voices drive the hush of noon away.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done; the sun is set; 'tis twilight's hour.
The winds have died away, and calmly sleeps the leaf and flower;
The kine are gathered from the hills;
The stars peep from their purple wells,
And sweet, through woodland, glen and valley,
Resounds the milkmaid's happy, airy roundelay.
The mists of eve float slowly down;
Old Morpheus puts his mantle on;
Selene, from her couch of ether buoyant,
Awakens—bathing, in floods of lustre brilliant,
Land and sea; simple shepherds tell their tales;
Shy lovers seek their trysting dales,
And all the world is robed in radiance transplendent.

ATALANTIS,

OR,

THE FABLED ISLE THAT SANK IN THE SEA.

Once on a hot summer's day,
Weary of paper and pen,
And the inglorious strife among men,
I sought the cool beach by the sea,
Where, lulled by the swash and the spray,
I soon fell asleep, and over the deep
Came softly a sad, sweet vision to me—
Came a vision of light and of darkness,
Came a legend of sorrow and bliss—
A romance told never in poem or story,
Yet breathed oft by the sorrowing winds of the sea.
Like music it came to my hearing,
Like beauty it came to my seeing,
But in a manner so mystic and wild,
I know not whether in magic or being,
Or whether in fancy its substance was veiled;
Yet it wrought in my mind an impression
So fanciful wild, no book could unfold
A poem more sweet, more perfect in mould.

I saw an isle in the ocean
Aglow in the morning's first beam,
Walled round by breaker and mountain,
Robed in forests fruitful and green.
A lake there was in its center,
Fed by a swift-flowing stream,
While hidden, almost, in the distance afar,
A cascade flashed back the sun's beam.
Beautiful cities there were by the river,
And castles and cottages crowning the hills;

Children and matrons and maidens thronged ever
The road-way, and trod the green fields ;
Warriors there were, and princes and pages,
And poets and shepherds and seamen,
And farmers and pastors and woodmen,
And all were dressed gaily in bonnet and buskin,
And togas of samite and gold-cloth and sky-blue and sea-green.
There were cattle, also, and ships on the ocean,
And mills by the cascade, and homes by the fountain,
And halls for the schoolboy, and courts for the men,
And the fields so fertile were full of fodder and grain.
And the people were happy, and the cattle were gay,
For they made the hills echo and vibrate
With their laughter and frolic and play,
With their tilting and racing, and the rabble and racket,
And the din and the discord, and the uproar they made.

First, I saw this fair isle of the ocean
Aglow in the dawn's early beam,
When Aurora woke up in the morning,
Blushed red and swooned back in a dream.
When Orion strode up the heaven at midnight,
Pursuing the Bear through clouds at a race,
While Aquila, with wings outspread on the Baldrise,
Looked wearily down from his eyrie affrighted
As hunter and quarry passed on in the night.

I saw this fair isle of the ocean
In all its beauty and bloom ;
I saw its life and creation
And the dark day of its doom ;
I saw its white cliffs in the evening,
When the sun gilded their tops,
When the moon woke from her couch on the waters,

And silvered the fountain, the lake and the stream,
Turned to crystalline globules the dew-drops,
Turned every flower that grew to a gem,
Brought every fairy and elfin back tripping,
From his sea-kingdom dripping,
To the sweet bowers of this pretty green world.

Around this fair isle in the morning,
I saw the white foam and the sea,
And the nymphs and the sea-gods
At sport in white, milky spray;
I saw all the beautiful sons and the daughters
(Child-fairies of earth and of ocean)
Assembled in mirth and in play.
I saw them kiss and embrace in the morning,
And disperse and depart at the dawning of day.
Then I saw the black waters, upheaving,
Leap over those mountain-tops blue;
I saw the red lightnings of Heaven
Burst open the vaults of the sky;
I heard the wild crash of the thunder,
And the roar of the breakers and blast—
Then Hell's bosom yawned and burst open
Flame—darkness—that was the last.

You wonder, kind reader,
What ill-fated Eden this was?
Oh, how sad is the answer—
'Twas the land of "lost Lioness;"
'Twas the fabled isle of Atalantis;
'Twas the realm of the sea;
'Twas the vale of the fairy and elfin,
'Twas the home of King Arthur
And Guinevere, his pretty young Queen;
'Twas the home of the poet and seer;

'Twas the land of wisdom and wonder;
'Twas the home of the shepherd and farmer,
Safe hid from the sea rover's red spear.

Fair island! lost land of the sea!
How sad—yet how sweet is the story
Told often by elfin to fairy,
Of thy once happy people and thee.
But, reader, too long is the story
In accents melancholy told me
By the cold lips of the sorrowing sea—
Too lonely, too wild, in its mystical beauty
For my wisdomless pen to portray.
O dream, sweet dream, it must die!
Dream that I dreamed on that hot summer day—
Bloom, sweet bloom, it must wither!
Hope, fond hope, that never can be.
Too fleeting is life, too brief is my day!
I have passed the green shore,
I am crossing the river,
Old fancies forgotten—new visions rise ever,
Hopes brighten to perish—buds bloom to decay.

DREAM LAND.

The valley of our dreams is said to lie
In a country far beyond the sea,
In a land of flowers ever fanned
By zephyrs milder than our Western wind,
And fresher than those gales that kiss
The Indian seas, then float away,
Their wings to fold in Paradise.
There, too, in woodlands of eternal Spring,
The fleetest snow-white rabbits play;

The fairest gold-plumed louries sing;
There even brighter streamlets run
Than those clear brooks that flow
Adown the lofty Himalaya,
And flash and sparkle in the sun,
Among the meadow lands below.
There the sweetest spice-wood forests bloom,
There the coolest ice-hung mountains dream,
While overarching, brilliant skies
Of a suaver, softer blue
Than ever witnessed by the traveler in Peru,
Bend laughingly o'er all below.

There, too, the azure gold and rosy lotos grow,
And that white lily
Whose large, odorous blossoms blow
Most dewy sweet upon
That wondrous stream called Amazon—
That beautiful river
By cloud-wings shadowed never,
But where bird-wings flutter ever,
And floating-islands glide
By flower-decked woodlands vast and wide.
And leafy banks that tremble
With the motion of the tide,
Like those wondrous sky-lands which resemble
Dame Fancy's Perie Isles of light.

Ah, charm on charm within this fairy land we find
That rivals all the beauties of the earth combined!
Go from zone to zone, from sea to sea, and then
Explore each isle, each continent, the burning plain,
The frozen Pole, the azure peak, the greenwood by the main—
Go, seek, and nothing will you find

That God hath placed beneath the sun.
E'en that blushing willow, 'neath whose purple shade
That coy "hunter boy" and hot Cytherea played;
E'en the aged pepul, that old, historic tree
Beneath whose boughs Gautama became a Deity—

No plant, no tree, no shrub, no flower, search where you may,
But loves this genial soil and claims nativity.
Nor does this Eden lack the charm of beast or bird.
Here calls the raven — Odin, much loved, much loving bird—
Here chirrups the sparrow, here cooes the dove, and gay thrushes
And manakins mingle their harmonious gushes,
With worlds of other choristers, and make melodious the breeze.
Gazelles and deer drink from the streams, and oft appear
Gay, frisky squirrels and apes, and troops of snow-white hares,
And every beast and bird of sea or land,
Save the monstrous, the ferocious and the venomed kind,
Dwells here harmonious—at peace with Nature and mankind —
No serpent, no forbidden fruit, no evil sprite
At war with Heaven, envious of man's delight.

Ye Gods! ye Powers Divine! why could ye not as well
Have given Eve and Adam as safe a place to dwell?
Had this been done—who knows? who knows
Why yet, beneath that hallowed shade,
Our first fore-parents were not living still—
The guardians of that blissful garden yet?

ROMANCE OF MARTINIQUE.

"There is something of romance in the very name of Martinique."—*W. S. Hughes in Frank Leslie's Magazine for January, 1885.*

Dear island, in thy rosy bowers were born
Two of the fairest women that ever,
With presence holy, graced God's green, brightsome earth divine!
Thee, Empress Josephine, and *thee*, Aimee de Rivery—
Sweet women, in all thy youthful bloom and innocence—
Methinks I see you as two sister wood-nymphs pass,
In concord sweet and happiness beneath yon vernal shade;
Methinks I see you as two lovely mermaids glide
In lightsome frolic down yon shining strand,
When lo! a ship comes bounding o'er blue salt sea tide,
And soon—oh, very soon, in happy converse there upon her deck,
Among her crew, you sit. Yet look—oh, see!
Away—away—the white winged vessel speeds anon,
And you are borne along and pass from view.
In joyous transport next, on foreign shores
Elate, I see you stand again, and then, full soon,
In polished France's splendid schools,
I hear your woodland voices ring.
Thus for a time—when lo! in Fashion's gilded courts,
Oft are your forms of budding beauty seen.
O peerless nymphs! brightest, best,
Your beauty has bewitched all France's men—
All Europe's "stars" pale at thy side!
The wildering flood of brightness all thine own,
Thou couldst bewin an empire or purloin a throne,
Yet, oft grown tired of idle life and flatterers' ways,
I see your wistful, longing glances turn
In pensive sadness far o'er the deep blue seas.

Ah, beauteous nymphs! what truant thought
Can turn your hearts from France's courts away?
What dream can lure your splendid eyes
From glorious Fashion's rising sun?
Home, sweet home, thou most hallowed spot on earth.
For thy pure joys those maidens' hearts are yearning;
For thy long-lost delights those rosy lips are sighing;
Beyond the broad, blue world of waters, rolling bright
In glassy circles, like a sea of light,
Those eyes of fancy young are straying.
Yes, back again to the old island home returning,
Memory fresh clings round the scenes of childhood still—
But patient be, dear souls; take heart,
For soon, oh, very soon, that vision of delight
Shall glad again thy long—long exiled sight—
Ah, look—it comes! it comes!
The long—long looked for home-ship of your dreams.
Lo! once again—far o'er the broad, blue waters bright
I see the white-winged vessel speed her pinions fleet,
And homeward you are borne upon her deck, O maidens sweet!
Your hearts, oh, never—never half so light.
But soft—what ship is that?—lo, in thy wake
A triple-masted schooner, staunch and trim, is coming
Swift o'er the blue waves, lithe, careering,
Like some supple, gladsome swan—it comes! it comes!
"Halloo! what ship is that? what bounding ship?
Aimee—Aimee! 'tis he! 'tis he! my own,
My own Napoleon's boat—oh, see, Aimee,
How from her prow the wavelets dash—oh, see her pinions play!
Swift floats she as the petrel o'er a storm-lashed sea.
Farewell! farewell! I must return—farewell, Aimee."
Oh, happy Josephine! for him of love how wildly beating

Thy young, pure heart—how swiftly fleeting
Those dreams of gladness—visions sweet to tearful sadness·
Oh, Love, thou fretful elf! causer of our madness!
Thou rogue! thou lotos-eyed deceiver!
Thou source of all our joy and all our bliss—
Thou also art a sorrow-giver.
And Josephine shall find thee such, though now
All seems eternal brightness. A short farewell, a parting kiss,
And Josephine, fair Josephine is lost—forever lost to us.
Oh, happy was her honeymoon and sweet her coronation.
Upon the shore the royal court was waiting—
"Oh, hail, thou bride! thou laureled Queen of France!"
They cry, and on their jeweled throne they sat her.
O matchless triumph! unexampled fame!
What fate was hers in after time is known
Full well. Her joys and sorrows all are told
On fairer pages—by abler pens than mine.
She lived a noble mother of a kingly line;
She died a peerless woman and a world-loved Queen.
But thou, Aimee, what fate was thine?
What harbinger? what heraldry of doom impending?
Lo! scarce Napoleon's ship is gone
Ere a new sail comes into view!
A dark-hulled schooner, rakish, low,
Her broad sheets bellied to the gale uprising.
Her lateen-rig and foreign build
Look ominous, for still the pirates of Algiers,
Hawk-like, these hostile seas are guarding.
And down yon stranger comes swift as the wing
Of Boreas—when Æolus opes his hand
And flings the north-wind o'er the waters roaring.
And look! what flag is that? what ensign fierce and wild?
Ho! 'tis the blood-stained standard of Algiers—

The fiery "dog-star" and the "crescent-moon."
And hark! ho, hear you the booming of the gun?
See! the white smoke wreathing, curling up—
"*Arise! arise! to arms! we are attacked!*"
And hark—that deep voice heard with the crashing of the shot—
"*Ahoy! Frenchman, ahoy! surrender, or you sink!*"
"Ha! neither! rather than be slaves, we sink—we die!"
Grandly, nobly, thus the captain makes reply.
"*Then have thy wish, bold Frank,*" *the pirate cries.*
"*Hard down the helm, my man! Ahoy, ye knaves!*
Quick—slip those weather-stays! haul the foreroyals back!
There—hold firm! Gunners, give him a broadside!"
Lo! lurid as the fires of Hell—as dire and as deadly,
One awful flash bursts from the pirate's guns!
The scenes that follow—whose tongue may tell?
Triumph, ruin, panic, death, confusion!
And the hoarse, fiendish pirate trumpeting
His stern command—"*Lay up, ye lubbers there!*
Boarders, prepare! cast your grapples! follow me!"
"*Hold, sir pirate! first walk over me—dead, not alive!*"
"*Ha! indeed? then have thy wish, sir fool!*"
They fight—the heroic captain falls.
"*Up, comrades, up! Yon shrinking slaves cut down!*"
"*Ay, ay!*" and loudly, wildly
The fierce buccaneers swarm o'er the deck.
Bravely, firmly the defenders hold their ground,
But like a dark wave, resistless in its might,
The pirate hoard bursts howling over them.
"*Hurrah! victory!—cheer, ye hearties, cheer!*"
And the dark pirate-chief, grand, glorying,
Rises panting from his blood-stained deed.
"*Remove those damned slaves!*" he cries;
"*The ship is sinking—haste, ye dogs!*

Set every sail! away—away!" And you, Aimee,
Born off among them—a trembling vassal for the Dey.
But why thy fate prolong? First sent to Tripoli,
Then to Tunis and Algiers, and next a servile present
To great Selim's court—but fate, how are thy fortunes blent?
Bad with good, bitter with sweet! Thus from thy sky,
Fair slave, the clouds were lifted. In Selim's heart
Thine own soon found affection—in wedlock sweet,
By holy rites, thy harmonious bosoms were united.
Thou wert made Selim's bride—his "harem's light"—
The *Sultana* from the *slave* ascended.

THE LAKE.

O lovely lake,
'Tis on thy bosom, where
The lilies wake,
'Tis there the swan so fair
Did first her swimming lessons take,
Or the gaunt stork, with watchful eye,
Whilom for his finny prey did spy—
Didst rear aloft his fierce, proud head,
Didst dart into thy limpid tide
His long sharp tapering beak
To spear the gold-fish sleek.

Here from the brake
Burst the doe-deer and roe-buck
Their thirst to slake;
Here oft at fall of night
Bison bellowing loud did echoes wake;
Here the shy martin and the mink,
Startled from the marshy, rush-grown island bank,
By owlet in his hollow oak-tree trunk,

Plunged in with splashing sound and sunk
Deep down into thy waves,
Where oped their gloom-hid caves.

Here from the west
The goose and wild-duck came
To feed and rest,
And the blue coot so tame
Disported in thy waters ever blest;
Here the king-fisher, with wild cry,
Dove from his hidden perch on high,
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Clove to thy azure depths below,
To rise 'mong wreaths of foam,
Then dart off to his home.

Here at midnight,
When all the world was still,
Glowed the marsh-light,
And the meteor fell.
Here old Horror served his writ,
But, when sweet Summer's moonbeams fell
And brightened forest, hill and dell
With lustre from her silver well,
The red youth to yon trysting isle
Came forth his tale to tell
To maid he loved well.

Lake of beauty,
My early boyhood sport
Was in thy spray,
And in thy mimic port
I splashed among the wavelets gay,
And felt myself as glad as they,

As, basking in the sun, I lay,
Gazing on the lily,
Thrilled with the warbler's lay.

LAKE LEMMEN.

Lake Lemmen, beautiful placid Lemmen,
How often in the highway of this toil-stained life
Have turned to thee the footsteps of o'erwearied men—
How often, with bleeding, care-worn hearts, have they
To thy calm shores gone, trusting hopefully
To drown in solitude and thee their grief.
Sweet daughter of the Alps, deep-nursed in Jura's breast,
O'erhung by avalanche, and Blanc's lofty crest,
Thou art the "Gunga" of our Western faith
Where Europe's sons go forth to worship death.
No, no, immortal Lemmen—thrice often
The dying soul has turned to thee for life,
For health and restoration, and found relief.
Beautiful Lemmen! well-spring of the heart's hope and home,
Thou art the healing tide for all men's hurts and all men's woes;
Thou art the poet's own, immortal fountain,
The true *amrita* whence the youth-restoring water flows
That makes Age young and Youth and Beauty gay,
And Genius live forever—O worshiped, brightsome well!
Thou art the minstrel's home where all the muses dwell.

LAKE OF GENEVA.

Immortal Lemmen, since boyhood's earliest days
My thoughts have been on thee. With tearful eyes
I followed Byron to thy hallowed shores;

In Chillon's dungeons, deep and damp and cold, I've stood;
With gray old Bonnivard I've laughed and cried;
From his own lips I've heard his trials and troubles told—
His youth, his age, and how he loved those walls
That had so long imprisoned him. From Chillon oft
I've passed hard by that haunted cave
Where Manfred dwelt, or with young Harold sat
In shady Clarens, 'mid "Love's illumined bowers."
Nay, I've roamed those various scenes all over, and have flown
Beyond all mortal things, and with my Goldsmith found a throne
High in the elements—a world! a very world our own!
Then I have passed with Shelley on Alastor's wing
To where Millerie hides the Alp from view,
And sat in sunshine by the lake below.
With Bulwer, too, and Rogers I have stood
On every lump on Jura's head.
On Rousseau—yes, and Voltaire, both, I've called;
I've dined with Gibbon many and many a noon,
And once I took a boat-ride on Lake Lemmen
With Madame Necker and Louisa Germain.
They talked of Laura and Corinne,
And how they longed for Paris, or for—well,
No matter. They thought Lake Lemmen awful stale (Stael),
And would rather be most anywhere than there.
But, farewell! my flight is o'er,
And Geneva Lake—should I return here ever,
Be my biding place, fast by yon ivied tower.

TO THE SONS OF AMERICA.

Young men, be up and doing,
Be ever moving, going.
There are timbers yet worth hewing,
There are granites yet worth cutting,
There are marbles yet worth shaping
    Into life and beauty's mould;
There are treasures, there is gold,
There are wonders to unfold,
There are secrets undiscovered,
There are sermons undelivered,
There are jewels yet uncovered
    Of radiance like the sun;
There are rivers long since run—
Yes, and fountains just begun;
There are nations yet unconquered,
There are mountains scaled by none,
There are lights for every one,
    And prisms here refractant.
There is wisdom in the ant,
There is life in Adamant,
There are worlds transcendent,
There are heights transplendent,
    And lowlands full of flowers;
There are gems in antique jars,
There are wits at modern bars,
There are garlands crowning Mars,
There are laurels in these States of ours,
Purchased not by cruel wars
    Or brought from realms beyond the stars:
There are shepherds here to-day
Who came not, sir, from Arcadia;
There are cavaliers upon our plain

Who never fought the Saracen;
There are mariners within our bays
Who never saw the dark blue seas,
And Argonauts—believe me—
Who never heard of fruitful Zant',
Of viney Crete, or your soft Ionia,
Who never sailed from ancient Greece
To this fair land of Mediæ—
Yet, no less, they found the far-famed golden fleece.
Then, boys, be up and doing!
Be ever moving, going,
Be ever gaining and improving,
Be ever striving to excel—
Do much, and do it well.
Tell but the truth, or very little tell;
Live up to right and principle;
Take but your own, and envy none;
Respect yourself as much as any man;
Look the whole world square in the face—
Be not a slave to fear or bashfulness;
Brace up, and cultivate a manly fearlessness.
Beware of insolence and pride;
Spend not your cash and riot not,
Nor yet of pleasures be denied.
Indulge, and yet be temperate;
Break not a rule to please a sot.
Help a fellow-man in need,
But never be by beggar or by bummer bled.
Borrow not and never lend;
You'll lose your cash, you'll lose your friend.
Hoard up your gold, and show it not;
Say that you owe a debt and must go slow,
Whenever fast friends beg a loan of you.
Be a worker, sir, and be a man—

A friend to all, a foe to none.
Be not to creed or dogma tied—
Think as you please, *but not too loud.*
Banks may break and speculations fail,
Short of every hope your life may fall,
But yield not—cling to honor still,
Nor doubt true worth shall win you yet a name—
A glorious record in the Book of Fame.

OLD POET TO YOUNG POET.

O boy! I who of toil
And labor done for wealth and fame
Am weary thinking of the hill
Your untrained feet would climb.

O youth, you little know
What pains us authors undergo
To mass a few bright thoughts to shine
In days when we are gone.

You little dream how weary
Our long, long day of toil has been—
How desolate and dreary
Our spirits sink when it is done.

Or the nights of fever
We have—burning, glowing, sleepless,
Others without a star,
Alternate flame and darkness.

And when the morning comes—
O hateful morn!—hot, melancholy,
Devoid of dewy gems,
And flowerless as Death's valley.

Aspiring youth, oh, hearken!
Think, ere you grasp the shining pen,
Think of the failures that have been—
The blighted hopes of men.
Think of the mad-house
Beside authors' gloomy cell,
Think of the starving church-mouse
And the winged steed—that fell.

Bright boy! believe me,
You can choose a smoother pathway,
A shorter road to happiness—
A better way through life than this.

A home in the country,
Far away from the town;
A sweet little woman to love thee,
A bright little boy of your own.

A white little villa,
Far away from the sea;
Prairies and woods all around thee,
Bright rivers and brooks flowing by.

A carriage to ride in,
Your harvest work done;
Your field full of men, and all you need do
Is ride around, sir, and see your corn grow.

And whenever you want to,
A-fishing you go;
You have no business to bind you,
But are free the whole summer day.

Oftentimes you hie you
To the mountains so blue,
To spend full a month there,

Drinking sweet mineral water
And bathing for aches, sir,
You never had, nor mean to.

O think of this sweet, pure life, sir,
'Mong the song birds, the flowers, the bees,
'Mong the great prairies and hills, sir,
'Mong the meadows and gardens and trees,
Where the fresh Western winds stray, sir,
Yourself even freer than they.
Oh, think how happy to be, sir,
Lord of all the land you can see!
Oh, think of this well, sir,
Then think of the fate, sir,
Of the poor strolling piper—
Ah, sweet though his flute be,
Dearly—how dearly you pray!

TO MY MUSE.

Truant Nymphs,
Why do you leave me,
And thus grieve me,
While my rhymes,
Like summer streams,
'Twixt ragged banks go roving.
O damsels sweet,
Desert me not
While in the water striving,
But pull me out
And show how loving
You can be, and how prettily
You can pout, and all the while
Deceive me—for, believe me,
When you frown I think you smile,

You look so witty and so sweet.
Dainty girls,
If your glowing cheeks and glossy curls
Were made for angel-kisses. surely
For mortals and for me
Were made your honeyed voices,
But your lips were made for angels, too,
And I know my love is hopeless—
But no less
I love you, and 'tis bliss
To hear you sing—
You warble, oh, so sweetly,
And you are so winsome and so cunning.
Ah, to you owe I
All that in me is beautiful and bright.
My ebullitions and effusions
Are all yours,
And my garlands, woven gay,
Wanton wreath and wild boquet,
And every leaf and every blossom
I lay down at thy worshiped feet.
I dote
On your happy ditties—yes,
And I vote
Your full indulgence.
My chatter and nonsense
I call yours,
For without your presence sweet
I could not
And I would not
Strike a single note.

APHRODITE.

While I'm thinking—while I'm toiling—
While I'm watching, waiting, writing,
I am dreaming, dreaming, dreaming
Of my spring-time lost to me,
Of youth's morning passed away,
Of bright moments fled for aye.
And I'm sighing, sighing, sighing
For my merry May-day gone;—
For bright happy moments flown.
And my soul is bleeding, bleeding, bleeding
For a something that is needing, needing,
Needing soon for me—
Needing for my malady;
Needing for the sunshine gone.

And I'm dying, dying, dying
Dying for life's treasure won—
Dying for a something mine—
Something bright and sweet,
Like my little Aphrodite;
She alone can heal my heart.
And I'm singing, singing, singing!
While the merry bells are ringing, ringing!—
Ringing for our wedding, Aphrodite.

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Passion + Flowers.

"Hope, that buds in lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes love itself depart—
Time and scorn congeal the mind;
Looks unkind
Freeze affection's warmest tears."
—*From the Portuguese of Luis De Camoens, by Lord Strangford.*

IN MEMORIAM.

To the memory
Of my boyhood's early loves
Is this book
Dedicated with sorrow—
A temple of woe, as it were,
Erected tenderly
To the long-lost idols of my heart,
Less fair, mayhap,
Than young Moomtaz-i-Mahall's marble bower,
Or that exalted sepulchre
Queen Artemisia raised in Halicarnassus once
To her beloved departed lord.

Less pensive sad, I know,
Are these poor lines
Than Tasso's lay to his Leonora proud,
Nor quite as forlorn yet
As Petrarch's grief-voiced words o'er Laura dead,
And yet, O ye who in this temple I have built
May pass with earnest feet,
Shall feel—nor soon forget
That I have felt, and deeply felt,
Who still must feel—and long may suffer yet.

PASSION FLOWERS.

A wreath of passion flowers this,
The crown of youth's unheeding days—
Days when I was gay and thoughtless,
Days when I was free and careless,
Days when oft by Love and Beauty I would pass,
Too guileless and too artless,
Too shy the willing Fairy to embrace,
Too coy to take the glances meant for me,
Too slow to cull the lilies and the roses
Dame Psyche strewed along my way.
A wreath of passion flowers—yes,
The gift of ruth and wasted days,
Of faithless smiles and cruel kisses.
Poor, blighted buds of frosty May,
The first they were of Folly's wreathing,
They bloomed too soon and had to die;
The faint perfume they now are breathing,
The musky smell they still exhale,
Serves but to work a subtle spell,
Serves but to drive my peace away,
Serves but to bring remembrance to my soul,
Serves but to steep in sorrow still mine eye.
O wasted, blighted buds! frail blooms, untimely dead!
Sweet dreams! bright hopes, forever fled!
Why did you bloom? to make me glad
Or break my heart? alas! the day you faded!
Oh, for some sainty, sunny spell,
To dissipate this darksome, gloomy Hell.
Oh, for one draught of Lethe's sad river,
To drive remembrance away forever,
Or, say, some hidden, dreamless dell

Where elfins gay and satyrs dwell.
There in the shady sadness of the wood,
There in the savage heart of solitude,
There in the ancient forest's solemn gloom,
Where tulies wave and lilies flower,
Where herons shriek and bitrons boom—
There in the Naiads' haunted bower,
Some airy Rhea-nymph, piping on her reed,
Perchance may win, with measures wild and sweet,
My hopeless heart, or woo with artless melody my woe away.

KATIE IS DYING.

The dove is cooing, wooing, Katie,
The merry blackbirds chant,
The last wood-quail is calling, fluting, Katie,
The sleepy robin says "Good night,"
Still you are sitting, knitting, Katie,
By your window nodding, musing, thinking, Katie,
While the sun is setting, sinking, Katie,
In the rosy bowers of night.

You are looking lonely—sadly, Katie;
No smile is on your face.
Oh, are you longing, sighing, Katie,
For the sunshine of old days,
For your father's cottage, Katie,
For the meadow and the trees
Where first you saw the sunlight, Katie,
Where last you watched his parting rays?

Dost remember still, my Katie,
The spring-creek and the bridge
When you and I were children, Katie,

Nor knew of sorrow's blight nor age?
No care was ours, Katie,
No task, restraint or gauge,
But all the long, long summer day, Katie,
We played upon the grass-green ridge.

We sought the brightsome azure river, Katie;
We lingered long upon the sun-browned shore.
We gathered many a fragrant lily flower, Katie
And angled all day long among the sedge.
Then at the school-house, Katie,
In autumn's golden, gladsome days,
We found too short—too very short
The noontide hour, the recess sweet.

For we were lovers, Katie,
In our play—ah, lackaday!
Too empty was our play, Katie,
Too earnest—oh, too earnest we!
But time has passed, my Katie,
And changed, alas! are we,
But time can never change nor take away
Our guileless love—our memory.

Oh, happy—happy, Katie!
Oh, happy! joyous you and I!
That long, long summer day, Katie—
That day we see-sawed on the fence;
Or dearer still, my Katie,
That short, bright hour once
When they played school, Katie,
And you and I played dunce.

When hand in hand we stood, Katie,
With all the noisy school round us,
We heard no word, no sound, Katie—

Our souls were lost in Paradise.
Your hand was Heaven, Katie,
Your eyes my guiding stars,
Your smile the light, Katie,
That floods elysian skies.

Yes, we have changed, Katie,
And fate has parted us,
Yet grow we not estranged, Katie,
Change can ne'er a-distant us,
And though we meet not as of old,
As lovers in forgetful trances,
We still are lovers, though concealed
And spiritual our glances.

Yet, oh, how can it be—how can it be?
No more that coral lip, that hazel eye,
That dimpled cheek, that wavy hair,
That witching look that charmed the world and me.
Ah, once, where beauty sat amid her roses gay,
A colder dye—a death-like pallor rests to-day.
Alas, alas! grown old before thy day,
Time's talons sharp, Time's hidden claw
Has wronged thee, alas, has wronged thee!

How can it be—how can it be
That Time has pinched and wasted thee?
My sturdy frame—my face, my eye
Have fairer grown—nay, I am fresher, now,
Than in my youth, my early May.
With velvet hand, with couchant claw
Time scars no wrinkles on my brow—
Time only pets and pampers me.

It should not be! it should not be!
Thou who wert fair, and better far than me,

Thy youth has passed, thy beauty flown;
From thy dark glance the charm is gone.
No more the May-day roses bloom upon
Thy cheek, which now is wet.
Hushed is thy song, thy laugh forever fled;
The love-dream of thy life is dead.

Yet I deem thee fair, Katie,
And feel the magic of thine eye;
E'en were your features aged and worn, Katie,
I still could trace the lines of beauty there.
O fair my Katie—ever fair!
Yet time has wronged, ill-treated thee,
And marred thy pretty face forever—
Oh, cruel, cruel, that he so should torture thee,
Thou who wert so gentle, Kate, so truthful and so fair!

But tell me, tell me, Kate,
Wherefore weeping, crying, Kate,
While the sun is setting, sinking, Kate,
While the evening sings her lullaby?
Not since life is waning, closing, Kate,
Not since youth has passed away,
Not because the world so cruelly,
My Kate, hath crossed and cheated thee.

Not because thy husband, Kate,
Enslaved, degraded thee;
Not for thyself, my Kate,
But the babe upon thy knee—
For thy little infant daughter, Katie,
Wondering what her fate may be—
Dreaming, dreading, fearing, Katie,
Her life like thine may be.

For thou art wasting, dying, Katie,
Dying of grief and satiety,

While I'm weeping, sighing, crying, Katie,
Praying, pleading still for thee,
While the sun is setting, sinking, Katie,
While the light is fading from the sky,
While the night is falling, closing, Katie,
While my heart is bursting, bleeding, Katie,
While the angel, Death, is drawing nigh.

THE LOVERS' TRYST.

"The moon is on the water, the light is on the tree,
The dew is on the flower, the stars are in the sky.
Why does my lover linger? why stays he yet away?
It is the watched, the trysted hour—why comes he not to me?

"The merry May-time is over; Summer days are coming soon;
I hear the Nightingale a-singing—'tis the gentle month of June.
Why does my lover tarry? why seems he careless grown?
Why meets he not his Jenny, as he oft before has done?"

She was sitting by the river; she was waiting all alone;
She was watching for a lover—for a roving, reckless one.
He had written her a letter; he had promised to return;
He had said that he was coming—said that he would meet her by the moon.

She was sitting all alone—she was nodding dreamily;
All her pretty shame forgetting; she had thrown her slippers by,
And her feet she had been dipping in the shallow water's flow,
Now, all nakedly and dripping, she swung them lightly to

"She had thrown her slippers by,
And her feet she had been dipping in the shallow water's flow."

and fro.

Her cheeks were red as roses, her eyes were large and brown;
Her hair was dusky, wavy; her throat was like the swan.
Robed in her easy-fitting summer gown, she looked every inch a Queen,
A-sitting there, beneath the lunar-light, upon the green.

She was young and fair; she had such a charming air—
Such a loving, languid manner—violets and roses rare,
Ferns and lilies in her lap, apple-blossoms in her hair.
Should you search most everywhere, hardly would you find a sweeter, gentler lass than her.

But her lover—careless lover—is he roaming, never coming?
Is he mining, tramping, camping in the mountains blue afar?
Is he dreaming, sleeping, napping by some Western river, wide and foaming,
Is he plighting, flirting, wooing in some other charming ladies bower?

No, her lover he is true—he is watching, waiting, hiding near;
He is waiting but the hour—she has spied him; he is coming now;
She is blushing, thrilling—they have met to part no more.
They are kissing, hugging! cruel, jealous doubts are o'er.
They are plighting, they are planning—place and hour naming;
Peace and joy to that loving pair, rest and blessings on them evermore.
There shall be a wedding—happy wedding—on the morrow soon a-coming,
There shall be a tour—they shall travel a whole year.

They shall then return—they shall wisely settle down, but it is my prayer,
When the honeymoon is over, when the dreams of youth have flown,
When their ways are fixed and steady, and they both are older grown,
When their burdens fret them ever, and *her* life is full of care,

Should she have a son or daughter, I declare it is unfair
That to tell them 'tis a sin, if a lassy or a laddy
Ever choose to meet alone—should they never kiss, or press, or tryst beneath the silver-orbed moon.
Why don't she just confess, or tend to her business, and let their little love affairs alone?

Why need she fret and fume and scold about the matter, when
It always was a joy to her? She never thought it sin
To meet their father all alone on a pleasant night in the gentle month of June.
She only thought it fun because he squeezed her, kissed her, loved her by the moon—
Oh, those meetings were so blissful sweet—why did they cease to be so soon?

WE ARE LOVERS STILL.

We are lovers still and nothing more.
Last Summer came and Autumn went,
Then Winter passed away, and now May-days are here,
And we are lovers still—but may not wed.

The golden hours flew o'er—I labored on;
From morn till eve I toiled, from sun to sun,

And now the old year's out, the new one's in,
What store have I—what treasure won?

Scarce dollars where the year has days,
Scarce dollars for the tons I raise,
And you—you wrestle with your pots each day,
And at your leisure, house-clean or crochet.

And thus we strive and struggle on,
Nor scarce an hour's respite know.
And what's the gain? Scarce bread enough we have—
Hard lot, indeed, yet we hope on and love.

Though we are lovers still, *we may not wed.*
Last Summer came and Autumn went,
Then Winter wore away and now Spring-time is here,
And we, alas, are lovers yet, but nothing more.

IDA MAY.

Well, thou art married, Ida May—
I saw thy marriage card but yesterday.
It was a pretty card with golden edge
And tablet white as snow.
Thy name was written on its page,
Beside the name of him you wed.
Oh, Ida, 'twas a stunning blow!
A draught of deathly bitterness to me.
O God! my pulse beat high, my voice grew husk,
My sight grew dim, and hot as flame
The blood coursed through my head and heart,
And short and quick my breathing came.
O anguish of the soul unspeakable!
It seemed as if the very shades of night
Had joined them with the fiends of hell,
And come to torture me—poor fool!

But I am calm to-day, and happier,
Perhaps, than many a hapless other,
And though not quite resigned to fate,
I hope ere long or yet too late
To find some blue-eyed fairy—
Some other little, loving deary,
To fill the void that you have made,
Dear, faithless Ida May.

But tell me, dearest,
For still you are my dear,
And never will be dearer
To your husband or another
Than still you are, sweet girl, to me—
Oh, tell me, Ida May, dost ever
Think of him, who in the golden days gone by
Could touch thy soul with love's own fire?
Could bring a sweet, pure passion to thy heart,
Where never yet was brought a shadow?
Could kindle in thine eyes a light
That all thy virgin happiness did show?
You loved me, Ida, but you did not know
Your heart's own teachings; so like the lily
Was your life's young page. Guileless was I, too—
A boy untutored—pure as Chaucer's "page"
And innocent as Hauser at mid-age—
Oh, thus we rambled on through youth together,
And the heart's warm secret never knew.

We never pressed our lips together—
You had no blush for me, nor I for you.
We sipped the same sweet tide of pleasure;
We whiled the same bright hours away;
We breathed the same sweet breath of Summer
Till only one short year ago—

Yet we never knew each other
Till we should not know,
And we never kissed each other—
Never, *never*, Ida May.

Yes, I love you still, my Ida,
As I did one happy year agone,
Yet I never told you, Ida,
When I left for Southern seas and valleys green ;
But I came back to tell you, Ida,
Three weary months—three hapless months that now are flown,
But I could not—could not find you, Ida,
For you had gone to California, Ida,
And I had not—had no wish to go so soon.

But tell me, darling, while you're dreaming
In your bowers where flowers are ever blooming,
If you never think of him who loved to roam—
Of him, your old first lover, broken hearted,
Dwelling sadly, dwelling lonely in his cold Colorado home.
Of him who in the golden days departed
Met you often at your little country cousin's
In the little country cottage by the stream,
Where we used to pick the purple cherries
And the wildwood roses, sweet and red—
Where we used to play croquet and mumbly,
And romp and gambol in the fields so flowery,
Many a long, bright—bright summer's day.
Oh, say, my dearest Ida, do you ever,
While you rove among your ever-blooming
Orange groves and almond bowers,
Think of the old bridge across the river,
Where we used to sit and watch whole hours—
Watch the waters, mad and foaming

As they beat and lashed the rude log piers?
Oh, do you—do you still remember, Ida,
That evening, ten short, happy years ago,
When you leaned upon the railing, Ida,
To watch the shiny fishes dart below?
Mirrored were your features in the water, darling,
As you gayly laughed and chatted there with me.

Yet say—oh, say, my little deary,
Do you ever think of Hardenburg's "boss daisy,"
And the milk and cream we used to drink
A few short summer months ago?
Or the fragrant-breathed cows, my Ida,
Descending from the prairie at mid-day?
Oh, how you used to laugh, my fairy,
When they drank the whole Platte River dry,
In those hot old summers, Ida, gone for aye.

Oh, Ida May, if you think of this,
Pin a blue-eyed violet upon your breast,
And wear it for the sake of him
Whose boyhood love was all too full
Of holiness to be expressed.
Oh, place an orange-blossom at its side,
Then watch the timeless flowers die,
And you shall have the symbols, love,
Of my eternal constancy,
And your forgetful love—Love, don't cry.
Oh, fragrant ever still,
And bright those blossoms are,
Unfadeable their deathless bloom.
Ah, changeless thus, in memory's gardens dwell,
The *amaranths* of our first youthful dream.*

* Ida May and I met again. It was in Pasadena, California, and about ten years after I had written the above verses. I had wandered much beneath the Southern sun since then, and had changed from a sentimental boy into a quiet and thoughtful man. Yet still the

NO, HAYDE, NO.

The following poem was written on the occasion of my receiving a note from an old sweetheart who, once upon a time, had slighted me, but who now sought reconciliation, and asked forgiveness for the past. We had parted coldly, and she had engaged herself to another. But

> "Death's untimely frost,
> That nipped the flowers sa early."

had fallen on the favorite's life, and he had been taken suddenly from my path. In her note Hayde—for such was the lady's name—stated that she had always loved me, and that her engagement to another was all a sham—a little hoax to quicken my slow wooing, and to bring me, all the sooner, down at her feet. My pride, however, instead of jealousy, had been excited, and I had abandoned her in contempt.

To the same note were appended the following lines:

> "I love thee still! I love thee still,
> As truly as when first we met,
> Ere grief o'er life had breathed its chill,
> Or sorrow's tear my cheek had wet.
> I love thee still! I love thee still!
> Thy changeless constancy and truth,
> Thy name yet wakens pleasure's thrill—
> Star of my bright and joyous youth."

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rose-hued spells of youth clung thick about my life, and encumbered and fettered me. On my way from Los Angeles to Pasadena I sat on the platform of one of the rear cars of the train, and rode along as one in a dream. All the highest, grandest and most noble sentiments of my nature came bubbling and welling up afresh from the deep fountains of my heart. I felt myself ennobled, as it were, for within that very hour—oh, Heavens! was I not to look upon the face of the woman who once I had so madly loved—the woman who had broken my heart, the day on which she had wed another? I pictured her before my mind's eye as still young and fair—the possessor of the sweetest face, to me, on earth.

We met. She knew my face; I had not forgotten her. We met, but all had changed. She was the same mild-faced Ida May of long ago—scarcely a day older, it seemed; just the same as of yore. But, oh, my heart! my heart had changed! I no longer loved her. From a Seraphim, a queen, a holy, worshiped thing, a very divinity, she had changed on the instant to a mere human being—a mother, a wife, a solid, mortal woman. My God! was this the angel of my dreams? My idol-world collapsed. My castles fell. The rose-hued fancies of my youth lay trailed and trampled in the dust. My sky had fallen—my soul sunk down faint and dead. And yet a weight was gone—a blessed relief had come. My heart was at peace again. A merciful, holy God had willed it so.

It was a terrible shock, that which I felt that day in Pasadena, but it has left me a wiser, a happier and a better man.—*Sam Brown, June, 1889.*

PART FIRST.

'Twas morning, late in budding May—
Not early morn, but near mid-day,
When, by the furnace glowing bright,
In a school of mining on A——— street
Stood a scholar closely bending
O'er the "muffle" hot and white.
Anon he tipped the tiny "cupel,"
'Candescent with a cherry-colored heat,
Comparing oft the molten globule,
In its shallow chalice dancing,
With our earthly spheroid whirling
Round its solar curve without.
Hours sweating he had stood thus,
Heedless of the hum around him,
Heedless of the master's voice,
Heedless of the students nigh him,
Heedless—till at last the spheret,
Ceasing in its circuit, slowly, brightly,
Warned him that almost completed
Was the long and tedious "fire assay."
Then he closed the "muffle" and "high-heated,"
Next upon the "cooler" set it by,
Then, with cloak about his shoulder,
He sat him by the window in a chair.
He felt the soft flow of the air,
He breathed the fragrant breath of summer,
Distilled from many a sweet May-flower.
Thus he rested him a moment
In all the luxury that Heaven
Hath ever yet to mortal given—
A luxury to Languor never sent,
A luxury to none but Labor known.

Beauteous was the day without—
Green fields, clear brooks, blue skies about;
Delightful groves, and gardens near;
A soft sea-blue the mountains were.
Delicious hour!
A bee in every bud,
A moth in every flower,
A bird in every tree,
A rose in every bower,
A scene too lovely to forget,
A rapture that must die,
A glory soon to wither.

Ah, sadly thus—but truly, so.
A *death procession* fills the street below!
"Whose burial?" quoth he, with a saddening eye.
"What! knowest not?—I thought you knew. 'Tis J——
O———,"
Replied a student near. "O God! it is not so!
You jest, my friend—you do, you do?"
"Nay, nay," was the reply—"'tis sad, but true;
But come," resumed the friend, "let's go.
The service is in progress still;
I saw just now—I passed the hall."
"I come," was the reply. I followed straight.
That youth was me. We passed to the street,
Soon reached the spot, then entered the doors.
Within we stood, for want of chairs.
I spake no word—my heart was full;
Grief, heavy grief, weighed down my soul,
Yet I shed no tear, gave no groan.
My features were emotionless. None
Could know I felt—so impassive,
So inflexible, each feature was.

Each gentle line forsook my face,
Which seemed an index to a heart of brass.
It spoke an iron falsehood—told an iron lie!
None, none of all that throng felt more than I—
No, not one, nor longer will retain
The memory of that scene or those
That followed; stamped forever on this brain
Are they, impressed in every color.
If carved in stone or stamped in brass,
No longer time could they endure.
Yes, full well, do I remember
Each scene, each happening of that hour—
The cask wherein my friend reposed,
That casket framed of ebony—
With silver-mounting and veneer
Of rosewood; richly tinted lid,
Whereon those orange blossoms, wreathed
In snowy circuit, fragrant lay—
Sweet blossoms, bought to grace his nuptial day,
O God! now used to deck his corse.
I saw her, too, the maiden of his choice,
I saw her tears profusely flow
And glitter on that wreath like morning dew.
Hayde, yes, I saw thy grief, heard thy cry,
Saw thy bosom heaving hard with agony,
Caught the sad despairing of thine eye
In that moment, Hayde, when you longed to die!
But you did not see me, Hayde—
Too blind with grief were you to see,
Yet I stood among that crowd of people
Assembled just beside the pall,
And I heard the pastor's voice relating
The story of thy heart's wild beating,
Sounding sadly through that dim, religious hall.

I heard the opening and the closing prayer,
I heard that voice again rehearsing
In praise of him who was no more;
Then I saw the big, bright tear-drops falling
From many a sad, sad eye;
Mine, Hayde, was the only cheek then dry.
Yes, I stood there with a heart of iron—
My face was cold and hard and dry,
But a clearness filled my vision
That impressed each scene on memory.
Hayde, was I heartless, that I did not weep?
My God! how little can you know how deep
My soul can feel! but nerves like mine
Are little kin to those of other men.
What brings the tears to other eyes
But freezes them in mine,
And what bechills another heart
Fans into flame my own.
Lady, there are nerves so subject to the will,
The unconquerable, the immortal will,
When once by lofty purpose strung
They will not be undone, even
By sting of Hell or ecstasy of Heaven!
Nay, nay, before the very courts on high
Some wills Jehovah's awful powers defy!
E'en *mind* yields not to Nature's laws,
By all of Nature's torments driven.
Ere yet the chords of life are broken,
When Death obliviates all woes,
Hope, hope—sweet hope alone ascends to joys.
Hayde, if this was not so,
I since had knelt to Death, or you,
For wildly once I loved you, Hayde—
Oh, madly, once—nay, madly still!

And him—he was my friend—*I loved him, too.*
Yet turned he thy warm heart away—supplanted me!
And still, oh, still I felt no joy to know—no glee
That death of him had made thee free.
No, Hayde, no, nor have I shed one tear
For him lain in his grave forever!
But gone my friend—my love—both gone!
Oh, bursted is the golden chain!
Flown is the morning of my life—forever flown.
My heart is broken, my soul forlorn!
His spirit sleeps beside the river,
Cold, lowly, lorn! You walk the earth and groan.
Hayde, Hayde, between us lies a gulf, a void,
A vast, a world, a deep, immeasurable and wide,
Tears—tears, broken hearts and sighs can never bridge.
Death—death alone can close the gulf, the chasm bridge.

PART SECOND.

My God! how can I speak the word—how tell
Our secret, and my heart reveal?
Why do you ask it? No, why do I wait,
When you have said, "'twas spite—'twas spite?"
Yes, Hayde, I will speak. 'Twas spite,
Your spite, that drove me from you—your spite
That turned my love to sorrow. Oh, your plight
With him was mockery, you say—my God!
And he loved you as he did the light
Of morning! He thought your smiles all truth—
O Heavens! what was your folly! E'en I
Believed you, and yet your pledge
Was but a jest. You wished to slight me,
You say, to quicken my slow wooing;
You wished to marry and cease going
To that prosaic school—well, I wished to tarry

Awhile and store my head more fully
Before—before I wed you, Hayde.
But, no! with a lover so contrary
You impatient grew. Well, what befell?
You loved me still, but him no less!
He loved me, too—but you the more.
How could I bar the happiness
Of two such friends—and friendly thus?
My heart was great, and gave its place,
Nor felt a pang—nay, fonder still
(Though strange to tell) grew it for both—
For thee, soft, truant love, and rival.
But 'twas a farce, you say—delusion—
A game by some called flirtation,
For all the while "you loved me still,"
You say—and that you "only
Did so just to tease me,"
And you "hope I will forgive you
And call soon." No, never! No, love,
Too late, too late you seek reprisal
And tell your love, and try to mend all.
Nay, listen, love, and understand me
Before you cry, love, and thus relent me.
You were engaged, love; the ring was given;
The month had come, love, the week arriven;
The day was gone, love—the hour drew nearer;
The very moon that should have shone
Upon a rosy nuptial bower
A colder, sadder scene looked on—
Nay, it silvered o'er a ghostly bier!
The tale is old, love—the story short.
A mail-train, thundering down a grade,
Left her track—the youth who often
Had laughed in scorn at Death and Fate

Was caught, and crushed beneath the engine.
O cruel, cruel Fate! emotionless destroyer!
Yet why—why cry out against grim Fate?
His deed is done—we pray or curse too late.
Nay, nay, our words he never heedeth!
To mortal cries immortal never listeth,
And he who cries or swears the oath or tear wasteth.
Thus dealeth iron Fate with all;
He mows the greater blossom and the small;
He to us mortals, each alike, distributes
His pleasures and his pains—to some allots
He crowns and riches, to others kicks and canes,
But prince and beggar alike curse Fate!
Nor happy more he of the despot's sway
Than he who beggeth in the hot roadway.
Yes, thus he fell—and nobly fell,
For, though he saw Death's face approaching,
He at his post stood firm and still.
But wherefore now his deeds recalling?
You know them, Hayde—all full well.
But me, cold man who could not cry—
Thy lover once, thy lover till I die—
Whence passed I, and what fate befell?
You never met me since, fair Hayde
Perhaps you never—you never shall!
You did not even see me then.
You could not see—too blind with grief,
Too sorrowful, too racked with pain.
But I was there—I heard each word,
I saw your face with tears upon,
And when the casket to the hearse was borne
I joined the long procession in the road—
I followed e'en to Riverside.
I watched the last sad rites performed,

I saw your tears profusely flow—
Your last, last look upon that mound;
I saw the last dark coach depart;
Still I remained—my friend and I.
It was a beautiful May-day,
We loitered there whole hours;
We gazed upon the shrubs and flowers;
We rested there beneath the shade
Of many an odorous bower,
And then again we onward strayed,
And oft upon some blossom laid
A hand dishonest—oh, beauty so arrayed
Would even tempt a saint from honor!
But not all the beauty you have got—
That wildering beauty lent of Heaven—
Could tempt my honor to depart,
My hand to weaken or purloin
That flower of all flowers bright,
The joy of my friend, who is a friend forever—
The treasure of an angel's heart.
That day I swore it o'er his grave,
And though a half-decade has passed away
Since then, I swear it still, and ever will,
Nor, Hayde, think that I will fall
As you have done—I am not passion's slave,
But passion's conqueror.
Mine is the iron, but immortal will!
Though I may feel, I will not fall.

REMEMBER ME.

O Essie Lyle!
Sweet Essie Lyle!
When this you see,
Remember me.
For, Essie Lyle,
Dear Essie Lyle,
Tongue cannot tell,
Word can't express
My love's deep holiness—
The friendship true I bear for thee.

O Essie Lyle!
Fair Essie Lyle!
The years may come,
The years may go,
Your friends may fail or die,
Hope and Fame
Fade like a dream—
Youth vanisheth away.

Our paths may part,
To never meet;
Some other one
May woo and marry you
(I tremble lest he may);
Yet, Essie Lyle,
Fair Essie Lyle,
Remember, you have one—
One friend remaining yet—
One friend whose blameless fault
Was loving thee, sweet Essie Lyle,
Was loving thee, perchance, too well.

I AM SAD TO-NIGHT.

Oh, I am sad, to-night!
Dark shadows o'er my spirit flit
On wings both slow and fleet.
Yet memory's flame, by love's lamp lit,
Burns full as brightly still
As 'fore the shadows fell.

One year ago, my love,
Your head lay pillowed on my breast,
And through the boughs above
The moonbeams from the regions blest
Streamed down upon thy brow
And heard thy solemn vow.

Ah! I was happy then,
And fast the pulse of pleasure thrilled,
Nor knew I prouder man,
Nor he whose pleasures riches swelled—
No, I knew not any dower
Fairer than love's flower.

I prized thy rose-hued lips
More than all earth's pure, precious gems,
And the buzz-bee that sips
Sweets from the flowering shrubs and stems
Ne'er tasted a solace
I would give for a kiss.

Oh, I was so happy!
Earth seemed a bright bower of bloom—
A sweet Eden to me.
But now, shrived in shadow and gloom,
The star of memory cursed,
Lights up wrecks of the past.

Oh, I am weary, love!
Earth holds few pleasures for me now;
My hopes of bliss above
Have lost the lustre of their glow.
Yet dread of death below
To me is nothing now.

Wouldst know, sweet one,
Why melancholy o'er me creeps—
Why sorrow clouds my sun,
And from my hapless spirit sweeps
Contentment's blessed balm,
And wraps my soul in gloom?

The truth is simple, love,
And, like the plain commands of God
That teach us of above,
Things strange, yet wholly understood,
So will I tell to thee
That which oppresseth me.

One year ago, fair one,
You pledged eternal constancy
To me—no other man.
But, sweetheart, you've gone back on me,
For you have gone and wed,
And, d—n it! I have not.

ESSIE LYLE.

O Essie Lyle! sweet Essie Lyle!
Lift up those love-lit eyes awhile;
Forego thy chafing pride and cruelty;
In pity yield one boon to him
Who for thy sake would gladly die.
Oh, blight—forever blight the fairest dream

That ever brightened o'er a poet's heart—
Oh, make this breast a Heaven of delight,
Or turn—O turn this bosom to a hell of flame!
But let me hope and doubt no more—
Time is suspense and doubt were o'er.

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, LOVE?

Where have you gone, love?
Why from my side away?
Why from my heart and home, love,
Who madly worshiped thee?
To what Heaven bright and warm, love,
To what perfect clime
Hast thou been ta'en away, love,
Ta'en from earth and me?
In what flowery realm, love,
Beside what wondrous stream
Dost thou abide, love,
Dost thou sit and dream—
Dost thou await, love,
Watching yet for me to come?

Oh, there is not a leaf, love,
There is not a tree,
There is not a bird, love,
There is not a bee,
There is not a flower grows, love,
But weeps for thee.
There is not a blossom blows, love,
There is not a bud, there is not a rose,
There is not a thing of love, love,
The winds that rove, love,
The skies above,

The fields below, love,
The woods that wave
Speak but of love and thee, love,
Speak but of love and grief and thee.

Oh, come back, love! speak but once again!
Come back, love, and glad my dream,
For, oh, my days are sad and lone, love,
A desert seems my heart and home.
My life it is undone, love,
My spirit is forlorn
Since you are dead and gone, love,
Since you are in your tomb.
Come back, love! speak but once again!
Come back, love! oh, darling, come!

IDA MAY IS DEAD.

Ida May is dead!
Ida May is dead!
Lively! witty!
Winsome! pretty!
Darling Ida May is dead!
Ida May is dead,
And my heart is weary, weary;
Earth and air no more are sweet.
All my rosy hopes have vanished,
All my rosy dreams are fled,
And I'm dying—dying slowly,
Since the only girl I cherished,
Since my love—my life has perished,
Since my airy, fairy,
Bonny, merry,
Darling Ida May is dead.

Ida May is dead!
Ida May is dead!
Lively! witty!
Winsome! pretty!
Darling Ida May is dead!
Ida May is dead,
And my brain is dizzy, dizzy,
And men say I'm growing mad,
Since my gentle Ida May is not.
Oh, take me to some sunless spot—
Oh, hide me in the realms of night,
For the earth has lost its glory,
For my life has lost its light,
Since my airy, fairy,
Bonny, merry,
Darling Ida May is dead.

NELLIE'S GRAVE.

Down in the thicket yonder,
And deep amid the wood,
Just where the stream begins to wander,
And the valley spreadeth out—

There, in the wildwood bower,
And close beside the tree
Where roses bud and blossom ever
And lily-bells entice the bee—

There, where the south-wind softly sigheth
Adown the thicket lone,
There where the night bird outpoureth
His melancholy tune—

There, underneath a moss-grown slab
Whereon no word, no verse is cut,

My own—my Nellie lies in death asleep,
  Her name—her history forgot.

Oh, let the sad winds wander by,
  And let the days still drag along—
Still let yon stream flow silently
  Those vernal groves among.

Entombed forever be the name
  Of her who, lost to honor, died,
Nor breathe one chapter of her shame
  Who sleeps in yonder glade.

Alone be it for me to weep,
  Who loved her ere she went astray,
Ere yet she took the fatal step
  And threw my deathless love away.

MY LADY OF WOE.

I.

By a beautiful river
In a valley of Summer,
In a land by the sea,
Where the white billows ever
With the dark breakers play,
Where the lily-cups quiver—
O'er the waters so bright,
O'er the waters so blue,
There once in a cottage-home white,
By the sea, long ago,
Lived a beautiful lady,
My fanciful lady—my Lady of Woe.

II.

In a region unknown,
In a land far away,
Where a tall mountain chain
O'er the forest just seen
Rose grand to the view,
There in a valley of winter,
Where the beautiful river
Through a canon foamed ever,
Down—down to the valley below,
There in a cabin of snow
Dwelt a happy young lover,
None other—none other than I.

III.

Lady Lue—Lady Lue—
Lady Lue, I am dreaming of you.
I am thinking to-night
Of the summers long fled,
Of the long, long ago
When often, my Lue,
My beautiful Lue, my Lady of Woe,
O'er the water so bright,
O'er the water so blue,
By day and by night
You rode in my boat,
My tipsy canoe—my dumpy canoe,
My light, little birch-tree canoe.

IV.

Long ago—long ago,
How often—how often, my Lue,
With your light by the sea,
With your beacon so bright,
You signaled to me.
My darling, you signaled to me,
And ever, my love,
From my mountains above,
From my station on high,
My haste-kindled fires,
Like red, rising stars,
To your beacons replied—
To your beacons replied.

V.

Then down to the river,
To the river so bright,
To the river so blue,
With hasty steps ever
I seek my canoe,
Which I launch in a moment,
And the whole summer night,
By the moon's silver light,
By the stars shining bright,
I float to the sea—
I float down the river,
My heart all a-quiver,
Sweet lady, for thinking of thee.

VI.

In the morning you meet me,
On the margin so green,
And you kiss me, and you press me
With pleasure so true
That I call you my queen,
My own—my own darling Lue.
Then up to your cot—
To your cottage so white,
You lead me, you guide me,
And you welcome me so
That I weep for delight.
But, alas! my poor heart,
My hope-beating heart,
You slight me straightway
In a manner so coldly,
In a manner so rudely,
So meanly, so vilely
That I bid you good-day
With oaths sworn bluely
To renounce you quite wholly.
But you bid me to stay,
And you sweetly kiss me,
While you sing to me lowly,
While you sit by me nighly,
Till my oath I forswear,
And I wonder however
My heart could estray—
How my soul could turn ever
From thy spirit away.
And I swear by the stars
And the red crest of Mars
To dissever from my lady love never,
But to trust you forever,
My Lue—my Lady of Woe.

VII.

Oh, Lue—my Lady of Woe,
Why did you do so?
Why did you do so?
You shook me, you shunned me,
You wronged me, you hurt me,
You sacked me, by Jove!
And away—away through the night,
Through the fair summer night
O'er the water so blue,
O'er the water so bright,
Up—up the broad river,
In my staunch little boat,
A heart-broken lover,
I fled from your sight—
I fled from that cottage forever,
My Lue—my proud, fickle Lue.
Hide me, oh, hide me, ye mountains!
Ye rocks, pity me.
Hide me, oh, hide me, ye woodlands!
Bend lowly o'er me;
Sing loudly! sing wildly!
Sing madly! ye song of pines,
Your sad ditties play.
Howl ever, ye night winds—
'Tis music to me!
Thus wildly, thus madly
I wept as I hied me
Through that hot summer night—
Thus wildly, thus madly,
As I fled from the sea,
From that wild, pretty valley
Where the orange trees grew,
From the Nymph who misled me—
My Lue—my Lady of Woe.

VIII.

But, oh, Lady Lue—Lady Lue,
You have gone far away,
Far away from that wild, pretty valley,

Far away from that blue summer sea,
Far away from that river forever—
For, oh, Lady Lue—Lady Lue,
You wed with another,
With a prodigal lover,
And you wandered away
Long ago—oh, long ago!

IX.

Lady Lue—Lady Lue,
I am thinking—thinking of you—
Thinking, oh, thinking to-night
Of that ill-fated hour
When I knelt at your feet,
A passion-crazed lover,
And you trampled my heart.
For you coldly walked out
And left me right there,
All alone—all alone on the floor.

X.

But now—oh, now, Lady Lue,
You are aged and gray,
You are wrinkled and wore,
You are lovely no more.
Your pride had a fall
When I left you that night,
To return nevermore,
And, frenzied, for spite
You married a churl
Whom you loathed in your soul.

XI.

You married a rover—
A worthless young drover,
But your soul it has bled
For the wrong that you did
In that reason-dead hour
When you tore my poor heart,
That can heal nevermore.

XII.

But, my Lue—my Lady of Woe,
I am even with you—I am even with you,
For I'm married, too—yes, I'm married, too—
Wed to a flirt that ought to be shot—
Wed to a maid I often wish dead.
But I am even with you—yes, even with you,
Even, indeed—too d——d even with you.

SHE HIDES 'MID THE ROSES.

I wait by the fount,
But I hear not a sound—
Oh, the night wind reposes.
I wait by the fount,
For my love is unkind—
She hides 'mid the roses.
I wait by the fount,
And my heart is unmanned.
Will she come? Yes, when she pleases.

My love she is proud,
My love she is grand,
She's a blossom of light,
She's a beautiful blonde.
My love she is tall,

My love she is bright;
She's a white-throated dove;
She's the Iris of Love;
She's the queen of the vale;
She ever is true,
And is never unkind—
My beautiful Lue
My belle of the world.

But tell me, oh, tell me, ye roses,
Where my beautiful bride,
Where the joy of my heart,
Where the queen of my spirit reposes.

My love she is proud,
My love she is grand,
My love is a blonde;
Her name it is Lue;
Her eyes they are blue,
Her teeth are snow-white;
Her throat is white, too;
She has golden hair,
For my love she is fair;
Her lips are like roses,
Like a midsummer lake
Her brow is—and a dimple reposes
In the midst of each cheek.

But hear me—oh, hear me, ye roses!
Go wake up my love,
My beautiful love
Who sleeps when she pleases.
Oh, wake up my love,
My naughty young love
Who hides 'mid the roses.

ESSIE'S HOME.

A valley in a western land,
A river swift and clear,
A blossomed prairie all around,
Tall mountains looming o'er.

A cottage by a river side,
A plum-tree at the door,
A rock to check the fretting tide,
A rude old forest near.

Oh, heavenly sweet that valley was
In mornings fresh with May,
And silver white those mountains rose
In evening's lucent ray.

But sweeter still that river flowed
When summer's moonlight came,
And wondrous bright that forest glowed
In autumn's crimson flame.

Yet fairer far was Essie's home
Among the low green bushes hid,
And there my footsteps loved to roam
In joyous summers fled.

And once—oh, once I found it sweet
To be those pleasant fields among,
Or, hidden in the wildwood, lie all day
To hear my Essie sing.

And oft I sat by Essie's side
To hold her fingers white,
To smile when artless Essie smiled,
To weep when Essie wept.

Ah, me! a charm had Essie's face
That won my soul away—
For, oh! I saw in Essie's eyes
Love's dream of Paradise.

Once—but now no more are mine
Love's sunlit smiles; no more
Among the young green wood is seen
The happy boy—his dream is o'er.

Though Essie's home's as fair to-day
As in the summers long gone by,
The sprite has fled from Essie's eye,
Her charm has passed away.

Alas! alas! her youth is gone—
No more the May-day roses bloom upon
Her cheek, which now is wet.
The love-dream of her life is dead.

She never wed—she still is free;
Old—old maid they call her now,
But I am mateless well as she,
Nor less from fret or heartache free.

Where once the happy boy did play,
The sad, sad minstrel weeps to-day,
Nor weeps for Essie's fate alone,
But mourns, alas, his own—his own!

She banished me—the little flirt—
And shook me in disdain;
Yet, oh! the past it was so sweet,
I fain would live it o'er again.

MAN WITHOUT WOMAN IS NOTHING.

Woman, woman, scheming woman,
Thou hast charmed me but to cheat,
Thou hast kicked me with both feet.
Kicked me? Yes, ma'am, kicked and kissed me, too—
Flattered and caressed me, *all to wound.*
Woman, woman, scheming woman,
Fickle, false and heartless one,
Fickle, false and frail, but fair,
What castles I have built in air!
What a blessed, blameless fool I've been!
What an easy dupe of thine!
What a—what a holy dream I've had!
What a—what a life of grief I've led!

As pure as snow is and as white
I dreamed thee once—as gentle, truthful, too, and good,
And I have loved thee much as mortal could,
To find thee, O my God! a coquette and a flirt!
Made captive often by thy siren tongue,
I've stayed to hear thee play and sing,
Till, led away by charmed airs of thine,
I've strolled by glassy brook, in vale divine,
Through templed hall and palace old,
In jeweled grotto or cave of gold,
To lands where love and peace and ease and rosy dreams were sold
For worth of hearts and manly deeds, and sentiments like mine.
Thus led astray, my life, the earth, all mankind were forgot,
When lo! I knelt me down—a true, an abject wooer at thy feet.
Then thou didst ungently punch my cerebellum,

And backward curveting, did both my wind and hope
kick out,
Crushing likewise my pain and pride beneath thy weight,
Till I have thought my very heart would burst,
So wronged I felt, so slighted and accursed.
And, woman, for these things in idleness and rust
I've seen my youth slip by—denied of love because of
thee.
I toil not, neither do I spin—
(Save yet long yarns, as false as vows of thine).
How can I wield the scythe or twirl the glorious pen,
When for love I feel so sore oppressed and mean?
Oh, like a keelless, mastless, storm-tossed bark,
Long years about Life's Ocean I've been tossed,
By every wave and roller sadly crossed.
Yet, woman, hadst thou but a true and honest woman been,
I now a husband were, and useful family man;
But as it is, cheat and folly scorning,
I am something, yet am nothing.
And such is man—in sorrow born of woman,
All his life he goeth forth hoping, rejoicing, despairing,
Unless he taketh unto himself a fair young bride.
This alone will make him glad and heal his heart,
And "squelch his gentle racket"—yes, you bet.

LOVE'S A PLANT OF MANY FLOWERS.

Tell me not, ye faded fair,
Ye ancient lovers, cross and sour,
That love bears but a *single* flower.
Love's a plant of *many* blossoms—
I learned this in my May-day pastimes—
Love-buds fall and fade, but new love-buds as fair
Replace the old ones, opening for us the same year.

Then tell me not, ye frosty cruisers,
Ye courtiers and philosophizers,
That "love is but an empty dream."
Love is real—love is earnest;
Love's a jewel in hope's diadem;
Love's a lily in life's stream;
Love is deathless—love is constant,
Love's an ever-blooming stem;
To all who wish it, ask it, love will come.

Of mortal man love is the consolation,
And he longs to bind us in his golden chain.
In Winter's home or Summer's bower
Love is changeful—love's a rover,
Love's a dweller everywhere;
Love's a plant of many flowers—
I learned this in my boyhood hours—
Love-buds fall and fade, but new love-buds as fair
Replace the old ones, opening for us the same year.

Then tell me not, ye faded fair,
Ye ancient mashers, cross and sour,
That love bears but a single flower.
Love is fruitful, love is certain;
Love would blossom, love would brighten,
Love would gladly, sweetly come again,
But, fools, within the self-same hour
The buds do start, you pluck them from the heart,
And doubt not that passion chilled is passion killed,
Or that love bereaved is love so sore, so much aggrieved
That it may never hope to love again, or e'en consent once
more to be beloved.

SATIETY.

Lone, lost, abandoned,
Unknown, disclaimed,
Heartbroke, melancholy, mad,
To fickle fortune wed,
A pilgrim in a savage wild,
A wanderer in the wilderness of this world,
A homeless waif upon the earth,
I tread a path no foot but mine hath trod—
A trail whose end none knows but God.
Distracted trail! detested path!
My God! why did I have a birth
So noble, but so little worth?
Why was I burdened with a heart
So tender, but so easy to the dart
Of fiends who love to torture it?
O bigots, bullies, hypocrites,
Why was I born—imbangled,
Imbricated with such brutes?
Scavengers, voracious hawks,
Ghouls—infernal herd,
And world—O cruel, heartless world,
Thou hast ever used me wrong,
Abused, deceived, denied me e'en
Thy meanest joys—withheld, stolen
All social ties, all sympathies!
Nay, heaped upon my heart indignities,
And with the dagger of thy hate
Deep wounded my poor soul.
O fatal, cruel stab! gash that cannot heal!
My God! I sink! I die!
In thy dear bosom, Lord, I lie—
Nay, nay, I sleep, I dream,

I wake, I roam—in the wild woods I roam;
In the green forests, deep and fair,
I hide me in old Satyr's lair;
I pass beside some bosky mire,
Where feeds the old, lone "solitaire."
The wild "notornis" flutters from my way;
The "grallators" loud bellow far;
I hear the "wild-dog's" howl,
The sad-toned "dodo's" wail,
The "moas" grating call,
The deep-voiced "urus" low.
Then pause I by some river course,
Where grows the "iris" and the "tuly-grass,"
Where the "libellula" curves and chases
The golden sunbeam as it kisses
The laughing ripples as they flow—
Where the "hiodones" in liquid places
Dart beneath the lily-buds of snow.
Then wander I through blooming pleasance,
And deeper in the woods I go.
The woodbine cheers me with its presence;
The ivy festoons many a bough.
I pluck the blue-bell fairy's blossom
And the red-lipped roses wild;
I place the "astor's" dial on my bosom;
I cull the "lilies of the field;"
I hear the "cacique's" warble,
The noisy cuckoo's call;
Above me caws the raven;
Beyond the owlet flies—
Oh, what a sylvan Eden,
Far hidden from the walks of men!
Green nature, with thy pulsing bosom,
My own wild bosom's throbbings vie;

In thy sad voice there is a cadence—
A song of melody divine,
Yet in thy mirth there is a grievance—
An echoed sorrow—ah! how like thy laugh and mine,
Yet lorn as thy woe, thy grief—
A sympathy! a joyous thief!—
There houseled in, soon robs from me
My garnered grief, my woe away.

Ye blushing Sibyl of the bosky wild,
There is a Spirit in the woods I love—
A Spirit there loves me—
A Hama-Dryad's child,
A budding goddess of the tuneful grove.
Ye bashful sprite! ye nymph of love!
I cease to hunger for affection's smile.

Joy! joy! breathes welcome in each dell!
Love laughs in every flower;
Amorous ditties waken every bower.
Hope! Hope! young Hope is everywhere;
Satiety, Despair,
Loathed Melancholy are where—are where?

Ha! ha! what pretty dreams I dream me
'Neath this grand old summer-tree.
Here with nymphs and gods I dally,
Here with fauns and fairies play;
Here my pretty sweethearts greet me,
Here my little playmates meet me—
Ha! ha! my heart grows light and gay.

I WISH THAT I WERE DEAD.

I wish that I were dead,
Deep in the Earth's cool bosom laid,
My spirit roaming ceaselessly
In Heaven, dreaming time away.

I wish that I were dead,
This life, this world, all men forgot,
My soul the monarch of some star,
Sailing Heaven's boundless ocean o'er.

Sailing on from sun to sun,
Braving oceans yet unknown,
Dreaming—oh, and caring not,
Earth and all its crew forgot.

Whirling on through night and day,
Passing time and measure by,
Gulfed anon in viewless space,
Lost amid the universe.

Reaching soon the Cosmic Sea,
Passing rocks and breakers by,
Rushing cloudy Nebulæ among,
Listening to the sirens' song.

Sighting next the Isles of Day,
Far from Earth and Sun away,
Floating o'er the summer seas,
Passing still from place to place.

Rolling on and wandering still,
Coming, going, straying where I will,
Pluto's realms I reach betime,
Sailing on as in a dream.

Passing soon the "hostile forts,"
Stormed by shell and hissing shots,
Scathed by star and aerolite,
Still I guide my ship aright.

Soon I see the city white
Bowered in celestial light;
Angel bands there do my coming wait,
To lead me through the golden gate—

To lead me to the House of God,
To lead me through those gardens sweet,
Meeting youths and maidens fair,
Greeting brothers everywhere.

Thus my cares I'd dream away
In those happy realms of day;
Thus in Heaven I'd dwell a time,
Joyous in that pleasant clime.

But rest and sameness soon would cloy—
Stir and change I most enjoy;
So from Heaven I'd sail away,
Other countries to survey.

Gliding o'er the summer sea,
Sailing fast and far away,
Seeking spring and vernal bloom,
Still I'd wander, still I'd roam.

Dwelling with the muse a day,
Courting nymphs and naiads gay,
Seeking still the zephyr's home,
Whence the odorous breezes come.

Seeking islands nameless yet
In those distant fields of light;

Dreaming still of rest and love
In some Rhea-nymph's quiet grove.

Thus I wish that I could die,
Earth and all its wrong forget,
Roaming still in fancy sweet
'Mid the boundless Ocean of the Sky.

TANTALUS.

We all are like poor Tantalus—
Poor heartbroke, hopeless Tantalus,
Who languishes him down in Hell.
We sigh for fruits God never meant for us—
Forbidden fruits all sinners love too well.

Tantalus! despised, detested Tantalus,
Dictator once over all of us,
Monarch whom we sinners envied,
High station then was yours and proud,
But you had far other hopes, vainglorious Tantalus!

Yes, Tantalus—O exiled, banished Tantalus,
A monarch once you ruled over us;
In boyhood days I knew your height;
You made vain, giddy fools of all of us,
And crazed my head—poor, guileless wight.

Tantalus! despised, detested Tantalus,
Pale, callow child of crime and vice,
You charm our senses but to cheat—
You show us fruits, fresh plucked in Paradise,
And wavy laurels just brought down from the skies.

But when we proffer you the golden price,
And stretch to you the prayerful hand,

'en Ewhen we seem to grasp those fruits so odorous,
You snatch away the cherished cate,
And show an open grave beneath our feet.

O Tantalus! deceitful, cruel Tantalus,
In coquetry you do delight.
You come with smiles and flatter us,
And offered joys—yet give them not—
And thus you've broken many a true and trusting heart.

Yet, O Tantalus! deceitful, cruel Tantalus,
You are not more accursed than each of us
Who languish here within an earthly Hell.
We sigh for fruits God never meant for us—
Forbidden fruits all sinners love too well.

SISYPHUS.

Despite his constant pains, oh, labor lost,
Toil of centuries, deluded, sightless ghost,
Hoping to balance on the hill at last
His treasured load—how like, oh, mortal wight,
Thine earthly strife—the toil of day and night
Performed to build a name! Clinging still to hope,
Climbing up life's rugged slope,
Groaning, moaning in your sleep,
Fighting for a gain you cannot keep,
Tossing, cursing, rolling like a fiend,
Hoping, grasping, delving, sweating,
Dying for something that is nothing.
Despairing, wailing, crying
Like poor Tennyson a-sighing
O'er life's battle won,
O'er his laurels, deathless as the sun—

Like Alexander great,
Complaining of his fate—
Greed—greed makes slaves of all of us!
We roll the stone to the hill top,
Then, wearied out, we let it drop.

O, God! we all are like poor Sisyphus—
We long for fame, but there is none for us;
We groan, we sigh, we curse, we say the world has cheated us,
And this is Hell—the only Hell there is for us,
Deluded hope; defeated aim; selfishness unsatisfied,
And the inhumanity of man to man.

ADAM'S LAMENT.

I never dreamed—I could not dream
Of sweeter fruit, of fairer bloom
Than flourished in that favored clime—
The odorous rose, the honeyed thyme,
The juicy pear, the purple date,
The pomegranate, ripe and sweet,
The golden citron and the apple red,
And all the berries of the bushy wood.
Yet my wife she longed and languished
For fairer fruit, for sweeter bloom,
And, lo! at night, at morning she did roam,
Seeking the Snake-God and Serapin's home,
Greeding for head-lore and forbidden fruit,
Till—oh, what fault in both of us!—
We lost through selfishness that happy place.

A PRAYER TO GOD.

Our Father who art in Heaven,
To Thee I kneel in humble supplication—
I who erewhile mankind and earth reviled,
And woman's self, so fair and sweet.
Father—Jehovah—God!
Thou Vital Fount!
Source of Life and Light!
Wonderful Spirit that fills the Universe!
To Thee I kneel me with uncovered head,
In humblest supplication bent,
To ask, whilst kneeling lowly at Thy feet,
Forgiveness for my follies and the wrongs I did.

I have been sad, but I am gayer now—
No longer exiled, O my God, from Thee away!
Through melancholy and through woe
I wake to life again, and court society.

I have known wrong and all that venomed brood
Of Envy and Despite—Malice and Hate
Near drove me mad—curs that bit
My heels, and snakes that hissed, then fled,
Filled my spirit with mistrust and dread.
But now I've passed the dangerous road,
And in repentance sweet
I kneel down lowly at Thy feet,
To say Thy works are fair and good,
O Father! and that I myself alone was dark and bad—
Thy fretful, wild and greed-distraited child.

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Poetic Flights and Prosy Thoughts.

"The years have come, the years have gone—
Have come and vanished like a star;
Our hopes have had auroral dawn,
And now we know how frail they are."

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

"O my songs! whose winsome measures
Fill my heart with secret rapture,
Children of my golden leisures,
Must even your delights and pleasures
Fade and perish with the capture?"

—*Longfellow.*

HO! FOR THE WEST!

Come, ye who love the gay, green woods,
The wild, sweet flowers and scented buds!
Come, ye who need a summer's rest
Among the meadows and the brooks!
Come, throw aside your cares and books—
Oh, follow me to the great West!
Oh, come, and spend the golden, gladsome days
Among the prairies and the hills!
Come, listen to the birds and bees,
And sleep and dream beneath the trees!

Go, Muse, and bring thy winged car—
We journey not by land or sea;
We sail the buoyant, purple air.
Oh, let Aeriel our pilot be,
Thy pretty sisterhood our crew,
Our little rosy captain you.

Away! away! our fairy-ship is manned—
Her snowy wings begin to play,
Her pennons flutter on the wind—
Away! away! what joy to sail along the azure sky!
Now mighty bridges, arched and spanned,
Ope wide to let the river through;
That deep and roaring sound you hear
Comes from those white and gleaming falls below.
Oh, do you catch the glad gleam of the sail?
Hear you the hiss of steam and whistle?
Lo! now we pass a city fair,
High o'er the spires extending there.

At last we reach the Western plain—
O wild, eternal, beauteous scene!

Far as the eye can reach around
Extends one vast, bright, green, unbroken lawn—
The blue meridian is the bound.

But hold! some adverse current of the air
Has borne us off our course—behold, the fair,
Wild Southwest now lies beauteous before!
A vast, wild, rolling plain it is,
All interspersed with brooks and lakes and trees,
With broad, enameled flats between.

What scenes these are for love and peace!
"Savannahs" are they called?—ah, yes,
Mayne Reid has often pictured them.
Immortal pictures! they are true,
Or nearly so, as plastic skill can limn,
Yet dull and colorless they seem
When Nature's self bursts into view,
As she does now. O God of Art!
Didst ever give to cunning hand
The touch, the tint, the shade, the light,
The power—to reproduce this Eden Land?
No, no! those boundless wastes of grass,
Those splendid shady groves and seas of flowers,
That scent the breezes as they pass,
Defy alike both poet's pen and painter's brush.

Lovely, lovely, those copses are—
Those grassy glades and chaparrals
Where myriad blossoms scent the air,
Of splendid tint and varied color;
Where ope the crimson lipped "nopals,"
And the Night Queen's cups of fire,
Where "magneys" lift their capitals,
All decked with gay-green, gold-waxen flowers,

And by their sides the "yucca" spires
Are sweet with snow-white lily-bells.

Oh, fair indeed these sylvan scenes—
These worlds of flowers and endless greens,
Where the mock-bird pours his sweetest song,
And the wild-bees hum the whole day long;
Where beetles gay and butterflies
With "elytra" of gold and green
Rival the blossoms' richest dies,
Surpassing oft the brightest stone—
Yes, fair indeed, but we cannot stay!
We haste to the mountains far away,
Where we boat on many a Western lake,
Where "chinckapins" sweet and lilies wake,
Where swans disport and wild ducks play,
Glance in the sun, and shower the spray.

Now over the Western plain we glide,
Surprise the graceful antelope,
And fright the snow-white prairie steed.
Sometimes a coyote leaves his sunny slope
And hurries away with all his speed,
And then a bison bull corrals his herd,
And stands before with lowered head,
While oft we see a hawk or bird
Or bobbing form of marmot red.

Now do we pass a dry sand creek,
With pools of water here and there;
Next we see some prairie lake,
A thousand wild-fowl sporting there,
And once again a barren, treeless waste,
Vast and unbroken, is before.
Day glides away ere it is passed,

But, just before the sun is down,
Fair, varied scenes come into view.

White peaks, too bright to look upon,
Loom o'er the foot-hills' vivid blue;
Below fair cottonwoods and grassy glades,
And splendid parks, and brooks, and fields,
And treeless, barren tracts of vast extent,
And little, mossy flower-seas and isles
Of every color, shade and tint—
From thistle-rose's burning dyes
To bright helianthus' golden bloom,
Or sweet asclepias' starry eyes.

But all too soon the splendid setting sun
Enamels with golden, gleaming light
Each lovely scene we look upon, and then,
In gloom and purple shadow, sinks from sight;
Yet soon the early silver moon
Unveils her face and all is bright again.
Hill, valley, stream, park and plain,
Snowy peak and purple mountain,
All make up one wild, majestic scene,
And such the Great West is when seen
Upon a pleasant, cloudless night in the gentle month of June.

Again the sun is up—the dew is dry;
Once more we greet the new-born day;
Again we speed upon our way;
The morning winds blow fresh and favoringly,
But rocky barriers lie before—
Oh, can we ever pass them o'er?
E'en now among the clouds we float,
Yet far above in gleaming white

The lofty mountain lifts its pearly head—
Peak perched on peak, dim, ghostly hued,
It towers amid those pinnacles of light
Which, like celestial castles, sparkle there.

Yet hold! are we in Fairy Land?—
Or are those hills all gems and gold,
And circlets, crowns and diadems,
Bright Elfin-wreaths or angel-plumes?
No, they are only earth and stone and sand,
But they are covered o'er with flowers—
Fragrant flowers! flowers fresh and flowers sweet!
Flowers, flowers—where'er the glances stray!
Flowers, flowers, splendid flowers meet the eye—
White-azure anemones, red
Alpinas, golden gentians,
Saxifrages of every color, shade and tint,
Splendid purple cardamines,
And all are fresh and scented flowers,
But they are dwarfed—sweet little elfs,
They cling among the rocks and shelves
And crown the dizzy cliffs and towers,
They carpet every highland plain;
They spread their mats on every mountain;
You may see their soft eyes peeping
'Mong all the crevices and cairns
'Neath the snow-bank, sweetly dripping,
Bordered round with tender moss and ferns.

But these are minor scenes—the grand,
The awful, the sublime are round
About, above, below — and everywhere
That we may look, the plain afar
Is lost in waves of gossamer,
And looking from our abyss down

That deep space, dimly intervening,
Seems the very Gulf of Desolation,
While yon silver streamlet, gliding
Through those fields of purple gloom,
Resemble old Charon's crossing,
Where pilgrim spirits first learn their doom.

But hold! my airy flight is done.
Down in yon valley, flashing in the sun,
Behold you not our Manitou's bright fountains play?
And close beside yon silvery gleaming river, far away,
Spy you not that city fair called Denver town?
Oh, let us to that charmed spot repair—some other day
With you I will return, these lofty ranges to cross o'er—
We shall try again when you are more accustomed grown
To this high altitude and our light mountain atmosphere.

MAY-DAY BESIDE THE PLATTE.

It is sweet May-day beside the Platte. The cotton-woods are putting forth their green. The wild, red-roses and the white plum-blossoms scent the air. The lark is in the fields; the robin's cheery voice is heard. The golden flecker and the oriole make music in the woods. The dove's low cooing wooes the murmur of the streams, and the merry blackbirds chant amid the wild, sweet meadow-grass, and starry-eyed asclepia blooms.

The vast, green prairie spreads around. Its boundless lawns are sweet with flowers. The "bonny-bells" and "yellow eyes" have decked the sunny slopes with gold. The round, green hills are gay with dandelions and daisies. The sweet blue-flags, the "yuccas" and the "artemisias" brighten everywhere.

Northward, amid his banks of bloom and graceful

curves, the "silver river" glides. Westward, a dozen miles beyond, the stream, and, looming over all in grand relief, appears the old, shining Rocky Mountains, the snowy range towering amid the storm-clouds, and the purple foot-hills, like the Titan forms of old among the shattered fortresses of vanquished gods!

Dreamer, you are in Colorado—you stand upon the banks of the Platte. The great, wild prairie stretches all around you. Its smooth, green lawns are bright with silver brooks and crystal lakes. Hundreds of wild fowl disport upon the water's blue, unrippled bosom. Long strings of cattle come forth to drink—others graze in droves among the low, round hills near by. How beautiful! how bright! how grassy wild! how fair and sweet!

Dreamer, does not your heart grow glad? This is a land for rest and holiday! You hear the hum of golden bees. You feel the soft flow of the air. The sky is clear and blue and bright. The fields are green and dry and warm. The woods are beryl-hued and full of singing birds. High above you, snowy mountains tower—"Long" and "Lincoln" prop the sky. You behold Pike's Peak farther south—its blue sides terminating in a crown of snow.

My name is Sam Brown—plain Sam Brown. I was born under the shadow, as it were, of these grand old Rocky Mountains. Thirty years ago, when all this vast region of plains and mountains, extending from the Mississippi River on the east to the shores of the Pacific Ocean on the west, to the Mexican Gulf on the south, and to the British possessions on the north, was an almost unexplored wilderness, filled with wild beasts and hostile Indians, my father and mother crossed the plains in an emigrant wagon, drawn by a yoke of oxen. They came west early in 1859, with the first rush of those hardy gold hunters whose motto was "Pike's Peak or Bust!"

Finding mining unprofitable they settled down to farming and stock-raising near the base of the mountains. Here to them four sons were born—of whom I am the eldest, having been born on March 21, 1860. I am a Colorado pioneer—yes, born of a pioneer ancestry—and it is with a sense of pride that I point out to you the fact. I also take a kind of grim pleasure in informing you that my earlier life was spent in the free and easy pursuits of a cowboy, and that my first childhood playmates were the red Indians of whose boundless liberty I used to feel very envious during my school days.

Many incidents which occurred away back in the "sixties," when we white settlers used to have to fortify ourselves at Denver, to avoid being scalped by the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, are still fresh in my memory.

Denver, which is now a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, was in those days but a mere hamlet of several dozen shanties, standing almost entirely on the west bank of Cherry Creek. What a change has taken place about my home within the space of but a few brief years! On the little plateau where Fort Logan stands to-day, I shot my first "prong-horn," and oftentimes I have played ball with Willie Bates and Jimmy Steck on the grounds now occupied by our State's capitol and County's court-house.

All of those dry uplands, where I used to pasture my cows, are now covered in season with wavy fields of wheat, maize and alfalfa—meadows, orchards and blooming garden plats. Where the Indian wigwam smoked but a few brief summers gone by, lordly mansions and pleasant homes are standing to-day. But the humble structure in which I was born has not been torn down yet. It stands on the west bank of the Platte River, near Littleton, and in Denver's beautiful suburb, Wynetka. My parents, who still live at the old homestead, but now in a large and comfort-

MY NATIVE LAKES.

able farm-house, have preserved the little old log cabin as a relic of bygone days.—*Written Jan. 20, 1890.*

MY NATIVE LAKES.

Of those silent pools, far remote in that wild Western land—the land of my nativity—I am dreaming to-day.

Away out there, where the old, shining Rocky Mountains seem to reach off to the ends of the world, where the great plains stretch away in boundless undulations of wavy greenery, as far as the eye can see—there Colorado's lakes rest in eternal calm.

In other times—bright boyhood days, now forever flown—mounted on a shaggy broncho, with gun in hand, and followed by a long-legged, one-eyed hound, I have often driven my cattle there to drink. Again, in light canoe, with double-bladed oar, I have glided for hours along the scarcely rippled tide, chasing the diver-ducks and the blue coots so tame, or trying random shots at the mallard-ducks and wary teal that flew nearly out of range, high up overhead. Now and then a lucky shot would bring me down a great white pelican or a blue crane. Yet more often I would kill a brant or a Canada goose.

Beyond the lake a tiny cascade could be seen, pouring down its silvery flood from the lofty, snow-capped heights above. At the mountain's foot the foamy tide fell into a little pool, and there, after forming itself into a little brook, it ran off flashing in the sunlight, across green meadows, beside leafy groves, and along flowery banks, until at last it found its way down to the great, blue, laughing lake, where it lost itself in the silent tide.

At the mouth of the stream, and just beside the wood, stood an Indian village—the white tepees of which could be plainly seen, peeping out from among the green glades

and leaves of the trees. The red Indian, too, was often in sight, for he loved to loiter along those pleasant shores. Many times I have met him angling patiently along the banks of the small stream. At other times I have watched him for hours chasing the wild herds of the plain. The fallow-deer, the "prong-horn," the bison and the elk he called his "cattle," and he claimed them all as his own.

His was a happy, careless life—as aimless and as dreamy as my own. Nature supplied his every want. His orchards were the thickets of cherries and wild-plums. His harvests of golden grain were the fields of yellow sunflowers. His gardens were the untilled fields, and there his vegetables grew. The roots and bulbs he knew supplied his pottage. Honey was stored for him by the wild bees, and the beasts of the field gave him their furry coats to keep him warm. His dusky mate was an easy love, and she always treated him with kindness. His life was one of sportive ease, and I have often envied him his happy lot.

It was an indescribable joy to me in those old days to stroll along the white-pebbled beach of the lake and gather shells. I also loved to roam among the green, round hills near by and gaze out across the calm blue lake, or let my glances wander afar off up those shining straits, channeled out, as they are, like mighty gateways among the cliffs and crags of the ancient hills. Far away they would widen out again into broad lakes, or else they would wander off and lose themselves in narrow straits among the splintered crags and snow-capped peaks of the not distant mountains. Often, as I would sit gazing up into those mystic gulfs and weird canons, stretching far away among the hills, I would fancy in my childish innocence that I could catch glimpses of another world which lay dimly visible in the "far beyond." I had hopes of being able, some day, to propel my little bull-hide boat into that wonderful realm of the "great

unknown." The long lines of "sand hill" cranes, the sharp phalanx of white geese, the flutter of swans' wings, circling away across the distant marsh lands, appeared as the flash of angel wings. To me they seemed as the spirits of the blest, circling through celestial skies or hovering above the shores of Paradise.

Not far away from the lake my father's cabin stood. Swiftly the Platte River ran by—

"And often—oh, how often!
I have wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean deep and wide,
For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear."

THOSE ARE THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"Those are the Rocky Mountains"—yes, those long, blue lines of cordilleras just above you are the foot-hills, and those tall, white peaks standing afar off beyond, and appearing ethereal and ghost-like in the dim distance, are the ice-clad summits of the "snowy-range."

"Those are the Rocky Mountains"—yes, and *these* are the great plains. Oh, what a beautiful, green, wild world this is! How can one live in such a land and not be glad! It is a day of God, and the wild herds of the plain are grazing all around us. They range in droves among the low, round hills near by, or lick "alkalie" in the deep, basin-like valleys below, where often we catch the shimmer of some fairy lake.

"Those are the Rocky Mountains"—yes, and as we ride along, across the smooth, white plain, with the warm sunlight streaming down from a cloudless heaven upon us—

streaming down through an atmosphere as clear as glass—as sparkling and as buoyant as any air upon the earth—as we ride along, gazing out across the great, green world and up at the blue sky, and then upon those stupendous peaks and everlasting snow-clad hills, my spirit thrills with a deep delight, and I feel a something, stranger, that you dream not of.

"Those are the Rocky Mountains"—yes, and oh! I was born, as it were, under the very shadow of their snow-covered heads. While yet a baby in my mother's arms I first gazed out upon those everlasting hills. "Do I remember that?" I do, indeed, even through the mist of years, so long ago. Strange as the fact may seem, while still I lay upon my mother's breast, one beautiful summer's day, I recollect them first. It was a day like this—a day of God! and my mother—she had brought me to the door of our old log hut to gaze out on the world. "Do I remember it?" Indeed I do, and yet I was a tiny mite! I wondered how a little thing like me could see so far away and look on things so vast, so beautiful and bright. Dear God! such feelings as I had that day—so glad! so pure!—as fresh to-day are and as deeply now as then, I feel them yet. And still I was a tiny babe. I had no word—no phrase learned yet to voice my love. Still they touched the same deep soundings of my soul, and stirred up all that which was poetical within my heart. I knew—I loved them then—I deemed them just as large, as beautiful and bright as I behold them now.

Again, while yet a little child, I used to draw mountains upon my slate. Rude sketches they were, no doubt, but how could I live and love, and yet not limn that which so much I loved? I knew not then of poet or of painter's art, nor ever dreamed that I myself should rhyme some

day, and paint and write and limn with words, and tell men of my childhood's dreams.

In boyhood days how often have I lain upon the mossy river brim and gazed out, through the vistas of the leafy trees, up at those blue, bright, snow-capped peaks beyond! How often, among the warm, green meadow grass, gay with May-flowers, have I wallowed just below those rocky heights! How often, in those glad young days, have I longed to climb those dizzy cliffs and crags and towers, or to rove among those caves and rifts and dells and canons deep, to prospect there for gold and gems and fruits and blossoms rare! Oh, how I longed to cross over the range, as other boys and bearded men had done! It was there that the Indians located their "Happy Hunting Grounds," or the "Regions of the Blest." Over there they said it was that the good Indians went after death. I had also heard men tell of California—"a delightful, warm country," they said, "where it is always summer, and where fruits and flowers are plentiful and can always be had just for the picking." They said that a great, wide, blue sea, called the Pacific Ocean, rippled along the coast of that green, warm land, and that the beach of the sea was strewed with many-colored and richly-tinted shells. How I longed to visit that glorious sunset land, just over the range, but in my childish innocence I imagined it must be an almost life-long and herculean task to surmount those stupendous and lofty heights where the snows of centuries lay piled up in great banks and drifts hundreds of feet in depth. I also fancied that I could sometimes see the forms of giant warriors stalking about among those wild crags and cliffs. In my belief they were the guardian watchers of those mysterious "Happy Hunting Grounds" of the Indians. I regarded them as sentries stationed along the outposts of that blessed place, whose duty it

was to turn back all adventurous travelers whom they might catch attempting to enter that terrestrial paradise of the great, wild West.

One day, while my father, my mother, my brothers and myself were on a plumming and raspberrying excursion, my father made a remark that awoke a new superstition within my soul. My mother was driving our wagon, which was drawn by a yoke of gentle oxen, through the level of a beautiful mountain vale, surrounded by lofty peaks, when my father, looking up, said to me in a mysterious kind of a way, "My son, the Genus of the hills is looking down with wonder, for lo, behold, yonder is Madam Progress driving by in her olden-time car." Ever after that I had a superstitious dread of this same Genus of the hills, and it was not until long years afterward, when the dry learning and colorless truths of youth had begun to dispel the flowery fancies, poetical fictions and glorious myths of my childhood, that I dared to explore or venture far into those same Genus-haunted hills.

BEAUTIFUL COLORADO.

Oh, what a glorious country!
Could nature more beauteous be?
See! laughing sky is soft violet blue,
And rolling prairie is emerald hue,
While mountain leaps up from the foot-hill below,
Great billow on billow of lily-white snow.

Oh, look away to the south!
There yawns a canon's great mouth,
While, out of the hazy distance beyond,
Behold Pike's proud peak, so mighty and grand!
Then lifting her snowy-white head high up in the west,

Like a fond mother o'er offsprings asleep on her breast,
Madam Lincoln looks down on many a baby-peak's crest.
And joyous ever, rippling, murmuring near,
With music most sweet to the ear,
We catch the glad, sparkling beam
Of our Platte River—muse-haunted stream.

MADAM PROGRESS AND HER OLD-TIME CAR.

(*To the Pioneer Association of Colorado this poem is respectfully dedicated.*)

I.

When Madam Progress from her old-time car
Looked first upon this bright realm of the West,
These hills and streams and valleys wild and fair,
The white snow piled upon the mountains breast,
She bade her sons unyoke their cattle here,
Her daughters fair a bounteous banquet to prepare—
For lo! the stout, young widow—don't you see?—
Had come out West to found a colony.

II.

With all her herbs and roots and seeds she came,
With all her ducks and hens and household pets so tame,
Journeying westward as in a pleasant dream.
Undaunted, the great prairie she had crossed,
Her youngest babe still nursing at her breast;
And now, surrounded by her sons and daughters fair,
She stands up proudly in her ox-propelled car,
To take her first, glad look across the Platte.

III.

"Go forth, my oldest son," she cries; "call down
Yon eagle-bearer and give into his mighty hand

The golden ensign of this, our chosen land.
Bid him high up, on yonder peak's white crown,
My standard plant—then tell him to proclaim
These words to all the nations of the earth:
'Dame Progress has resolved henceforth to make her home
Far in the West—there will she bide till death.'"

IV.

To found this wondrous Western colony
She chose you stout, but mild-faced old fellows here.
She bade you boys and bearded men to reap and sow,
To thresh the grain, and stack the fragrant hay.
She bade you beauteous dames and maidens fair
To cook and churn, to wash and mend—and, oh!
She charged you all "help build a town beside the Platte—
A beauteous town, with many suburbs round about."

V.

Obedient to the dame's command, forthwith
Five hundred plowshares clove the fertile mould;
The sowers followed closely in their path,
And soon the corns and seeds sprung into life,
And sweet, exotic herbs and bulbs and blossoms throve,
And broad canals and little conduits were built,
And reservoirs and aqueducts and lakes were filled,
And heavy cars of commerce thundered o'er the land.

VI.

From out the earth the miner dug the glittering gold;
The busy merchant sold his useful ware;
The artisan his sounding hammer plied;
The architect, the builder—all found occupation here.
New life and industry sprang into birth,
And gentle woman proved her usefulness and worth.
The rosy "milk-maid" hummed her sweetest roundelay;
The jaunty cowboy drove his lowing cattle by—

VII.

And all was peace, prosperity and love,
Had not the ancient, jealous Powers above
Or Indian Genii on us got their eyes—
Which I know not, but 'twas unfair war they waged,
Devoid of laurels, honor or just cause,
But, oh, Lordie, weren't they quite distinguished
For "cutting hair short" those dark and bloody days?
That's why some pioneers haven't any now, I guess.

VIII.

But "*Up!*" the widow cries. "*Forward, march! be bold!*
On! full soon yon battle-cloud shall be unrolled;
Full soon that pagan band shall pass away,
When, lo! within this valley bright full many a day,
My children, you shall dwell in peace and happiness."
Upon the threshold of that age of gold,
My pioneer friends, we stand at last,
A toil-made people, wealthy, free and blest.

IX.

And lo! while we are gathered here to-day,
To tell of years that were or yet shall come,
I, too, would utter a great prophecy!
Here, now, where Denver stands—a second Rome—
Shall stand betime an Athens or a Corinth bright!
Here, too, a dome shall yet be built,
Fairer than that of the Pantheon—and yet
Long colonnades, and pillars tall and white
As those of "Syrian Baalbec," or "Tedmore of the plain,"
Shall gleam among the cottonwoods beside the Platte!
Here, too, some day, our nation's capitol shall stand,
And Colorado shall yet become the true Queen State of the land!

PROSPECTING ALL ALONE AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,

OR,

Sam Brown, Jr., Camping Out in the Indian Country.

PART FIRST.

THE LONELY MOUNTAIN GLEN.

The incidents related in this story occurred in a lonely glen of the Rocky Mountains, at the head of a dark ravine in the midst of the Indian country. It was at the close of a hot Autumn day in the year 1879. I was riding along through the gathering darkness, preceded by my three pack animals, but, owing to the lateness of the hour, I could scarcely make out the dim wagon-road that we were following. At that time I was a boy, only nineteen years of age, but I was just as well developed physically, and was fully as able in every respect to take care of myself then as I am now.

The San Juan country and the Gunnison mining districts were scarcely yet known to prospectors, although the Leadville "boom" was at its height. Among the hundreds of other adventurous spirits who had left their homes to seek fortunes in the mines, I, too, had wandered far away from the peaceful haunts of civil life, to find myself, at last, buried, as it were, in the very heart of this savage mountain land.

Several months before my partner and I had quarreled. But we had soon made up again, however, and then good-naturedly parted company, each agreeing to go his own way in peace and not to bear the other malice. Since then I had been traveling entirely alone.

Most of the summer I had spent hunting and prospecting. I had roamed all along the headwaters of the Grand and the Gunnison Rivers; I had tramped up and down the Roaring Forks, Frying Pan, Rock and Maroon Creeks. I had likewise been to Ruby Camp, Dead Man's Gulch, and to many other oddly named places. On the same ground where the city of Aspen is standing to-day, I had camped one whole week of that summer. That same year I had caught trout in the rivers and shot deer among the hills, near by where the towns of Grand Junction and Glenwood Springs are now standing. But there were no huts or habitations there then. The dim Indian trails that wound along down those wild valleys were the only signs to indicate the fact that men had ever been along that way before.

For months I had camped out in that wild land where hostile bands of Indians were constantly roaming at large and occasionally killing a white man or two, just for practice. Day after day I had tramped about with no other companions than my dog, my gun and my ponies. Oftentimes I had gone for weeks without seeing a single human face—either white or red—save my own.

Although constantly exposed to danger during the whole of this time, I had never before felt a single symptom of fear, but on this memorable night of which I write, as I rode along through the darkness, I felt an indescribable sense of dread and nervousness.

Only a few miles further ahead, and on this same road which I was now traveling, Jackson, the freighter, had been captured and tortured to death by the Indians the week before. No doubt but that the thoughts of this horror had much to do with my uneasiness on that night. Anyway, the dark ravine, stretching afar off among the strangely round-shaped hills, struck my fancy as being

a capital place for an Indian ambuscade. Out of every black clump of trees or brushwood by which I passed I expected to see the flash of an Indian gun suddenly light up the darkness and reveal a score or more of hideously paint-bedaubed red devils in the act of leaping out from their place of concealment to the attack—thirsty for blood, and bent on having my precious scalp. So intense became my apprehension, that at last it took the shape of a presentiment in my mind of a thing sure to happen. But all at once a happy thought struck me—the good old scheme of rigging up a "dummy" figure. What a relief the idea brought to my mind! How much more agreeable to fancy Mr. Indian blazing away at my old stuffed coat, than it was to be in constant dread of feeling his cold lead perforate my body or rattle along the side of my head—glanced off from entering my brain by the frontal bones of my cranium. Uh! what a chill the thought had given me. Therefore I acted on the impulse of the moment, and, having brought my little caravan to a sudden halt, I dismounted and quickly cut two slender, green saplings into sticks, each about six feet long. Having tied them securely together at one end, I wrapped one of my old shirts about the same end for a head. Then I adjusted my battered *sombrero*, or cowboy hat. Next I put on an old pair of overalls—one leg about each stick in lieu of a human limb. After that I got a long-tailed coat out of my pack bags and buttoned it around the place where the neck and shoulders ought to be. Then I stuffed the whole "business" out with leaves and grass, to represent the proportions of a man's body. I also buckled my pistol belt about the waist. When all was ready, I hoisted Mr. Dummy into the saddle and tied him there—one arm being fastened so as to represent a human hand, holding the bridle-rein.

My little device being at last perfected, I started my pack train forward once more, with the pony bearing the dummy figure midway among the other animals, but I myself lagged at a comfortable distance behind, keeping eyes and ears both wide open, and my Winchester repeating-rifle in hand, ready for "Injuns." But no red gentlemen came forth, and more than once I caught myself admiring my own handiwork—for Mr. Dummy had all the appearance of a genuine live man, and one, too, of large size and muscular proportions.

The reason why I continued to journey on so late into the evening was because I considered the ridge at the head of the ravine to be a safer place to camp than down there where I was in the bed of the gulch. The creek was also dry at this place, but I felt sure, from what I knew of such things, that a spring or pool of good water would be found just below the ridge or water-shed at the head of the ravine.

Moving along in single file, my little caravan and I had almost reached our destination without molestation, when suddenly, and just as we had turned a sharp angle in the gulch, and had then rounded a dark cliff, I saw the gleam of a red firelight flashing up brightly in the little park-like basin beyond.

Bringing my pack animals to a halt once more, I crept forward to reconnoitre. But lo! to my astonishment and pleasant surprise, I saw there in the firelight—not a score or more of hideously paint-bedaubed savages, as I had expected to see, but, instead, the white walls of a large sized tent, and also the white, canvas-covered top of an emigrant wagon. One solitary white man only was to be seen standing by the fire.

You can well imagine the relief and pleasure I felt as I gazed on that cheerful scene. It lay in the midst of a

little grassy glade, surrounded by towering cliffs and tall, pine-clad mountains. Thus reassured, I started my pack animals forward once more, and then, running ahead of them, I approached the fire and hailed the man, asking him if there was not a spring close at hand, and also if he had any objections to my camping in the glade. "Objections," said he, with a drawl peculiar to the native of Arkansaw, "well, stranger, I guess not. By gosh! you don't know how glad I am because you hev cum. You bet you is welcome, sir, and there's plenty of wood and grass around hyer, and good enough water for man or critter, either, in the hole yonder, down under the willers. I were afeard the 'reds' would swoop down from the hills to-night and kill us all. But since you fellers hev cum I feel safer, I tell yer." His surprise was not a little less than stupendous, however, when I led the pony bearing Mr. Dummy up to the fire, and then explained to him the reason why I had rigged it up. "Wall, you is cute," he drawled. Then he called a pale, scared-looking woman out of the tent, and introduced her to me as his wife. The story of the the dummy had to be all told over again, of course.

"Me an' my wife and Hanner—my wife's sister—is on our way to Ouray to start a dairy ranch there. We hev thirty cows along with us, an' if you like milk, stranger, you hed better travel with our outfit, for you can hev all you want to drink every day of your life. But perhaps you ain't going to the same place as we is?"

"Ouray—yes, I am going there too," said I, "and I shall be glad to travel in your company."

"Then unpack and camp right down hyer, and my wife will get you some suppper," said he.

"No, thank you," said I, "I have my own camping outfit with me, and would rather cook for myself. I will unpack down there by the spring."

He remonstrated with me, but it was of no use. I was of too independent a nature to thus impose on his poor, sick wife, or on his own over-generous hospitality. Accordingly, I drove my pack animals down to the spring, where I unpacked the tired beasts and turned them out to water and grass. I then emptied the contents of two of my canvas saddle-bags on the green turf, and began soon after to cook supper by a roaring fire of my own. *It was then that I beheld, for the first time, the face of my beautiful dairy-maid.*

PART SECOND.

MY BEAUTIFUL DAIRY-MAID.

Before I had yet kindled my fire, and while I was still gathering dry brushwood, all of a sudden I heard the well known sound of an old-fashioned churn-dasher, beginning to rise and fall with rapid strokes. It came from near the foot of a gigantic old spruce tree which grew just beyond the pool of clear water, and on the opposite side of the brook from that on which I was standing. Again, while I was splitting kindling-wood with my bowie knife, and still before I had yet struck a match, I heard the soft rustle of a dress, and a sylph-like form passed by me in the darkness. The possessor of the form did not speak, and yet I knew her to be a young girl, and the sister of the dairy-man's wife. Presently the same form returned and passed by me once more, but this time the possessor of it spoke, and said: "Good evening, sir," and, "Oh, what a pleasant place you have chosen for a camp." The voice was a very sweet and a gentle one, and of course I replied to it politely and in my mildest tones. It was not until after I had lighted my fire, however, that I had a glimpse of her face.

Suddenly the dry wood which I had been preparing, ignited at the touch of my match, and the clear, white

flames shot high up into the air, lighting up the dark pool, the tall spruce tree and the dwarfish bushes and greensward for many rods around. It was then that I beheld for the first time the sweet face and sylph-like form of my beautiful dairy-maid.

Yes, there she sat—a girl still in her teens, not short, not tall, but beautifully proportioned, with a face as fair as a Hebe's or a Psyche's ever was! Yes, there she sat, with a large sized, wooden butter-bowl held in her lap, her small, white hands and plump, round arms immersed up to the elbows in the soft, yielding, yellow mass, industriously working in the salt and forcing out the buttermilk. Oh, what a dream of loveliness she was! No wonder I stared in admiration, for she was the first white girl I had gazed upon for many months. In fact, she was the only woman —white or red—besides her sister, that I had met during the whole of that adventurous summer. And oh, heavens! what a beauty she was, too.

"What very nice butter you are making," said I; "and do you milk the cows, and churn the cream, and work the butter all alone, also?" I asked. "Oh, no," said she, "sister generally helps me, but to-day sister was sick, and I have had to do it all alone; that's why I am so late in the night, getting through with my work." This she said with a pleasant, kind-hearted smile. "Oh, what a sweet, industrious, good angel of a girl she is," I soliloquized to myself; "and she is not a bit bashful or stuck up, either."

We had a good deal more conversation, just as sweet as this, but I have not the space to reproduce it in these pages. Enough be it, therefore, for me to tell you that she complimented me very highly on the scientific manner in which I fried breakfast bacon and flipped slapjacks. She also gave me as much milk as I could drink, and then she made me try some of her butter. I declared to her that it

was by far the best butter that I had ever tasted in all of my life, and I believe that I told her the whole of the truth, too. When she had finished washing her pails and had done with all of the other dairy-work, I offered to help her carry her butter to her sister's tent, but she would not let me do so, saying that she thought it "only fun" to carry it herself. She then bade me good-night, and I wished her "many pleasant dreams." Oh, how I wanted to kiss her! but I did not dare attempt anything of the kind on so brief an acquaintance.

After breakfast, next morning, I helped her brother-in-law grease his wagon, and soon after that we all got started—I helping my pretty dairy-maid to drive her cows. That day we ate our dinners under the spreading shade of a grand old pine-tree, growing on the west bank of the Lake-Fork of the Gunnison River. Later on in the day, we crossed Indian Creek, and that night we camped in the valley of the Simmerone. Next day, about noon, we arrived at the Savoya, and in the beautiful "savannah" just beyond the stream we pitched our tent, to let the cows graze on the green, juicy grass. Here we remained encamped for two days, for I had shot a deer and my thoughtful dairy-maid wanted to smoke the meat, to keep it from spoiling. While we were encamped here we all got well acquainted, and fell to liking each other very much.

When once more we were on our way to Ouray, I felt very much like proposing to my sweet little dairy-maid, for there is no use of denying the fact that I had already fallen deeply in love with her. I lacked the courage, however, to try the experiment of supporting a wife in my then very humble financial condition—for know you, my dear friends, I "went *dead broke*" just about this same time, having played one game too many at "poker" with my beautiful dairy-maid's very lucky brother-in-law. I re-

solved, therefore, to postpone our little wedding enterprise until I should make a "stake" in the San Juan mines, to which place I was now going. But just the very moment I should strike a bonanza, I meant to come straight back (so great was my infatuation) and marry my beautiful dairy-maid—*that is, if she would have me.* And I was not certain whether she would or not. Yet I believed the chances to be very much in my favor, because of the very loving manner in which she had treated me. Her sister and brother-in-law also seemed anxious that she and I should join partnership and go into the butter and cream business with them. But as I have already said, I didn't have the courage to tackle matrimony while I was so very hard up —that is, I did not have one red cent, nor a white one, either. What I did have, though, was plenty of nerve and abundant gall for special occasions. Therefore I never lacked the boldness, nor neglected to embrace the opportunity, or —well, to embrace my pretty dairy-maid, or kiss her, either. And opportunity, of course, was not lacking, for often, as we rode along among the woods and hills, a sharp angle in the road would place us out of sight of the emigrant wagon, which always moved slowly along behind.

For three days longer we continued on, circling around the base of Uncompahgre Peak, but at last we arrived at Ouray, and, having found a suitable place to pasture his cows in a beautiful green valley, not far away, my friend, the dairy-man, pitched his tent and began to look up customers for his dairy products.

Though loth to leave the side of my pretty sweetheart, I lingered but a few short days longer in the valley. The thrilling reports of a great strike in the silver mines just across the range had reached my eager ears, and the dream of suddenly acquiring marvelous wealth had so fired my fancy that I hastily bade my dairy-maid good-by, with

solemn promises to return soon. Then I joined once more in the mad rush to the mines. In the excitement and craze which followed I neglected to cross back over the range until the deep snows of mid-winter had made the task an utter impossibility. Besides, I had not yet found my bonanza, either. Therefore I went down to Alamosa, in the San Luis valley. When I reached there, and had beheld the bright waters of the Rio Grande flowing smoothly along southward, I decided at once to build a boat and float down the river to the Gulf of Mexico, where I meant to spend the winter among orange groves and magnolia bowers, and then to come back to the mountains and marry my dairy-maid in the spring. But on the very evening I meant to launch my little boat, an icy blizzard came howling down from the frozen heights of the Sangre de Christo Range. It froze the river over solid in one night—the temperature having descended suddenly from thawing point to thirty degrees below zero. It came within only one or two points of freezing me to death, likewise. I camped out about a week longer, fondly hoping that the ice would soon break up, but, instead of doing anything so pleasing, it only froze the river over the thicker and harder every night, until at the end of a week it had become so solid that heavily loaded freight wagons, drawn by six mule-teams, crossed on it as safely as on a stone or an iron bridge. Thus I was forced to abandon my voyage down the Rio Grande—at least, for that winter. But, to make a long story short, I sold out my traps, etc., for almost a mere song, and, taking the evening train of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, I was whirled over La Veta Pass and along the base of the mountains, up to Denver, in one night. Next morning I landed with the old folks at home, but my mother scarcely knew me on account of my long hair and the Wild Bill kind of a look I had acquired during my absence.

Thus ended my summer's prospecting tour in the Rocky Mountains. But the beautiful face of my dairy-maid still haunted me. Thus it was that I went back to Ouray again next spring. But, alas! upon my arrival there I found that she and her sister and the dairy-man had gone away long before. In fact, they had left Ouray that same fall, and only the week after I had separated from them. They had gone off to parts unknown, and had left no clue to trace them by. Thus it was that I lost my beautiful dairy-maid and my heart along with her. I have never been able to find the one or the other of them since. But, oh! what a pleasant time I had that summer, prospecting all alone among the Rocky Mountains, and camping out in the Indian country with my beautiful dairy-maid!

THE CHILD OF A KING.

Stranger, I am a prince—a savage prince,
The heir of nature and the forest wide.
Though sold in slavery, and reared
The meanest of a servile band,
I was as proud as Pompey once,
And had the will to conquer and command.
Though oft a master's voice I have obeyed,
Though oft the lash my blood has let,
I am a prince—a king's own child.
Amid the blossom-covered wood
And perfumed everglades of Flower Land,
Among wild swamps and gay palmetto bowers
I spent my earlier childhood hours.
Upon an island in Okeechobee or Big Water Lake
I was born.
From morn till noon, from noon till night,
With feathered foot, with careless heart,

Each fair magnolia shade,
Each sunlit myrtle bower,
In search of fruit or flower,
I roamed, nor ever marked the hour.
In light canoe I sped o'er waters blue.
Sometimes I chased the mirrored cloud,
And oft high up in Heaven's blue element
I seemed to ride.
To me free was the world from care and strife,
And joyous sweet was my young life.

Dear Lord! how beautiful all nature was!
How gay, how shady looked the tree!
How sweet, how odorous cool
Around me blowed the gale!
How calm, how blue beyond the ocean lay!
How bright, how clear the perfumed air!
How glad, how proud, how grand to be
A prince—since men my slightest word obeyed,
Since I was ruler of this summer world—
The lord of all my eye surveyed,
The monarch of the forest wide.
Ah, sir, you little reck, you little dream
That, underneath this ragged hem,
This shaggy beard, this tangled hair,
Stands Osceola's child—great Micanope's heir.

Stranger, my grandam was a maroon fair,
A slaver's base-born daughter;
My mother was a fair, white octaroon,
The belle of the plantation,
But beauty caused her soon to mourn,
And brought her all her tribulation—
Her master wished to make her his mistress,
And thus she fled in sore distress.

The sunless glade, the tangled wood,
The tribes of Flower Land, the Indian red
Received the wanderer in her need;
The Indian board supplied the famished maid,
The Indian spear drove cur and blood-hound back,
Or stilled their savage bark;
The Indian spear transfixed the more incarnate brute.
Nor was the Indian's love denied,
For Osceola gave his heart,
And she returned her own in gratitude.
And they were wed—yes, all the grandeur and the pride
And all the wealth and pomp of Micanope's court
Was fetched to grace that happy nuptial rite.
But what of that?
I am their child—of that wild union got.
You know the rest—that tale of blood
And war, and how brave Osceola died,
And how to slavery his race was led.
Yes, friend, though born a warrior's child,
Ill fit to brook dictation or restraint,
Framed with an iron heart and head of flame,
Than a caged lion scarce more tame,
I've known a master's power, and felt
The lash with blood oft wet—
But on my back the lash ne'er scored
So deep a wound as shame cut in my heart.

THE ELECTRIC UNIVERSE.

THE SUN.

The sun, as I shall endeavor to prove, is a great, natural electric lamp, suspended as it were in the center of the solar system. Light is the product of heat, and heat is the product of friction. The heat which causes the sun to glow and incandesce and give off light is produced by waves of electro-magnetic force, chafing against the material substances which compose the bodyof the sun. These waves of electro-magnetic force are thrown off principally by the planets, but also in a lesser degree by the stars, and, in fact, by every material body in the celestial universe. The sun, therefore, is not only an electric lamp, so to speak, but it is also a great *central armature*, around which electrified bodies move, much the same as magnates in an electro-dynamo machine, but, having no material conductor or avenue of escape, the electricity generated in the sun must necessarily discharge itself in the shape of natural electric sunlight.

THE SUN IS A NATURAL ELECTRO-MAGNET.

The sun, like the earth, is also an electro-magnet. So are all the other heavenly bodies, and all have polarity. This being the case, it is perfectly natural that they should be constantly exercising their peculiar powers of attraction and repulsion—not only as one planet over another, but also as groups of planets over other groups of planets, systems over systems, constellations over constellations, and so on throughout the whole universe.

LIGHT IS LIFE.

All the life and motion upon or in the earth is due to the actinic and vitalizing action of the sunbeam. The surg-

ing of the ocean tides, the swirling of the winds, the rain, the lightning's flash, heat, cold, etc., are all caused by the action of light upon matter—for light is life, and the life of the universe. Even the motion of our great planet, the earth, as it circles around the sun, sweeping on through space with tremendous velocity, is rotated by the vital force of sunlight.

All the light derived from the sun is again returned to the sun, or, if not the light itself, its essence, or, rather, the force that will again produce it—electro-magnetism. When a ray of sunlight, or, rather, when a number of rays of sunlight strike the earth, they produce friction and other kinds of mechanical and chemical action, developing thereby heat, electricity and various other elements of natural force. These forces are again discharged in the shape of magnetic force, and are again received by the sun, which once more converts them into light, in which form they are returned to us.

The chafing of the winds and ocean tides upon and against the surface of the earth act as the revolving disks or armatures of a great electric generator. The chemical action of light upon the mineral and plant organisms of the soil is very similar in effect to the action of acid on metallic plates, as in the acid-jar battery.

In brief, the tremendous agitation and friction produced by the chafing of the sunbeams against the surface of the earth and also in the earth's atmosphere—while passing through it—generates electricity in such large quantities that the earth necessarily becomes a great, natural electric storage battery. It is likewise an electro-magnet. By this we see that every planet in the heavens and every sun, also, must necessarily be either an electro-dynamo or an electro-luminary, or possibly both.

CENTRIPETAL AND CENTRIFUGAL FORCES.

Since the earth's magnetic forces are so much greater at the poles than at its equator, why does not the moon circle around one or the other of the earth's poles, instead of around the earth's equator? Because the moon's polarity is parallel with the polarity of the earth—that, is the moon's south pole points toward the south pole of the earth, and the moon's north pole points toward the north pole of the earth. Thus the magnetic forces of the earth and moon must necessarily flow in the same directions. Now, since the moon is midway between the two poles of the earth, and is affected equally by either of them—that is, *repelled*, —for the moon to approach either one or the other of the earth's poles is an impossibility, unless the moon or the earth could swing round till their opposite poles should become parallel, and this, as I shall prove later on, is an impossibility also. Neither can the moon approach or retreat beyond a certain fixed and limited distance from the earth's equator, because, first, *like poles of magnets repel each other*; second, *the central or equatorial forces of magnets attract magnets to each other, no matter whether their poles are in such a position to each other as to attract or to repel.*

Now, since the north and south poles of the earth and moon are parallel with each other, and point in the same direction, the magnetic forces of either, focusing most strongly at the poles, are repulsive to each other, and tend to drive the two bodies apart. Meanwhile, the central or equatorial magnetic forces are acting just as obstinately in their endeavor to bring the two bodies together. These two forces, being of unequal power, will natually balance any two or more bodies containing them at distances apart relative to the difference in density and the breadths of their diameters.

Although *opposite poles of magnets attract, and like poles of magnets repel each other*, the moon can never swing around or change the present position of its poles with those of the earth, because of the following reasons, to-wit: The earth, being the larger and stronger of the two planetary magnets, compels and directs the magnetic forces of the moon to oppose and counteract his own—that is, to furnish the *negative* principle to counterbalance his *positive* principle.

In like manner the earth is governed by the sun. Although the earth appears to change its poles with respect to those of the sun, the earth in reality does not. Being subject to the same restraints as it exercises over the moon, the earth is in like manner forced to yield obedience to the sun. The semi-annual inclination of first one of the earth's poles and then the other to the sun is, in reality, not a change of the earth's poles with respect to those of the sun, but is simply an oscillating or tilting of the earth from one side to the other, owing to the sudden check produced by the magnetic influence of the sun in overcoming the force of momentum gathered by the earth while sweeping around its solar curve. This fact also accounts for the earth's orbit being an ellipse instead of a true circle.

WHY THE EARTH MOVES AND NOT THE SUN.

If the sun and the earth were equally balanced in magnetic force and density, they would move one around the other, each in equal time or degree of velocity; but since the earth is so much the lesser in density, and, consequently, weaker in magnetic force, it alone is moved, while the sun, on account of its greater density and superior magnetic force, remains comparatively stationary—or at least so, so far as the earth is concerned.

ROTARY MOTION.

The forces of attraction and repulsion, exercised constantly by two or more heavenly bodies over each other, are what give them their rotary motion, causing them to travel in fixed orbits throughout all the starry universe.

POLARITY OF PLANETS.

The sun, owing to its greater magnetic strength, directs and fixes the polarity of all its group of planets. Other siderial systems, acting two or more in unison, fix the polarity of the sun and all its planets to harmonize with their own peculiar magnetic forces. Other groups of stars or constellations govern these, and so on throughout the entire heavens—wherefore the wonderful harmony of the universe.

COMETS.

Comets are wandering bodies, having no regular or definite orbits in the heavens. They are sometimes entirely gaseous or vapory in their composition, but are usually partially solid.

A comet cannot strike the earth, or, indeed, any star or planet in the universe, because of the laws of attraction and repulsion. When, at length, a comet has become condensed and solidified into a substantial mass, and has thus become possessed of a considerable density of its own, it invariably and in compliance with certain fixed and all-compelling natural laws, must find a narrower orbit somewhere among the suns and stars, and become a fixed member among the heavenly bodies, to roam no more.

WORLD BUILDING.

Comets are, in reality, but worlds yet in their embryo. From a gathering together of thin vapors, the world formation goes on steadily and gradually in development and

condensation, until the gaseous becomes liquid and then solid. This process of the combining and condensing of various kinds of vaporous and gaseous constituents necessarily develops great heat. Thus it is that worlds, in their formation, first condense from the gaseous state into that of molten liquid and fiery scoria. Then they gradually cool down to solidity, and finally to a red heat, and then the surface gradually cools off and hardens into a crust. The aqueous vapors condense from thin steam into heavy, hot mists, and then into boiling water, and so on until the land becomes cool enough for plant and animal life, and then the waters become cool enough to support fishes, etc., and so on until the conditions finally become fitted for the life of man. (See "The Creation.")—*Written Jan. 15, 1889.*

TALKS WITH A MODERN SCIENTIST.

By means of the telescope and that even more delicately adjusted instrument, the spectroscope, what a wonderland has been revealed to us in the sky? Far remote from the earth, and gulfed, as it were, in the measureless depths of space, discoveries have been made among the starry worlds that simply overwhelm us with wonder! How beautiful, how stupendous are the works and designs of the great Creator!

THE TELESCOPE.

The telescope which, figuratively speaking, is the great eye of astronomical science, is governed by the same natural principles, and is constructed of mechanism similar to that of the human eye, only the telescope is an enlarged and more powerful combination of the same kinds of machinery. The lens, which receives and transmits the rays of light, the diaphragm which contracts or gathers them together, the focusing arrangements, etc., are all subject to the same natural laws and principles.

LIGHT.

Light is, in a certain sense, the great traveling and carrying agent of the whole universe. It transmits the color and form of all material things from all distances and *direct places*, to again image them in the natural eye, or in like manner to reflect them on the ground glass of the artificially constructed camera-obscura. Light has power to transmit the form and color of the nearest object we view—not alone to us, but even to the most remote regions of space. The only reason we cannot distinguish the smallest object in the most distant star as plainly as if it were only a few feet away is because it is impossible to construct a telescope with a lens large enough to receive and transmit all the rays of light reflected from the object, owing to the great extent of surface which they have now become scattered over, because of the enormous distance they have traveled since first radiating, as they did, from a common center.

From a scientific article by Prof. ——— I extract the following figures: "Light moves by waves at a rate of 185,500 miles, or 11,753,280,000 inches in a second, and as there are 40,000 waves of red light in every inch, it follows that when we look at a red object, a number equal to the product of the two numbers, or more than 470,000,000,000,000 waves, enters the eye each second. The waves of violet light are only the one sixty-thousandth of an inch in extent; hence, nearly 700,000,000,000,000 pass through the pupil of the eye each second from a violet object. To count such a number at the rate of five a second, and ten hours a day, would take ten thousand five hundred millions of years."

Light is generally, though, perhaps, not always, the product of heat. Light in itself is cold, but it creates heat by producing friction, due to the resistance offered by our

atmosphere, or by any other transparent gaseous or material substance through which it may pass.

FRICTION AND ITS PRODUCTS.

Friction is produced generally by rubbing or chafing together any two hard materials. It may result also from the chafing or fretting of strong acids on metallic or mineral substances. Numerous other chemical and mechanical agencies may be employed to produce friction. Light, heat and electricity are all three the products of friction. Light, however, results only when the amount of friction produced is sufficient to raise the heat to a very high degree. Friction may occur without producing electricity, but never without producing heat.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

Electro-magnetism has much in similarity with fluid electricity—as is noticeable in the magnetic needle, or bar magnet. Electro-magnetism—or, more properly, magnetic electricity—does not require a material conductor as a means of transit, as does fluid electricity, but it has the property of radiating similar to light, and of making itself felt by material bodies, at limited distances from its radiating point. It reveals itself in the shape of repulsive or attractive force, as is demonstrated by the movements of the planets, the sun and stars.

EXAMPLE ILLUSTRATING ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FORCE.

Take two small bar magnets and suspend them by pieces of cord, at, say, a distance of three feet apart. Then mark the ends of the magnets which point to the north. Now bring the two magnets (still in a state of suspension) quite close together, and you will notice that the marked ends (north poles) move apart or repel each other, while one of the marked ends and one of the unmarked ends (a

north and south pole) will be attracted, one to the other. By this we have the following facts demonstrated : *Like poles of magnets repel each other ; unlike poles of magnets attract each other*—or, in other words, electro-magnetism has two opposite principles, *attractive* and *repulsive* force.

THE EARTH IS A MAGNET.

The earth, as every schoolboy knows, is a great, natural electro-magnet. The fact of this may be proven by the following experiment : Take a small bar of steel and fasten it in a suspended state horizontally above the surface of the earth. After allowing it to remain hanging for several years, if you will then examine it you will find that it has become an electro-magnet of considerable power, answering all the purposes of the magnetic needle. For example, mark the end of the bar which points in a northerly direction ; then swing the bar around several times in a circle. As soon as it has come to an equillibrium, you will see that the marked end points in a northerly direction the same as it did before. If you will make further experiments you will find that the steel bar has become a fixed and permanent magnet, made so by its being kept suspended for a sufficient length of time parallel with the electro-magnetic currents of the earth, they having charged it with their own peculiar and all-pervading natural force.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL FORCE.

Heat, light, electricity, magnetism, etc., are all kindred elements of the one and same great natural force. They are all subject to the same laws of change and reproduction. They are indestructible and eternal. If any one of them be brought, while in a concentrated form, in contact with any of the natural solids (they themselves being formed from a combination of those same forces), it will

either reproduce itself or one or the other, or, perhaps, all of its various kindred elements. From the same scientific author quoted above I also take the liberty to extract the following: "Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, nervous sensation, sound, etc., are all the results of undulations. Two rays of light can produce darkness, two rays of heat can produce cold, two sounds may produce silence, simply by causing the top of one wave to coincide with the bottom of the other."

These are some of nature's secrets which science has discovered, but we are sorry to say that science has not yet told the half of the wonders of the earth and sky.

WONDERS OF THE SKY.

COLORS OF THE STARS.

What a beautiful and varied display of colors we have among the stars. Prof. Secchi tells us that "the Pleiades are blue; the stars in the constellation of Orion are green; those of Eridanus are yellow; the azure-colored stars are rare, although we may say that generally a tint of azure prevails in most of them. Sirius has certainly changed in color. Seneca says that Sirius was redder than Mars, while now it is notoriously azure-white. Ptolemy also confirms Seneca in the statement that Sirius was red. Beta-Geminorum (Polox), which is now a white star, is said to have formerly been of a reddish color."

"Until very recently," remarks the same author, "the colors of the stars were only very vaguely and imperfectly estimated. In endeavoring to clasify them by means of the electric spark, drawn from different elementary substances, we were not a little surprised to find that the nebulæ and the comets are green. Some of the 'binary' systems or

double stars afford curious instances of beautifully contrasted colors, the color of the smaller star being complementary to that of the larger one. In such instances the larger star is usually red or orange, and the smaller star blue or green. 'It may be easier suggested in words,' says Sir John Herschel, 'than conceived in imagination, what variety of illumination *two suns*—a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one—must afford a planet circling around either.'"

Can we imagine anything more beautiful

"'Than those celestial upper isles
Close grouped in Centaurus
And Algol—and those 'double stars'
Whose moons are sombre, yellow, green,
Whose suns are rosy, azure, gold,
And, shining all upon a day,
Give varied luster to the scene.
The ling'ring twilights are pure gold,
And in the morn a vermiled ray
Steals mellowing o'er the purple down."

OTHER WONDERS.

But we have not mentioned all—the sky is full of wonders! There is Algol, with his jetty moons; Saturn, with his blazing rings; the great planet Jupiter, the distant Uranus and the lovely Venus. Then, there is the gigantic Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens; the nebulæ, the "Clouds of Magellen," the comets and the countless millions of other bright stars and suns and planets and moons.

"Vast spheroids in the great profound,
Larger far and brighter than our own;
Whole universe fused in a mass!
A mould! A single world!"

"There are many more things in this earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." The height of our atmosphere is not less than 200 miles, and weighs fifteen pounds to the square inch at sea level, pressing on a man's body with a weight of fourteen tons.

A man who weighs 150 pounds on the earth would

weigh but twenty-four pounds on the moon and only four ounces on Mars, but he would weigh 4,200 pounds on the sun. A man who could jump three feet high on the earth could jump eighteen feet high on the moon, and he would be six times as long coming down again.

In about 5,000 years from now our pole star will be so far from the true pole as to cease to be a pole star at all, or, rather, to answer the purposes of one. In 12,000 years it will rise and set like other stars. In 25,000 years it will be within one and one-half degrees of the pole, the same as now.

In our sun and also in millions of other suns, which scintillate and sparkle like brilliant jewels set in the purple vault of Heaven, the spectroscope has detected some thirty different substances, all of which we are familiar with in our own world—such as aluminum, iron, zinc, copper, tin, nickel, cobalt, bismuth, carbon, calcium, magnesium, sodium, hydrogen, oxygen, etc.

An inhabitant of Saturn would see the sun rise 26,800 times in one of his years, and by his nearest moon would have 13,000 months.

The mean distance of the moon from the earth is 239,000 miles. The distance to the sun is 92,000,000 miles. The distance to the nearest star (Alpha Centaurus) is 20,000,000,000,000 miles—a number which would require a man 300,000 years to count.

A railroad train traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour, without stops, would require 263 years to reach the sun. Sound, moving at the velocity it does on earth, would be fourteen years on the way—yet light reaches us from the sun in a little over eight minutes, and from the moon in one and one-third seconds.

Light reaches us from Alpha Centaurus in three and one-quarter years; from the dog-star, in twenty-two years;

from the pole-star, in forty-eight years; and from Capella, in twenty-two years. Light travels at the enormous rate of 185,500 miles per second—yet some of the stars seen in the milky-way are so remotely distant from the earth that a ray of light from some of them is over *three hundred millions of years* in reaching us!

What a look into boundless infinity a single glance at the sky has given us! Who shall say that there is not a God, and that measureless space is not His dwelling-place?

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

What a beautiful thing Christian science is! What a glorious portal it unveils to the soul! What a luminous vista it opens to our fancies into that mysterious wonder land of the Great Beyond—that land of our dreams, that "home of the happy" to which we all hope to repair after death. We would all do well to study Christian science.

According to Christian science, there is nothing but *mind*, which is *spirit*. Matter is nothing. The earth, the sky, the great blue sea, etc., are as unsubstantial as a breath of air, and may be swept away at a single brush of the Creator's hand. There is much to be learned from Christian science.

Death, disease and pain are all the hideous creations of a guilty mind, or, rather, a corrupt spirit. Disease is madness—the imaginary hallucination of a soul clogged by sin, guilt or malice, or some other kind of spiritual impurity. Christian science tells us that by purifying our spiritual minds, by purging away all that is selfish and sinful from our earthly natures, by striving to understand and learn of what is truly spiritual and divine in nature, we may gradually lift ourselves into that high state of mental

enlightenment; we may so advance ourselves into a knowledge of all the spiritual laws of nature; we may attain to such a full friendship and love for our brother men; we may become so devout to God, so capable of self-abnegation in a cause of mercy, as to become as Christ—*capable of working miracles*, with power to raise the dead, cleanse the sinful and vicious, heal the afflicted, and also to perform many other wonderful things, the same as Christ did, simply by a touch of the hand or sound of the voice.

When we have attained to this full state of mental purity, the beasts of the field become our friends—the lion and the lamb will lie down in peace together, or become loving playmates at our simple bidding. The serpent, too, becomes docile, and forgets his enmity to man. The waves and the wind, the lightnings and the tempest, are all hushed at our voice. All nature yields obedience to our commands, and we may cause the sea to open and give us a path on its pebbly bed—as it did to Moses and the host of Israel—simply by bidding it to do so.

This science tells us, as I have stated before, that disease is only a bugbear of the mind, a brat of madness, a phantom, a delusion, a fungii outgrowth of vice and sin. All disease may be cured by simply purifying the mind. Melancholy and remorse of conscience, all kinds of sorrow are the results of selfish loves unsatisfied. All trouble ceases when we come to God. The lowly in spirit alone are truly happy.

This science further tells us that bad is only good perverted, that hate is love distraught.

All things—the universe itself—are but the various forms through which divinity reveals itself unto our frail Humanity. The Divine Spirit pervades all things, and God's love encompasses the world round about as a nutshell. We all—the greatest and the smallest things—are

but parts and parcels of the great whole—indestructible and immortal, but subject to constant change from one factor or property to another. As fruits change to flesh, as grasses to dust, and dust to beautiful forms and flowers, as solids dissolve to liquids, liquids to gases, and gases to fluids, so mortality dissolves to immortality—so mind dissolves to spirit.

Christian science is really but a nobler and grander form of common spiritualism, as is readily discernible in the writings of all mediums and true believers of Christian science. The following quotations plainly illustrate the fact:

"Does not the spirit, disturbed by a high state of nervous excitement, sometimes flutter beyond the range of our grosser faculties and make discoveries and investigations into truth, and ferret out hidden secrets from which, under ordinary circumstances, we are, by the very necessity of our frail humanity, debarred?"—*Mary Etta V. Smith, in "Fifteen Years Among the Mormons."*

"We are told that 'Spiritualism is not science,' to which we reply that spiritualism has presented facts and phenomena which the latest discoveries in science are tending both to explain and to substantiate. It has been demonstrated that it is not the *eye* that *sees*, not the *ear* that *hears*, or the *nerves* that *feel*, but each of these *avenues of sense* serves to convey the vibrations of the surrounding ether to the *central consciousness*, which alone is possessed of the power of perception. Since this is so, who shall dare place a limit to the possibilities of that consciousness of which so little is definitely known? Or why should any one prescribe as a standard for all others the limits of his own feeble consciousness? A 'modern reasoner' tells us that 'if the bodily ear receives vibrations from one atmosphere, it cannot receive them from another, and that no

fiction of an inner ear can give genuineness to voices and whispers of a spiritual tongue.' Since, however, it is not the *outer ear*, but the *inner consciousness* that *hears*, a quickening of its perceptions will allow it to catch the vibrations from another atmosphere, and spiritualism demonstrates by indisputable facts that this is so; also, that this is not an *abnormal* condition, but that it is perfectly legitimate to certain states of the inner consciousness. The revelations of the spectroscope and the investigations of some of the greatest scientific minds of the present day have determined the existence of a higher scale of vibrations than those which fall within the ordinary range of human vision. All the objects and forms of life comprehended in that scale, although so closely blended and interwoven with the vibrations of our own plane of existence, are lost to our dull perceptions, unless, through some physical or mental condition, there is a quickening of our inner consciousness. When this comes, as it has again and again to many, we have revelations from the 'spirit world' which is, after all, but a finer material world, as real, as substantial, as objective, and as directly within the province of universal law as that which we now inhabit. That we should be made sensibly aware of this higher life under certain legitimate conditions, is perfectly *natural*. Indeed, it would be strange, with the uniformity of succession and development which pervades all things, if we were not. It is not a world that is *possible*, but *actual*—not one that *might* be, but *is*."—*Lizzie Doten in the preface to her "Poems of Progress."*

I am not a Christian scientist, but I stand on neighboring ground. "Christian scientists" appear to be a very good and reasonable people—all of them. They are a happy school of spiritual and moral philosophers. They take very broad views of things. They believe in *working*

with the understanding, rather than *upon the blind belief*. To them the scriptural writings are largely allegorical. For instance, good angels represent good thoughts; Egypt represents the dark and desponding state of the mind—bondage of the thoughts. The children of Israel represent *the thoughts*. *Moses* is the law, or light of reason, leading the thoughts back to freedom once more. Pharaoh and his hosts represent the evil power or dark philosophy that has led them (the thoughts) astray and into bondage, where Pharoah would still keep them. The Canaanites represent new, evil thoughts, springing up in the mind to still oppose good thoughts. Canaan, or the Promised Land, represents the mind in a state of purity, freed from all selfishness and untruth, and in the absolute possession by the children of Israel (or good thoughts). In the proverb of the five wise virgins and the five foolish virgins, the figure represents the *five spiritual senses versus the five material senses*, the five wise virgins being the spiritual senses—intuition, hope, faith, understanding and fruition, the five foolish virgins being the five material senses of human belief—ignorance, fear, doubt, dread and despair.

The foolish said unto the wise, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." *Materialism must go out in the light of Science.* And the unwise virgins, begging the wise virgins for oil, represent materialism in its darkness asking spiritualism for light.

Hear what Ella Wheeler Wilcox has to say regarding "the Christ:"

"I hear
These words, and I hold them true,
'The Christ who was born on a Christmas morn
Did only what you can do.'

"Christ means the spirit of goodness,
And all men are good at the core;
Look searchingly in through the coating of sin,
And lo! there is Truth to adore."

If this is true, I am a Christian—still, not a Christian scientist. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a great and good woman. She is a philosopher and philanthrophist. Her heart is overflowing with love for the human race. Her writings are full of great, solid chunks and cubes of condensed common sense and brilliant, crystallized thoughts.

According to the teachings of the Christian scientist, earth is a great school or outer court, in which we are trained and prepared for a higher and a better life. The earth moves. It will not wait for us. We must progress with the age, or else we shall be left behind. Spiritual purity is the consolation of the mind. It is Paradise—Eden—Heaven—Eternity. Good thoughts are its guardian angels, its ministering spirits, its Seraphim. Evil thoughts, doubts, earthly desires and sophistries are the whisperings of the serpent—the subtle falsehoods of that scheming fiend, Selfishness. Selfishness is Satan—Hell.

Christian science is not all a truth—nor is it a falsehood—it has much of that which is indescribably beautiful about it. It radiates in one's mind with the calm, clear light of unselfish reason. It weaves a halo about the soul, and lights up all of those old, dark, mysterious and allegorical passages of the scriptural writings, until they glow and scintillate with incandescent brightness—until they give off rays of light and love and philosophic truth that truly dazzle us with their spiritual splendor.

CRIME.

Crime is lunacy—insanity! It is the result of a diseased and unbalanced mind. It is the act of frenzy—madness! Criminals, therefore, are not guilty—they are blameless; they are irresponsible for their own deeds. They should not be abused, degraded or hanged. They should be doctored, cured, reformed.

ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF CRIME.

Crime originates from feelings of revenge, resentment, selfish cravings unsatisfied, etc. Criminal propensities are sometimes, but not often, hereditary. They are usually engendered in the man, woman or child by the slights, insults, and wrongful acts of others. The inhumanity of man to man is the foster-mother of villainy and crime. Sometimes a child is born into the world a confirmed criminal from infancy, but it is not often so. If you could look down deep into the heart of the poor criminal whom you would condemn to a disgraceful death, or else consign to a life of vile and hopeless servitude—if you could look into the heart of such a man, my so-called Christian friend, perhaps you would see there a soul less blameful even than your own. If you could read the story of that scarred and checkered life—that defaced and calloused conscience, perhaps you would not say, "Hangman, hang this man." If you could but behold the faces of those petty, inhuman fiends who have tortured, wronged and tyrannized over and made this man what he is, perhaps you would not say, "God, forgive this man." Rather, you should say, "God, forgive us or those whose wrongs have made this man what he is. Forgive those who misunderstood, misjudged, wronged and crazed him, for *they* alone are guilty—not he."

TREATMENT AND CURE OF CRIME.

Since criminals are demented, crazy, madmen, like all other lunatics, they should be placed where they cannot injure society. Physical or mental torture, however, will never cure or reform such patients. The disease is purely moral, and it must be treated as such—otherwise cure is impossible. Love, philanthropy, peace, humanity, moral training, mental and spiritual culture and enlightenment

are the only medicines that will do any good in such cases. These are Christian remedies. Try them. Surely they ought to work.

ON THE REINCARNATION OF HUMAN SOULS.

Do you believe
In the reincarnation of men's souls?
I sometimes do, and love
To dream of palaces and marble halls,
And wonder where and when
And how often this fitful soul of mine
Has been reborn, and housed with other men.
There are faces, too, that I have seen,
And features, seemingly well known,
Of strangers and friends yet scarcely met—
The acquaintances of one brief hour—
Whom it seemed I had always known before.
The face of Amelius Jemulus is such an one;
The faces of Louisa Germain and Nelly Gwynne
Are others that, in years long gone,
I loved and oft have gazed upon.
My eye, too, has beheld
Full many a fair, forgotten scene,
And into places I have gone
That had an old, familiar look.
Dread Popocatepetl's height
I did ascend,
And into the crater deep did look.
With what emotions strange I saw
The frozen lake, the sulphur smoke!
Then to the icy rim I went,
To gaze into the awful gulf without.
Cholula's sacred hill lay at my very feet;

Tezcuco Lake, the vale of Mexico,
Chalco and the vernal slopes between—
And lo! familiar was the scene,
As if before I there had been!
In Montezuma's park;
Beneath the cypress wood
At famed Chapultepec;
On Guadaloupe's sacred height;
By "nochas triste" tree,
Where stout old Cortez wept;
By far-away Golden Gate,
Betwixt the harbor and the sea,
The park and city under me;
In Sacramento's grassy vale;
Among Nevada's sun-burnt hills;
In Arizona's desert wilds;
In Mormon's temple-hall,
And down in Texas I have seen
Full many a strange, familiar scene.
Beneath a spreading live-oak wood,
In Lower California once I stood,
And greatly wondered—for many years before
It seemed I ate my dinner there!
Familiar, too, is the rock-ribbed shore
Of the Pacific Coast,
And oft I've pondered dreamily
On days when first I sailed those waters o'er.
But wherefore this dim phantasy?
Or did I once in calm reality—
Or, likelier still, a feeble, ghostly wanderer,
Coast along that gold-ribbed shore?
Or with young Humboldt did I once explore
Those Aztec hills and Toltec valleys o'er?
Or did I come with Cortez there,

A mail-clad Spanish cavalier?
Or, since, with Walker did I go
To "filibuster" down in Panama?
Or—well, I know not what comes over me,
Nor can I explain this pleasing mystery.*

TRUE HEROISM.

Heroic minds despise notoriety, and the true hero shuns that vulgar "cur" called praise. He who seeks approbation is weak and womanly. He is at heart a coward. If his deeds be valorous at all, it is because his passion for renown, which is his *greater weakness*, is so gigantic as to overcome, at times, his *lesser weakness*, which is fear.

To the man of the lion heart the applause of the multitude of his fellow men is nothing. It is as the bay of wolves or the howl of so many jackals to the "hercanian king" himself—a thing for which he has an utter and passionless contempt.

The true hero, when he looks upon the multitude, sees no man among the lot who is the equal of himself. He,

* In my belief, the theory of transmigration, or, rather, of the reincaruation of the human soul—in any earthly shape or bodily form whatever—is a very much mistaken and an unintelligible idea. I do believe, however, that the most of us have inherited, in a greater or a less degree, at least some of the several peculiar dispositions, propensities, etc., of our ancestors. In proof of this I would cite to you the following propositions: Some children unquestionably inherit musical inclinations. Others inherit dispositions towards intemperance. Some are born into the world with unmistakable evidence of criminal propensities. Others have large religious inclinations. Of these Jesus Christ of Nazareth was the highest type of which we have any knowledge or record.

These dispositions or inclinations, apparently born in a child, are not always traceable to its nearest of parentage, but they are often traceable to its progenitors of many generations back.

Now, if these things are true—and all scientific and thinking minds concede that they are—I would ask if it is not just as possible for a human being to inherit dim and vague recollections of what its progenitors did, or may have seen, in one or more generations anterior to the present existence. In regard to my own case, I would state that I have seen and felt many things, during my present lifetime upon this earth, that come to me strangely, like the intimations of things which transpired in an existence prior to the present one. There are loves, friendships, etc., in my life which I seem to have known before. I have gazed also upon faces, scenes, etc., that had an old, familiar look. Yet I am persuaded to believe that I never looked upon these scenes or felt these emotions before—they are simply memories, dim and vague, inherited by me from ancestors who saw these faces, scenes, etc., and felt these impulses hundreds of generations, perhaps, before my coming into the world.

the abstemious, the hardened, the powerful—made so by constant training or hard labor. He, the grim and bold—made so by iron war or hardy enterprise. He who stands a Titan in his strength, self-made, the master of himself—he looks upon his feeble canine human kind with contempt, for what does he see—a host of dwarfs, the feeble brats of vice and intemperance, the fawning curs of fame and wealth, the slaves of ungoverned lust—shrunk and blighted, and untimely tapped of juice, warmth and vitality, void of energy and strength.

The temperate, the abstemious, the solid man, the conqueror, the hero looks down upon this feeble, degenerate race which has come to offer him its praise. He looks down upon it, but his heart is sad. With a sigh he turns away. He cares not for its "Whoop! hip! hi! hurrah! hallelujah!" Of all that crowd of shouting men, he sees not any man among it who is his own equal, and yet he himself is but a man and but a very weak and worthless man at that, as he is often forced to admit to himself. Then what to him is all the hubbub and praise offered to him by this nerve-shattered crowd of base inferiors—this debauched tribe, the slaves of vice and drunkenness, a lot of vile things which our friend abhors and has ever shunned as worse than small-pox or leprosy. Our hero knows himself to be a man, and but a man; therefore, for an inferior, and such an inferior as I have described—an inferior who might be a superior, if he would only govern his lusts—for such an inferior to offer him praise is but to insult and give him odium.

So it is with God. To call God a great and all-powerful, good God, etc., is all chitter-chatter, chit-chat—for surely God knows who and what He is. He also knows who and what we are—poor, miserable, debauched wretches, the slaves of our viler passions, and not fit (none of us) for

Him to wipe His feet upon. Does God care for the praise of such as we? No. It is too much like the purring of treacherous cats, or the fawning of guilty curs. Will God answer our prayers? No, because praying is a *beggar's* scheme—a trying to get something for nothing! God has placed within our reach goods to supply our every want, desire or need. God has placed within our reach the means to accomplish every ambition and purpose of life, but God does not give men something for nothing. God wants works and laborers—not prayers and preaches. God wants blessings from loving hearts, and not empty, pulseless praises from beggars' lips. God wants brave and noble deeds—not whines from fawning, lazy curs. God will assist all who deserve it, unasked. God will reward us for every good deed we may do, but God will not pay us for work we have not done—work we are in duty bound to do. All reverence to God!

GOLDEN RULES.

Take a wronged man in, turn a beggar out;
Give a young man work and good advice,
Give an old tramp bread, but no red cent;
Desert no man for failure or disgrace;
Be kind to Sin, show charity to Vice;
To misanthropy and unbelief be kind;
Show not the hunchback your despite,
Nor the cripple scorn, nor the ugly hate;
Have courtesy for women and for age;
Have a kindly heart and a gentle word
For the bashful boy and the silly dude;
Treat not the churl or the rustic rude;
Chafe not the rich man's foolish pride;

Plague not the sensitive, nor the poor man slight;
Be just; do what is right; show charity to all;
Believe the prophet not, nor trust to sacred writ—
A holier, better bible God has wrote—
A bible all may read—*the bible of the heart.*
We know that God this book did write
As surely as the man he made—
As sure as the brain can think, or the heart can feel.
The wrong from the right we all can tell.
Why should God write on paper, or metal, or stone?
The last will crumble, the first will burn,
The other will rust and to dust will turn.
Why should God write where Satan might blot,
Where frauds might change and interline?
God's bible is the heart of man
In universal language written.
To every baby born a bible is given,
And every man and little one has one,
Save he who for lust or gold, to the Devil has sold
His perfidious soul—his bible and all.
Like Esau, who his birthright did sell
For a bowl of the thinnest soup this side of—well,
Jacob was the swindled man, I think, after all." *

THE OLD SINNER'S REPENTANCE.

[Written in my eighteenth year. The subject, an old man whom I had heard declare that he was an infidel. Afterwards, at a camp-meeting, he got religion—of the "repent and be forgiven" kind, I believe it was.]

Beneath the shade
Of the oak-wood
An aged sinner wanders,
And oft he stops and ponders

* My dear friend, pardon my little pleasantry. I mean no irreverence by it. I am not a scoffer at religious and holy things. On the other hand, I am an earnest seeker after fact. I love the truth, the Whole Truth—which is God—better than myself or even yourself, as much as I prize your dear esteem

On the "new life" that is to come,
And sighs to think how mean a place
Is his Elysium
If the spirit's dowry is
A prize—a retribution
For deeds in the body done.

And from his lips
A groan escapes,
"Oh, that," quoth he, "I had applied
My youth assiduously,
With ease to death I now might glide.
But as it is—woe me! woe me!
My time—my youth I spent
In unrepressed pleasures free—
Too late, too late I do repent.

Now to his eyes
Big tear-drops rise—
Oh, that an aged man should cry!
But see! he lifts his hands on high—
And look! the flow of sorrow ceases,
While now sweet calm the storm replaces.
"Ha! ha! I'm hunkey, after all!"
He laughs—"I am, by gol, 'tis writ,
Repent, old man, and you're all right."

IRREVERENT QUESTIONING.

Ye mortal priests,
Ye saintly wise,
Pray tell me why your Gods—your ghostly Deities
Behold poor men, mortals, martyrs perish,
Yet lend no hand to save?

Why do they watch young Innocence destroyed—
Beauty, Truth and Virtue outraged and defiled?
Why do they watch sad Age and Reverence
Tied to the stake and burned,
Tortured, racked, tormented like the damned?

Ye Fates benevolent,
Ye Powers omnipotent,
Ye very Fiends that rule the depths of Hell,
I do invoke! Say, why
Do poor men—mortals—die? That vain, ambitious Gods
May grace their rich opprobrious thrones
By earthly garlands, made doubly fair
By mortal sufferings, involuntarily imposed?
Do they this to gratify ambitious show?
Or do they do it to pay immortal mortgages
Held by the Devil and his imps below?

My stars! ye all are silent—Zounds! I know
Ye saints and priests all call me meddling fool
For such audacious questioning—but, sires, say,
Does not bold Folly always question for the wise?
And lo! does not Wisdom profit by the questioning?
Heavens! where were Wisdom, were there no Fool?
There would be no questioning then,
Nor were censuring Wisdom ever known.*

* The population of the whole earth is about 4,000,000,000 Of these, only 100,000,000 are Christians; the rest are pagans. According to our bible doctrine, then, thirty-nine-fortieths of all the people of the earth are doomed to Hell, while only one-fortieth of the whole shall be saved. Will some one tell me the eternal fitness of such a thing?

EDENEA,

OR,

The Lost Angel.

PART FIRST.

In semi-darkness on the Stygian coast
Edenea stood. Far off she saw the glow
Of watch-fires burning redly in the realms below,
Yet Hades' self to her fresh fancy seemed more blest
E'en than those dark, cheerless waters she had lately crossed.
Thus greatly cheered, anon she sat her down to rest,
A faint, new hope now thrilling upward in her breast.

Edenea, when first thou wandredst forth
Upon the great, wide universe,
Thou wert a good and gentle myth,
Yet largely given to the ideal
And the fanciful—that was thy curse.
To thee the distant shores were pearl,
The fields a too deep, tempting green;
The mountains that were colorless
Seemed of a purple more serene
And softer than the summer sky—
A tint too lovely to resist,
And, spreading wide thy wings, away
Thou spedst, far o'er the mountain's breast—
Far off among the winds of thought,
Far—far apast the bounds of reason.
On, on thou spedst—on till the night
Of delusion overtook thee,
When thou triedst to make a landing
In the realm of chaos, but the way
Was murk, and against cliff of Doubt

Thou struckst. Now oblivion came over thee,
And thou floatedst in the river of the Dead.
Far—far adown that Lethean stream,
Far—far below the isles of Charon,
Far—far below the ford of Cerberus,
On—on apast the mouth of Acheron,
On—on into the gulf of Despond.
Here buffeted by tide and wind,
For hours thou wert flung about,
Tossed by a northern icy blast
Fresh blowing from the Arctic zone of Hade.
Shoreward, however, thou wert born at last,
And shortly landed on the Stygian coast,
Untroubled here thou didst remain,
Until Satan, quietly returning
From a mission on the earth, one day
Chanced by and heard thy gentle plainting.
Straight unto his side you ran,
Beseeching him in a sad voice
(With tears upon thy pretty face,
Which from thy sky-blue eyes were raining)
To lead thee to thy land of birth.
The demon smiled—with winning mirth
He spake: "Fair maiden"—thus he said—
"I recognize in thee Love's last child.
I knew thy mother well—she often smiled
On me, ere yet I fell. Beneath the shade
Of Eden's trees we used to meet. Whole hours
We would sit and sing together,
And many's the time we gathered flowers
All a summer's morn, beneath that lovely weather.
Cupid was her baby then—sweet boy,
He used to play and prattle all day long.
He loved to climb our knees and toy

With our hair, and kiss us as we sang.
I made the rogue a bow and arrow ;
One golden day in spring he drew the string,
Then loosed the shaft—like light upon the wing
It flew—*he killed his mother's sparrow !*
Then wept, poor little fellow, his heart
Near broke because we took away the dart
And censured him. But, dear little pet,
They say he's now a God up there !
Ah, well, I shall never see him more."
There was a sadness in the face
Of the Archangel as he paused
A moment in his speech ; his voice
Was tremulous ; the eye he cast
To Heaven had a far-off look,
Deep welling from its sombre caves.
Ah, was Memory turning back
Her golden leaves ? Was Fancy roving
Among her ancient glades and groves ?
The maiden thought so, and her tears
Began to flow in sympathy.
Now Satan she no longer fears—
Nay, she likes the fallen deity,
He seems so pathetic, so tender,
So noble, so proud, so grand in grief.
My God ! such sentiments had touched a gentler heart !
My God ! such argument what maiden could dispute ?
Such eloquence who cannot help but feel ?
And she—no power she had to break that charmed spell.
No, for she was but a simple country maid,
All purity and gentleness of heart,
Not learned yet in falsehood or deceit.
No craft she had—no cunning to defeat
That handsome tempter and his studied art.

O God! O God! the fiend has conquered.
He knows his power—again he speaks.
"Lady, you love me—'tis in thine eyes,
'T is mantling warmly on thy cheeks!
Oh, were ever there such roses?
Lady, be my bride; I love thee deep,
Nay, madly love—would die for thee!
Lady, lady, speak the word—name the day.
Give me the kiss—oh, happy be!
Yet, look! lady, look—," he said,
And waved his hand—when, lo!
The gloaming eddied off, and bright
As day grew all that world below.
Beneath Aurora's arch of snow
Fair cities rose and castles bright,
And rivers glimmered on their way
Through hills and valleys merrily,
And blossomed woods, and palmen groves,
And grassy glades and splendid birds,
And all delights that fancy loves,
The vision craves or Eden gives,
Were here—the walks were gold, the walls
Were silver pure; the castles were
A maze of blazing gems, while on
The heights above in splendor shone
Each sapphire battlement and golden gun.
In wonderment the maiden stood,
Gazed on the meadow and the wood,
Upon the hills and streams, and then
Upon the cities fair, and domes
That sparkle there in mazy gleams.
But most she loved to look upon
Not each sapphire battlement and golden gun,
But a fair palace by a brook

That tumbles from a cliff and turns,
With many a swerve and curve and crook,
Among the stately forest grass and ferns.
With joy the fallen God beholds
The lost angel's admiration.
Her in his eager arms he folds;
The clasp she makes no move to shun—
Nay, her voluntary kiss is given.
O God! she now is lost to Heaven!
"Oh, come, my pretty queen," said he,
"This splendid world is all our own—
That fairy bower I built for thee.
Oh, come, my love, make this our wedding day."
"I come, my Lord, I come," was the reply.
She followed, but why further say,
Too late she found Hell's chief a cheat,
His fairy world a hollow fraud?
Too late! too late! she now has fallen;
She never more can see her Eden,
And yet she loves this demon still—
Her love for him can ne'er be riven;
She is like her who loved that boy—
But you all have heard the story
Of the golden apple, and fair
Dudu, and—well, how she hid
Her blushes, ruby red, and said,
"Madam, 'twas but a dream—oh, let
Poor Juan alone! I will not scream
Next time I dream—no, ma'am."

PART SECOND.

Edenea, beautiful Edenea!
Thou who art in face and form so bright,
Thou whose lovely head reposes

In a glory golden as the light
Of sunset—oh, thou hast a charm
Sweet as rests on Eden's roses,
Yet, oh, thou who liftest up thine eyes
To Heaven's wall, art not in Hell
Thy feet? Soft, queen, soft, queen, art not
The deepest and the darkest crimes
Traced to thy doors? Hast not thy sword,
So keen and glittering, with blood
Dyed all earth's pure, purple rivers red?
The "reformation," the "crusade,"
The dark philosophy of Budd',
The frenzied faith Mahomet taught,
The very laws which Canute gave,
The minds of mankind to enslave,
The scourge, the rack, the guillotine,
The inquisition—all are thine,
Distraited angel, demented queen!
Edenea, thou wert first born of Heaven,
But Hade seduced thee, and since then
Has it not been thy joy—
Nay, thy delight, thy fiendish glee
To seek victims for him who first corrupted thee?
Edenea, hast not thy life been one of schemes,
Fell plots, plans and base deceits,
Pitfalls and snares to trap unwary men
For thy lust-famished lord and brats
And servile crew to prey upon?
Lady, no, I censure not thy slip
From grace and Heaven—'twas not thy fault.
'Twas *love betrayed* that wrought thy fall,
Contaminated thee and withered all
The purity you bore above.
Poor thing, 'gainst thee I make no cry.

No, lady, no! for thy shame I weep.
Believe me—indeed, I feel my tears fall.
No, thou art a blameless slave, a fair cheat
Thy master uses to allure the eyes
Of earth's gay butterflies so easy caught.
But, madam, though I hate the Devil for his sin,
I do admire his genius for trapping men.
Yet I contemn him and his schemes,
But more do I denounce ye "guardians,"
Ye smooth-tongued, soulless charlatans,
Ye haughty Scribes and Pharisees
Who would build up eternal names
By holy lies and prophecies—
Ye blind who would mislead the blind;
Ye "tramps" who dare to tell
Of ascents to Heaven or tours in Hell;
Ye hooded priests of death and sin;
Ye ponderous anchorites of fabrication,
Who vend damnation for salvation,
Who sell men frenzy for religion—
Ye Jehus, fakirs, devotees, avaunt!
Tell not me that you have sat with God
On holy mount, or heard in dreams
His *partial* voice, or by cool streams
Or on hill-tops found metal plate or stone
Inscribed with sentences divine—
'Tis false! 'twas Iblis wrote thereon,
Or the Devil, if you choose—yes,
And with a tool of steel or brass
Held in a hypocrite's fat hand—
A hand with murder often stained!
Oh! what fraud, what crazy quibbling
Is this your sacred scribbling?
What shallowness of wit, what lack of thought,

What clumsiness of reason to think that Heaven
Would trust to fading ink or fragile stone
Her holy laws and regulations!
She never did it—she does not
Blunder thus. She writes her sermons
In men's souls—upon the conscience and the heart.
Her laws govern our whole being,
Knowing, thinking, living, dying.
If we obey these hints divine,
And listen to her holy sermons,
We may long lived and righteous be—
Content, perhaps, and happy too.
But he who breaks her holy laws
Sickens, suffers and often dies.
Melancholy and remorse are his.
Fever maddens, diseases prey—
These, her scourges, ever play
To punish sinners night and day.
This is her own and holy bible,
But she has other law-books still—
One is the sky, where planets roll
And suns and moons whirl on through space,
And our world, too, that fears the tail
Of some great comet mischievous
Will switch about and scorch her face.
This is a chapter, too, where we
May read the word *eternity!*
And yet we may not comprehend
One-half the word's immensity.
Now turn we to green nature's face—
One glance it should have as we pass.
Its beauties are surpassing fair,
And great the lessons we read there—
But why repeat. These *all* may read,

And read correctly, if they will.
These are the bibles of our God—
The only ones He wrote or will;
And ye who did a "scripture" write,
Ye did indite the dreadest curse on earth.
Better such book never had a birth—
Oh, better far! for, since men read,
Earth has been robbed—Hell peopled!
But hold! perhaps I am too rude;
If so, please pardon me—and now
Some way, I can't tell how—
Of late your faith is really growing good,
And the Devil himself ain't quite so bad—
At least, he has put out his fire
Since superstition and blood-leacher
Are dead, and Reason now is preacher.
Religion, perhaps you have reformed,
But you have been bad—most d—d bad!
And those old books, by frauds and dreamers wrote,
By fools believed, by knaves and cowards taught,
Have filled this world with doubt and dread,
Have hid and hindered Heaven's light,
Have even cast reproach on God!
Long years such rubbish clogged the mind,
Turned right to wrong, turned love to hate.
Turned reason fair, to frenzy blind,
Made it death to speak, to think
A sinful, dangerous road to tread—
The smooth, "broad highway" leading straight to Hade.
And thou—in Heaven yclept Edenea,
But long since on earth well known
By name of Proserpine, Religion,
Holy Mother, Faith and Virgin Bride,
And many other names as apt and sweet—

Spirit, I have wronged thee!
Thou still art good and bright,
As fair as on that fabled day
The Archangel did thee wed.
Edenea, thou wert the Magdalen—the lowly repentant
Who knelt to kiss the Saviour's feet—
Thou wert the woman Christ met at the well
And gave the sparkling "cup of life" to drink.
Thou art a convert safe to-day, I think
Though chained to orthodox and dogma still,
Like Andromeda to her rock—as frail as beautiful!

JILTED WOMEN.

Jilted women are all the same.
They cling still c oser to the man
When his false-love has won and then deserted them.
There is in woman's heart a yearning—
A first love pure and enduring,
And where it sets its maiden seal
There 'tis most gentle, most forgiving.
If from thence it fall—oh, bright still,
One hope illumines her bleeding soul.
Hallowed hope! light of womanhood!
To win again that truant love,
To stand again where once she stood,
To hold intact her master's heart—
This hope has made her man's weak slave,
This beam her light by which to live,
To sin, to suffer all for him,
To cater to his every whim,
To humor him, commit a crime—
O woman! thou are much abused,

And if you ever did a wrong
'Twas man's vile nature made thee bad,
And not thine own—aye, women pure,
O'er all his works God made thee fair,
Yet coward man and his cursed deeds
Have painted thee as black as Hades.
'Tis but to hide his own dusk skin
From his shamed eyes he dares to limn
Thee as he does—yes, the savage lies,
For, woman, thou art still the jewel
Heaven made thee, and, if you ever fell,
Man first stumbled on the road to Hell. *

MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL ENLIGHTENMENT.

Mental and spiritual enlightenment is due, not as some have professed, and as many others believe it to be, to a supernatural agency. It is the result of long and continuous mental training and superior intellectual and moral development. Just as men strengthen and enlarge the muscles of the body by physical exercise, so they may improve their minds and increase their spiritual perceptions by mental and moral training. The athlete, the pugilist, the Hercules at whose feats of physical activity, skill and strength we can do no less than marvel, were not created so by any freak of nature, nor yet empowered by any supernatural agency, but they have become what they are by a life-long training and a deal of practice and hard labor. So it is with the artist, the sculptor, the musician, the poet, the

* Why do men cease to love their wives? Because men are generally deceived in women before marriage. Man naturally looks on women as a finer and higher creature than himself. Beauty alone, if nothing more, will awaken this feeling. Beauty begets love, respect, homage. Beauty of face will awaken all that is noble and capable of loving within the soul of man, but beauty of face alone is incapable of retaining a man's love. A woman must have mental beauty besides. Otherwise she soon becomes earthly, flat, insipid. The rule works the same both ways. Each must be the equal of the other to retain the love and respect of the other. Mind cannot worship matter. Earth is only for the earthly—spirit craves spirit.

philosopher, etc., at whose superior skill and mental development we are no less startled and filled with pleasant wonder.

There is no such thing as "spiritual enlightenment," such as the prophets of old and a few modern humbugs claim to have received suddenly and direct from a divine source. Such superstitions and fairy tales are now outgrown, and superseded by the science-proven truths of a more enlightened and a less believing age. Mental and spiritual enlightenment, as I have already explained, like physical development, is of a slow and steady growth. It is due, likewise, to constant application and laborious effort. Such training alone can enable the mind to distinguish spiritual truth from spiritual untruth. The world is now beginning to understand this, and a few years later on all of those old fakes, myths, superstitions and dogmas which now form the stumbling-blocks of our religion will be cleared away, and all that is spiritual and of truth in the lives and writings of those grand old philosophers will shine forth in all its pristine beauty and transplendency. God has no favorites, and never has had any among His children. He treats us all alike, and He has always made it a rule to give no man something for nothing. He requires us all to work for what we get, and the one who works the hardest and to the best advantage gets the most. Our gains, then, are the fruits of our own labors and skillful management, and not the free gifts of a *partial divinity*, as those overcunning old prophets would have us believe. All our other worldly comforts or sufferings are due to either the humanity or inhumanity of man to man.

The very falsehood of the anointed of God, which these so-called prophets have always used as a means to throw a glamour of divinity about themselves, hoping thus to perpetuate their fame upon earth forever, has wrought

their downfall and degradation. The cloudy-minded world, which those wise old frauds thought to fool for all time to come, has now become sufficiently wise and spiritually enlightened in itself to see through the thin veil employed by them to deceive us and to hide their own selfishness and the worldly desire they had to perpetuate their *words* and *works* among men.

No doubt but that their crude philosophy and moss-grown truths tended to throw much light on the minds of men in those dark ages. No doubt but their lives and labors have made the world better to-day than it would have been without them. They laid the foundation stones upon which men have built, to raise themselves to their present elevation. But they were only the mud-sills, after all, and not the glorious pillars of light which they in their conceit supposed themselves to be. The very untruth of their claims to divinity has detracted from the lustre of their otherwise glorious lives. It also lowers them in our estimation to see that they were selfish and dishonest men.

Jesus Christ of Nazareth, as all men frankly and honestly admit, was the greatest and the noblest of all the teachers of moral and spiritual truth that ever lived and died upon the earth. The beauty of his spiritual philosophy and the grandeur of his life-work has caused his doctrines—as he foresaw that it would—to supersede and annul all other religions. But Jesus Christ himself claimed to be the Son of God, and also professed to be a worker of miracles. No doubt but that he was a great performer in the delusive art and thoroughly versed in thaumaturgy. (Christ studied necromancy two years under the famous rabbi, Joshua, the learned magician of Egypt.) But Christ never worked one single miracle in all his life. Neither was he the Son of God any more than you or I—we all being the children of God, for that

matter. The story of his resurrection and ascension to Heaven in the flesh is likewise mere fiction. It was invented by his followers soon after his crucifixion and death. But it was understood and used only as an allegory or figure to represent the fact that the teachings and axioms, and all that was really spiritual and immortal in the man had survived the grave, and had actually arisen into life and communion with men. But no man in those days ever once credited the belief that the actual man of flesh and blood had ever left his tomb. Neither did the man Christ rise, but the spiritual Christ has risen indeed, and his voice speaks to us as clearly and as calmly to-day as it did to the tribes of Israel nearly 2,000 years ago. All glory, love and respect be to Christ.

Spiritual enlightenment, then, after all, is only superior spiritual strength and activity, and may be acquired by any one, in a greater or less degree, according to temperament and inclination, and by long continued spiritual research and mental and moral labor. That it is not a supernatural gift or in any way a divine attribute, but that it is a healthy and natural acquisition, is a self-evident fact, and Christ himself bore witness to the truth of the same when he uttered these words: "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works."—St. John, xiv. 10. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works shall he do."—St. John, xiv. 12.

DO I BELIEVE?—WILL I BE SAVED?

Do I believe that there is a God? I do. Do I believe that God is an all-powerful, all-pervading, eternal God? Indeed I do. Do I believe that God was in the

beginning, and that God created all things? Surely I do. Do I believe that I have a soul—a deathless, immortal soul, a soul that will survive the earthly grave and yet ascend into a better and an everlasting life? I do. I believe, also, that the soul has individuality. I believe that the spiritual man shall have shape, form, etc., and that it shall act, think, move, and feel very much the same as the material man does. Do I believe all this? Emphatically I do. Then I shall be saved—shall I not? Well, let us see.

DO I BELIEVE THE BIBLE?

Well, no—not all of it, but I do believe a part. "Ah, yes," you will say, "but perhaps if you do not believe it all you might as well say that you do not believe any of it." Perhaps you will say this to me—I don't say that you surely will—I only say that perhaps you will. But there are men who would tell me this. There are men, also, who have told me this—and many of them, too. Do you want to know what I think of such men? If you do, I will tell you. I consider them very much less wise than they consider themselves to be. I think that even a *part* of anything that is good is better than *none* of it at all? If an apple is all good, a half of it is better than no apple at all. If half of an apple is rotten, is it not better to throw away the rotten part than to eat it all? "Why, yes, of course," you reply. And now I want to ask you why this same rule won't work in regard to the bible? If half of the bible is rotten and the other half is good, is it not better then to discard the rotten half of the bible than to keep it all? And now let me tell you frankly, I believe that *at least one-half of the bible is rotten.*

PARTS OF THE BIBLE WHICH I DON'T BELIEVE.

Miracles are some of the things which I *don't* believe. Why? Because *miracles* exist not, never did exist and

never will exist. They are fictions, falsehoods, cheats! They are the children of darkness, secrecy and fraud. God dwells in light, openness and serenity. His ways are scientific, simple, easily understood! God is Understanding Itself. Miracles cannot be understood—therefore they are superstitions, fancies, delusions, and exist not. God makes His word and works known through natural laws only. Through natural laws alone are all His works and actions done. God created nature and its laws. He shaped and formed all things according to His best and most perfect ways and plans. His laws are fixed and eternal. Man may trespass God's laws, but the laws themselves remain unchanged. One natural law punishes man for disobeying another natural law, but the laws themselves are never broken. God is not disturbed by our transgressions. Man alone is chastised and made to feel—punished, as it were' by the acts of his own hands—not by God's hand.

OTHER DENIALS.

I have denied the prophets, also. I have called them Jehus, fakirs, frauds. I have denied all their claims to divinity, spiritual enlightenment, etc. I have told you that they were but men—common men of flesh and blood. But I have also told you that they were great men, wise men, philosophers. I have denied the "immaculate conception," the transfiguration and also the resurrection of Christ in the flesh. I have told you that Christ was no more the Son of God than you or I—we all being God's children, for that matter.

I have told you that Christ was only a mere mortal man, after all, and that he was only a man of flesh and blood, the same as you or I. I have told you that what Christ did is nothing more than you or I can do—that is, if we are willing to throw our heart into the all-merciful task of helping our

fellow men the same as Christ did—Christ, who lived and died for us—who spent his whole life in the endeavor to enlighten, elevate and humanize mankind.

I honor, love and respect Christ as much as you possibly can do. I could even glorify him! I look upon him as the greatest, noblest, most fearless man that ever lived upon the earth—the greatest teacher of spiritual truth—the most unselfish and holiest *man* which the world has ever produced. Yet, for all that, Christ was but a mere mortal man, with feelings, selfishness, loves, lusts, desires, etc., just the same as you and I.

WHY I DO NOT BELIEVE THE BIBLE.

I do not believe that the bible is God's word. I do not believe that it is a *divine revelation*, written by *inspired* human hands. Why? because the bible *is not* God's word. *God* is love, wisdom, mercy, life, light. *God's word* is truth, reason, thought. The bible tells me that God *hides* Himself in a *cloud*, and that man can *understand* Him not. Oh, what a falsehood! *Who cannot understand reason, truth, evidence?* What a mistaken idea it is to think that love, wisdom, mercy, life, light, would hide itself in a cloud. The bible tells me that the reason of this is that man cannot look upon God and live—cannot look on life, wisdom, mercy, love, light—and live! What an absurdity! How preposterous! Cannot look upon light—which is love, life, mercy—and live. This is too much! No, I don't believe it. I myself have looked on life, wisdom, mercy, God—and still *I live*. I know that God is a perfect God. I also *know* that the bible is not the *perfect word* of God.

WHAT I DO BELIEVE.

I believe *what is truly God's word* is always *understandable*. I believe that God is reason, truth, wisdom, life, mercy, light. I believe that God was never guilty of *hiding* Him-

self from anybody. I see His face mirrored everywhere —" in books and the running brooks," upon the face of man, upon the ocean wave, among the blue skies and amid the green fields. I behold His word engraved in men's hearts—upon the conscience and the mind. I read divine " sermons in stones," among the stars, and in my own soul. Do I believe? Yes, in a certain way I do believe.

WILL I BE SAVED?

Not unless God is more merciful than man—but God is more merciful. There is no doubt of that.

Your bible tells you to " judge not "—yet every clown who reads this will judge me.

Yet if God is reason, who can blame me for saying I do not believe unreasonable things? And the bible, as you all must truthfully admit to yourselves is very unreasonable —that is, it is not an understandable thing.

Am I a " Christian?" I have always felt as if I had very much of Christ in my heart. Yet men have told me that I am not and never was a Christian. But opinions will differ, you know. You are free to have your own belief and I mine. Thank God for that! Now let me tell you what I think. I think that there is more or less Christianity about all men. But I think that the man who is so uncharitable as to acuse his brother man of not being a Christian is the least a Christian of the two men. Amen.

I HAVE BEEN CRUCIFIED.

Oh, hard the way of the " reformer " is—
Saints thrive not in this world of ours.
Full is the world of sin and greed.
'Twas selfish Self nailed Christ upon the cross—
E'en blameless Christ, who shed his blood for us—

Yet, oh! if Christ himself had not a-crucified
His fellow *men*, *him* men would ne'er have crucified.
Of all unselfish acts, the hardest one is
To crucify one's self alone, I find is.

Christ came unto his own—they knew him not;
Christ told them of their sin—thus he begot their hate.
Seeds of love and kindness I have sowed—
Sheaves of mistrust and suspicion I have harvested.
My hopes, my dreams all wrecked, all shattered lie—
My fairest idols turn to vilest clay!
Sometimes I wish that I could die,
Forget life's sin, its wrongs, its cruelty.

In vilest chains I have been thralled—
Such chains as devils forge, their slaves to hold.
I have been judged by men who knew me not,
I have been smote, I have been flayed,
I have been martyred, scourged and crucified—
Upon the altar of my own affections burned.
But all is over now—the fiend has fled,
And I live on, now pleased well and quite content
To live with man and bide the will of the eternal God.

MY RELIGION.

I do believe—I revere God.
I have a faith, but not your faith—
Your hollow word "faith" of the world,
But a religion of true worth—
The sermons of the soul, the teachings of the heart.

I never pray—I worship not,
Or, if I pray or worship ever,
'Tis in a church or prayer-house never,
But in a temple holier, higher,
Which God much more to sanctify has done.

With sounding words I worship not,
Nor do I kneel or bow my head,
But open all my bosom unto God,
And feel that reverence I cannot keep—
Such are the prayers I daily offer up.

My bible, sir, all men may read
In universal language written,
The very beast can much conceive.
Such "revelation," written thus,
The fiend himself cannot erase.

Though sin may hide and crime may cover o'er
This book of truth and love and light,
Still will its words of faith and mystic lore
Burn on through blots and lies and black art, out
To light our world forever and forever more.

The sermons of the soul—the teachings of the heart,
Sir, are the holiest bibles of our God—
The only record that can live,
The only true and sacred writ!
And these sir, are the only bibles I believe.

THE CREATION.

TIME.

Time was before the sky, the earth, the heavens had birth. Time had no beginning—neither shall it have death or ending. Time is boundless—infinite. As it had no starting-point or terminus, time is best described by the figure of a circle. The circle wherein time holds its eternal reign is known as space.

SPACE.

Space is that portion of the firmament that appears to us as empty, or void of matter. It is that great ethereal sea in which the countless millions of visible and invisible stars and suns and planets roll. Although space appears to our natural sense as a complete vacuum, to our spiritual perception it has, on the other hand, every quality necessitating it to be in a state the very opposite from that of emptiness.

ETHER.

Although *ether* holds nothing that is material or gaseous in its own composition, *ether* in itself is an *air* as real, as substantial and as buoyant as our own natural atmosphere —but it is *spiritual*, not *material*. It is celestial, not mundane. This is the reason why it is so difficult for us who reason from our earthly understanding of material facts to realize the substantiality of spiritual truths. Nevertheless, spiritual matter, so to speak, is just as natural, as real, as substantial and as necessary to the economy and eternal fitness of things as material matter. *Ether*, like *spirit*, is *fluid*, not *gaseous*. It is force—not matter.

SPIRIT.

Spirit, as I have already explained, is just as real, as substantial and as necessary to the life and existence of the universe as matter. It was before the beginning of the creation of matter, and shall be after the end of the creation of matter. From spirit all other things were produced. From *spirit* first was created ether; from ether, *atmosphere*, or the natural gases; from *atmosphere*, or the natural gases, was created *liquid*, then *solid matter*.

NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL FORMS.

Matter was created in all the various shapes and forms of spirit. Earth is a type of Heaven. Man is the image of God.

GOVERNMENT, DOMINION, ETC.

God, the Creator of all things, is the Supreme Ruler of all things, but He exercises His dominion more directly over the spiritual universe. Nature is the ruling spirit of the natural universe. Man is the high vicegerent of God and Nature. Man was created in the image of God. He was framed of natural substances, and then incorporated with spirit. Born of earth with every earthly lust and desire, man still has every virtue, wisdom, truth and love of Heaven, every light and attribute of the Great Spirit, the eternal, living God, shining forth within himself and illuminating all his earthly being.

NATURAL FORCE.

Heat, light, electricity, magnetism, nervous sensation, etc., are all kindred elements of the same one great, *natural force*, that pervades the material universe. They all are subject to the same wonderful laws of change and reproduction. They are eternal and indestructible! If any one of them, while in a concentrated form, be brought in contact with any of the *natural solids*, it will either produce itself, or one or more—or, perhaps, all—of its several kindred elements. The ether which fills space is composed partially of spiritual forces and partially of natural forces. Space, therefore, is not empty or void, but, instead, it is a great reservoir stored with spiritual and natural force, which is ether.

NATURAL SOLIDS, ETC.

A combination of two or more natural forces will produce natural matter, gases, liquids, fluids, etc.

Sunlight, electricity, magnetism, etc., as I have already stated, are all kindred elements of the same natural force. Matter itself is natural force at rest—inaction, stagnation, storage. By applying the proper means, matter may again

be converted into active fluid force. An ounce of common earth is not an ounce of dead matter, as most people believe. On the other hand, it is really so much stored-up force. If the proper element were applied, an ounce of common clay would flash into active energy as quickly as gunpowder does at the touch of fire.

NERVE CENTERS.

All animal bodies have *nerve centers*. The brain of man is the greatest nerve center in man. It is also the seat of the soul. *Nature* is the great nerve center of all inanimate and animate matter. It is the soul of *matter*. The animal kingdom is the greatest nerve center of animate matter, and man is the greatest nerve center of the animal kingdom. God, in like manner, is the great nerve center, so to speak, of the spiritual universe.

SPIRITUAL FORCE.

Love, wisdom, truth, etc., are all kindred elements of *spiritual force*. They are as real and as substantial in their spiritual form as light, heat, nervous sensation, etc., are in their natural form. They are all subject to the laws of change and reproduction, the same as matter. They are eternal and indestructible. If any one of them, while in a concentrated form, be brought in contact with any of the *spiritual solids*, it will reproduce itself or else produce one or more of its kindred elements. Spirit is Life. Spirit is fluid force itself.

SPIRITUAL SOLIDS.

Spiritual solids are produced by a combination of two or more spiritual forces. Spiritual solids are spiritual forces defluidized, inactive, fixed, at rest, in storage.

THE BEGINNING.

"What was the beginning?" many a child has asked. Has any man ever yet given a satisfactory answer? Are

not all men—the greatest and humblest of them—even as little children, groping about blindly in the darkness? You may answer the question if you please—I care not how. But in conclusion I will venture this statement: God is all, and all things began of God.

GOD IS ALL.

The beginning was in God. *God* is *life*, which is love, wisdom, light, *spirit*. *Spirit* is energy, force, fluid power. Love, wisdom, truth, and all else that is good, holy, and heavenly, are elements of spiritual force. They are the primordial essence of all things. They are latent energy in themselves. They were before the creation of matter, and shall be after the dissolution of matter. From His own spirit, which is life, love, truth, force, fluid, God first created *ether*. From *ether* He created *atmosphere*, or what is known to us as the gaseous in nature. From *atmosphere*, or what is gaseous, He created natural liquids, fluids, etc. From the natural liquids, fluids, etc., He created solid matter. From inanimate matter God created animate matter, which has natural life. From animate vegetable matter He created natural animal life. From the highest type of animal life, which is *man*, God reproduced Himself, which is spirit. Thus God, in His love and wisdom, has enlarged and glorified His being. From the very thinnest atoms of His own essence or existence he has created worlds, universes, Heavens! From nerveless molecules of Himself, He has created countless millions of nerve centers—plants, animals, men, angels—and who knows but also infinite numbers of other kinds of immortal beings beside. Yet God is all. His spirit pervades the universe and animates all things. It encompasses space, creation, Heaven—all things round about, as a nut-shell. We all are in God and God is in us. In God we live and in God

we rest. There is no death. The boundless universe is life.

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

PREAMBLE.

Free trade won't work—neither will high tariff, but, gentlemen, what will work is *low* tariff and *high* potatoes, corn, wheat, hogs, etc. We want to protect the manaufacturer, but we don't want to pauperize ourselves to make him a millionaire. It "goes against our grain" very much to have to pay the manufacturer $75 for a sewing-machine, the same kind exactly as he ships across the water and sells for $25, minus the freight and the commission merchant's percentage, etc., thereon. If he is mean enough to charge us $75 for a machine that he can afford to ship 4,000 miles at his own expense, and then allow a percentage to a commission merchant for selling it, and still make a handsome profit for himself—if he is mean enough to do this, I say (and he is) then he ought to be kicked clear out of his skin, for he is guilty of treason, and is leagued with a piratical gang of conspirators, who are plotting to betray and sell out this our great and glorious country to John Bull, China, France, and a lot of other trans-Atlantic swindlers and foreign robbers. Now, to see this fair young Union of ours, for which our grandfathers fought and bled and died, and went wading about in their bare feet knee deep in the snow of midwinter, that they might give us a glorious inheritance—I say, to see this fair young Union of

ours sold out by a lot of miserable rascals, such as these, it grieves greatly our large-sized heart, and makes us feel very bad.

Therefore we hereupon set ourselves down to ruminate on political economy, and to discourse and advise on the best means and methods and ways to remedy our faulty political policy, and also to adjust the errors and grievous wrongs into which our government has fallen.

The following conclusions are the results of our pre-historical research and philosophical deductions:

HIGH TARIFF.

Resolved, that free trade won't work, because of the following reasons, to wit: *First*—We must have *tariff* to protect and encourage home manufacture. *Second*—We must have a home manufacturing population to consume the products of the tiller of the soil; otherwise, the tiller of the soil will have a surplus of cabbage-heads, corn, potatoes, hogs, etc., left on his hands to rot and root and go to waste. *Third*—Cabbage-heads, potatoes, hogs, etc., are all bulky and perishable articles, and are more subject to damage and loss, and cost more to freight than the hardware, cloth, etc., of the foreign manufacturer. Therefore, to free-trade with any of these foreign makers of cloth, perfumes, silk shawls, sewing-machines, etc., they beat us not only out of the difference in freight, but also out of the ratage, rotage, mousage, leakage, middleman's percentage, home wage-worker's wages, etc. Tariff, therefore, we must have.

FREE TRADE.

But now another kicker comes in—the kicker for free trade, and he stateth the other side of the question. He wanteth free trade because he is tired of working just for his "chuck," while he seeth a lot of bloated, "stuck up" millionaire merchants, and mechanics. and manufacturers of

steel rails, "wooden" nut-megs, "snide" sewing-machines, and "cast-iron" corn harvesters, that are always breaking down or getting out of "whack." Poor man! he is tired of idly watching these energetic scoundrels get rich at his expense. Gentle soul! he has been wronged, so he gets up on his ear, and he kicks like a two-year-old bay steer. Nay, he has been robbed, degraded and abused by all of this thankless tribe of satellites whom it has ever been his care to build up and maintain and protect against their foreign competitor and oppressor. The kind-hearted old farmer has always been willing to give his "poor relation"—the maker of "cast-iron" harvesting machines and shoddy cloth—an independent living, and also a chance to lay up a dollar or two for a sore leg and a rainy day. But now to be "held up" and robbed, and then snubbed by this same perfidious second cousin of his wife's aunt's uncle's, whom he had brought up, from a boy with nothing, to a man of wealth and influence, is a cruel blow, indeed, for the old farmer to be dealt—a heinous retribution for past favors unthankfully received! It seems to him very much like the sting of the proverbial serpent which the good man had found cold and dying by the wayside, and had placed in his generous shirt bosom to warm up. But the serpent, having become thawed out and warmed back to life, in the course of time rewarded his benefactor with a treacherous and deadly bite. Thus it is that the old rustic gets up on his fore-leg and kicks out behind with his hind-leg for high potatoes and free trade. He kicketh like a mule, for he kicketh to kill. Like the long-eared "cuss" who delighteth his master to knock out, so the old rustic killeth his best friend when he kicketh to death *tariff*—but, like the mule, he would rather starve than to be kept by such a keeper.

LOW TARIFF.

Low tariff and high hogs and potatoes, etc., as I have already explained, are what we want, and what we must have. Therefore we should vote that way at our next election.

SINGLE TAX SCHEME.

The old farmer, he liketh not the philosophy of Harry St. George, therefore he delivereth his mind concerning him thus:

"Harry St. George, he sayeth that a single tax will fill the bill. He also sayeth that manufacturers and producers should not be taxed. He further stateth that soulless corporations, railroad companies, wealthy trusts, prosperous merchants, and all the rest of such kind of scoundrels, should go free. Harry St. George, he sayeth this to you, but I say unto you, hearken not unto Harry St. George. He knoweth not what he sayeth. He is away off his base. He talketh to hear himself speak. He liketh to listen to the music of his own voice, but he singeth a senseless song. Therefore, dear brethren, I say unto you, a single tax ain't no good. It won't work. Of course, we all want our taxes made light, but we don't want to see any one man nor any one class of men made to go up and pay the taxes of the whole lot. We must tax the whole tribe to make the tax of each member or individual light. Therefore, hearken unto me, my dear brethren, that you all may catch on. The farmer, he owns the land. Now, if you tax land only, who payeth the tax thereon? The owner thereof, of course. Therefore George he would have the freeholder pay the tax of the whole government, while the merchant, the mechanic and the maker of "cast-iron" corn-harvesters, etc., might go free and laugh and grow fat. George he sayeth that the land payeth the tax itself, and not the owner thereof. He sayeth also that

land may be made to be worth any value you may place upon it by improving it, according to the amount of improvements placed thereon. Now, I would say unto my friend George that this is not so. George, go thou forth into Arizona's wilds. There take up all the *terra firma* which you like. You settle down in a region where it is dry and hot; you build a house worth $50,000; you build a ditch which costs $5,000 more; you drill a well 2,000 feet deep—it costs $3,000—no water in the well; the ditch water ain't no good. George wants to sell out. Nobody cares to buy. Offers to sell cheap—half of first cost—one-third—one-fourth—one-eighth. Nobody gives it—no, you bet! Assessor comes along, levies one single, big tax. George can't pay. Land sold for tax. Uncle Sam gets house, land and all. George, dead broke, has to get out. Yet once again, George, I would speak unto you. Suppose you should own a farm near some large Eastern city. Suppose you should go forth and stock your farm, buy machinery, fertilizer, etc., to cultivate and improve the said farm. Now, you go to work and raise whatever seemeth best unto you. Your land, we will say, is estimated to be worth $5,000 an acre. Now, if cultivating high-priced land is a profitable pursuit, you should realize at least six per cent per annum, above all expenses, on every dollar you have invested on the premises. Six per cent of $5,000 is $300. Now, my dear George, tell me what kind of a crop you are going to raise that will net you $300 per acre per annum on your land after you have paid your *single high tax*, settled up for your board, paid your hired man, squared up with your washerwoman, tailor, barber, hired girl, etc. Say, now, do you *savey el burro, Senor George?* Do you catch on?"

LIMIT THE LAND OWNER.

Booming land up to a fictitious value, and then levying the whole of government taxation upon it, will make it just that much harder, instead of just that much easier, for the poor man to possess land. The only way to prevent the rich men of our country from owning all the land in it is to pass laws of limitation. For example, suppose we were to pass laws prohibiting any one man, woman, child or company from owning more than forty acres of land to the individual. How quickly then would the land belong to the many, instead of to the few?

LIMIT THE INDIVIDUAL AS A FINANCIER.

Limiting the individual *as a financier* takes in the whole thing. When our nation becomes wise enough to place a limitation, or boundary line, so to speak, on the capacity of the individual as a financier, then the mass will have an equal show with this over-smart individual. This, you say, will check, or rather prevent, individual capacity from attaining to its full development. Very good; that is just what we must do to protect ourselves as a mass from the rapacity of the overpowerful individual. The tens of hundreds and tens of millions of us don't want to remain poor and labor all our lives, that the dozens and hundreds of us may roll in wealth and idleness. If you had a fish-pond in which there were millions of little fishes and ten or a hundred large ones, and the big fishes were constantly catching and eating the little fishes, would it not be a wise and profitable scheme—nay, an idescribable blessing to these little fishes if you would put leading strings on the big ones, or in some way contrive to limit the cannibal propensities and capacities of these finny monsters, and thus prevent them from devouring whole schools of their smaller brethren? Give protection and opportunity to these little fishes while they

are yet young and powerless—save them from the utter destroying and annihilating policy of their larger brethren, and you will see that they will soon become just as large and energetic and in every way just as fine fishes as the large ones, who are now devouring and keeping them down.

Thus it is with us in our human fish-pond. A few dozen rapacious ten-millionaires and some odd hundreds of other wealthy human sharks have leagued themselves into incorporated bodies and powerful clans to rob and devour their smaller brethren—even to the hide and hair and the marrow of their bones. This class of fishes is the curse and ruination of our country. They control everything and have more real power to oppress us free-born American citizens than the crowned heads of Europe ever had or exercised over their cringing serfs. We, as a mass, are slaves in chains—oppressed and held down by a few ponderous "Dons" of the ten-million pounds. We—the children and heirs of those grand old justice-loving, patriotic "Fathers of America"—shall we submit to be trampled upon and rolled in the mud by a mere handful of unsavory aristocrats? Well, I guess not. Ladies, gentlemen, and fellow citizens, let us rise up in our power and indignation and enact and legislate and frame, deep down and high up and away into the very heart of our constitution and by-laws, a glorious code of acts and exalted principles that will make us famous in the annals of the world and live in the hearts of the people forever. Let us plunge our country into such a war of reform as history hath never yet chronicled—a war of argument and thought, as bloodless as our German neighbors fight over the counter of the beer saloon every day and night. Our German neighbors are a wise people, and they set a good example. They fight a bloodless battle, and thus manage to live and fight some other day.

LIMIT THE FINANCIER.

Again I say, limit the financier. We must limit the financier, for he is driving us all to the wall of starvation and moral wreck. This modern Goliath must be checked in his lordly career—he must have a limit placed on his individual capacity, that the mass of the people may have a chance to develop itself and also to be free to enjoy the natural human rights and liberties which George Washington and John Adams and Thomas Jefferson and John Hancock and all such grand and good old men have given us.

I believe in fostering and advancing the development of individual capacity so long as it does not work to the detriment of the many. The inventor, the orator, the poet, the philosopher, the statesman, the artist and so on should all be allowed to advance to the utmost height of their ability, for their labors and productions tend to advance and benefit and enlighten the world, and to make its people better and more prosperous—not only as an individual, but also as a whole and a nation. But the financier should have an embargo placed upon his powers. A limit should be fixed as to the amount of wealth he shall acquire or possess; otherwise, his individual prosperity is ruinous to the rights and interests of the tens of thousands of less able or less moneyed men.

THE INDIVIDUAL VERSUS THE NATION.

"It is a self-evident fact that all men were created free and equal." It is just as self-evident a fact that the right of the *nation* is superior to the right of the *individual.* Therefore, when the individual right conflicts with the national right, the individual right must yield because of its inferiority. It is the duty of the people, then, to enact such measures as will place a limit as to the wealth and financial powers of such an individual.

NO ANARCHY—NO DYNAMITE.

Since the abuse of human rights resulting from the faulty administration of civil government, and from the erroneous principles embodied in political economy itself, can never be adjusted by violent or revolutionary measures, national reform must be and always has been the result of just legislation, promoted by the close union and energetic efforts of a wise and benevolent people. In the choosing of honorable and sagacious public officers, and by the casting of discreet and honest ballots, lies our only salvation

NO SOCIALISM—NO COMMUNE.

No socialism—no commune! Individuality is the godliness of man. When human beings are forced to herd together like common cattle—when they are forced to share equally, receive equally and mix equally, no matter what their natural qualifications may be—when genius, industry, enterprise, art, morality, etc., are forced to work, sleep and mate with brutality, profligacy, idleness, indecency, etc.—when such things come to pass, mark my word for it, something in that so-called "brotherhood" is going to break loose and drop right suddenly. Take a man's individuality away from him—his ambition, energy, hope—all his noblest impules in life are gone. His enterprise ceases, his industry ceases, his morality ceases—everything ceases. Progress comes to a stop. Society stands still until foreign barbarism, armed with energetic individuality, comes along and cuts her throat.

THE DUTY OF MAN TO MANKIND.

Helping thy fellow man is the noblest work a man can render to mankind. It is also a man's duty to help his fellow men. And it is a beautiful thing, too—a joy forever. A good deed is its own reward, and every time we do a kind, unselfish act we feel the happier, and are made the

better by having done it. Nor is this all. Whenever we make an unselfish sacrifice of our own selfish pleasures, to thereby increase the pleasure or to alleviate and lessen the suffering of others, we thereby ennoble ourselves and raise our beings still higher in the scale of humanity.

Communism, however, will not accomplish any good in this direction. Since individuality is the source of all good, all good must spring from individuality. The fault, then, is in the excess or in the abuse of individuality. The remedy, then, is very simple. *Limit* individuality, but do not *annihilate* it; cure it, but do not kill it.

REFORMATORY MEASURES.

I think if the following acts and articles were incorporated into our national constitution, we should all be made happier and better, as men and women, and also as a nation:

AN ACT TO PROMOTE NATIONAL REFORM.

PUBLIC ENTERPRISE.

Article 1.—All large financial enterprises, railroads and public trusts of any kind or nature whatever, shall be owned and controlled by the general government, and shall be operated by public officers appointed by Congress, or by private companies paying the general government a just and equitable rental thereon—whichever way seems the best to Congress. All such moneys so received shall be paid into the national treasury, to be used whenever necessary to defray the expenses of government, or to further national enterprise.

LIMITING THE OWNERSHIP OF LAND.

Article 2.—No man or woman shall own more than 160 acres of land, which is deemed sufficient and ample for any one person to possess as garden, park or agricultural lands.

No man or woman shall possess land of any kind or description, or in any amount whatever, assessed at a valuation exceeding $500,000.

FIXING THE AMOUNT OF INDIVIDUAL WEALTH.

Article 3.—Any individual having acquired a fortune of $1,000,000, either by enterprise or inheritance, in lands, moneys, stocks, securities, or in values of any kind, description, or of any nature whatever, shall thereupon cease to accumulate and lay up wealth, and, if permitted to remain in active business, said individual shall be required to donate all of his income, outside of such amounts as may be required for the maintenance of himself and family, to the building of free institutes of learning, public benefits, etc.

TAKING MONEY OUT OF THE COUNTRY.

Article 4.—Any person or persons removing from the United States of North America to a foreign country shall, before leaving, deliver up one-third of all their wealth in moneys, properties or values of any kind or nature whatever, as a duty or forfeit to the United States government—provided, that the said moneys, properties, values, etc., were produced or acquired by said person or persons while in and during a residence in the said United States. But if it shall be proven that the said moneys, properties, values, etc., were not produced in the said United States, but were acquired in a foreign country by the said person or persons, before and prior to their coming to the said United States, the said person or persons shall have the right, upon their removal from the said United States, to take the whole of their wealth with them, or may direct or cause its removal to a foreign country in any way or manner as may seem best to them.

PENALTIES.

Any person or persons violating any one or more of the said articles of the above act shall be guilty of fraud and misdemeanor, and shall be fined not less than $100 and not more than $25,000, or imprisoned for not less than one year and not more than twenty-five years, or both fine and imprisonment, according to the discretion of the court before which they are tried.

THE TRANSIT OF BYRON.

Like some great, glorious planet until now unknown to the Eastern world, he flashed upon the earth. Until now he had lived, as it were, in the depths of the great, but obscure West. Until now no eyes had been upon him.

It is true that some of the doughty literary observers of the age had been apprised of his coming. As Neptune was discovered to astronomers by the eccentric disturbances of Uranus—who had been noticed to move sometimes faster and sometimes slower in his orbit; as Saturn and Jupiter had been revealed before him, likewise, by the perceptibility of force exerted upon them by some other planetary body in the solar system—so by the dim and obscure intimations of a few of their more wide-awake literary brethren, these great but doughty literary anchorites had been made conscious of the coming of a new poet of extraordinary brilliancy and mental magnitude.

He came—the beautiful, the bright! He came—the most glorious genius of his age. The world was enthused, men salaamed lowly at his feet, women worshiped at his shrine. Then came that crimson flood of guilt and shame. On the instant the fickle world had turned tauntingly and with contempt against him. Like a thunderbolt from a clear and brilliant April sky, the shaft of calumny and slan-

der fell. The glorious hero of but one short hour before now sunk blackened and bleeding to the earth. No man seemed to feel pity that he had fallen—no hand was extended to aid and succor him in his grief and need. The Hercules—the "literary giant," however, staggered once more to his feet. His Titanic energy again displayed itself with overwhelming force. Again the world was dazzled with his brilliancy! Again the world was forced to admire his master mind and unprecedented genius. His triumph, however, was of but short duration. While aiding Greece —a country that he had glorified in his immortal verse—in an attempt to throw off the yoke of her musselmen oppressors, he was stricken with a fever and died, after a brief illness, at the early age of thirty-six. He fell like a warrior stout, cut down in the first of the fight.

He died—his soul rests now—his worth is known.
The world may give now—he cannot own.
The world may weep, now that he is gone.
He died—the innocent! the young! he died.
He died, but how—how shall be read
His funeral, his requiem how sung?
With quips and cranks and wreathes and garlands bright
Shall the gay world come forth betime bedight?
Shall the bugle blow—the muffled drum be heard?
Shall fifes resound and pipes play pretty marches?
Shall songs be sung, and solemn speeches made?
Shall tombs be built, and marbles graven?
Shall he in storied hall or abbey old be lain?
Shall men come forth with noisy pomp and hollow show?
Shall we record him as a great—a good man?
Shall we upon his worth and grace descant?
Shall we declare we honored—loved him,
Our own immortal, matchless poet?
Or shall we tell the truth, and state

How much we loathed, despised and snubbed him?
Shall we entrench ourselves in solemn lies?
Shall we wear sackcloth and disguise,
Or rub cayenne pepper in our eyes?
Oh, let us have no more of this—
This soulless falsehood and distress!
We killed him—yes, but we're glad of it.
We starved him—but all the world don't know it.
Yes, thus let us hide our cowardice
For conscience sake, for freedom and for praises,
For fear some meddler may accuse us.
Yes, thus we will conceal our vile abuses,
And yet, mayhap, 'twere better—more conscientious—
To have fostered life and cherished love, though in disgrace,
Than e'en to have murdered *much virtue for small vice?*
Oh, damned be he who turns from shame away,
And kills a sister or a brother the same day!
And he, that mighty bard himself, had said
"Tis ours to bear, not judge the deed—and they
Who damn to Hell themselves are on the way,
Unless these bullies of eternal pains
Are pardoned, their bad hearts for their worse brains."
And we, too, hold this heartfelt doctrine true.

THE POET THAT DIED.

He was a soul of melancholy—
A being of despair, yet wildly
Laughed he in his bitter hour for glee.
He laughed and cried, then laughed again
As if 'twere joy to cry—to laugh a pain.
He was a bashful boy, a slighted child,
A heedless youth, an aimless man—

A truant first, a wanderer soon.
Although he honored truth and worshiped good,
He was way-wild, of morals bad;
Although he courted right, wooed reform
He was inconstant, frail and never firm.
Although he yearned for woman's love and sighed for home,
He was exiled in foreign lands to roam,
To travel far, but never wed,
To find no realm, no country he could claim,
No spot of all the earth his own—his truly own.
Although he gave to need and succored grief,
He was by vagabonds, by thieves waylaid,
By beggars lured, by paupers robbed.
Although of "knowledge fair" to Art and Genius wed,
He was by scholars chafed, by classics chid.
Although by disrespect, by slight or rudeness hurt,
He was by autocrat, by envy vile, by upstart snubbed.
Although a cheery word—a little comfort given
By gentle man, by tender girl, by loving woman
Had turned his eyes from sin, his face from death,
His steps from vales below to hills above
Had won his soul, his heart to Heaven.
All rest, all grace, all love the *good* denied,
All shut their doors, and he was driven
For that relief, that love his soul must have—
That rest, that sympathy none else would give,
To hot unrest, to hopeless vice, to vile abandon.
He died—the innocent, the young—he died!
He died—debauched, despised, demented, mad;
He died—the slave of passion, dissolute and blind;
He died—the meek, the kind, the would-be good.
By rudeness killed, by all misunderstood,
He died—the weak, the lost, that might have been

A hero proud, an almost God—a Christian great and good.
He died—he was too simple and unveiled,
Too open for this world—too easy led,
Too truthful, gentle, and too honor bright.
He lacked that art of self-defense—the *tact* of being rude;
He lacked that subtle instinct called deceit—
That cloak the world puts on, its shame to hide.
He came among us first a shepherd lad—
A minstrel in celestial garb;
He dazzled all with restless, twinkling feet,
With mellow, honey-dripping voice and lute
Whose liquid warblings on keys
Of gold and chords of glass
Seemed melody harmonious, complete!
For he warbled like the fountain,
He purled like the brook,
He patted like the night-rain,
He called like the rook.
He thundered like Niagara,
Like Minnehaha sweet, he laughed.
His life was full of sunshine, full of shadow,
Full of happy days, and full of sad—oh!
He was like a landscape, dewy, green;
He was like a sunset, like a dawn,
Like a mirage on a desert plain;
Like a scene upon the waters.
Reflected while the current hurries on;
Like a sunbeam 'mid the showers
Glad, glancing through the falling rain;
Like a vision, like a dream,
Like young Iris bridging Beauty's stream;
Like a bee among the flowers,
Gath'ring sweets where'er he roves,
Yet grumbling 'mid the Ede' he loves.

An actor born—an artist true was he.
Adept in every trick, in every craft;
Each role, each "racket" he could play,
From merry clown to monarch on his throne.
The angel he could mimic—all but fly!
The Devil he could act—to our dismay!
He played the sad man first, and then the gay,
The maiden next, and then her beau;
The lackey then, and oft the buffoon and the clown;
The sailor, too—yes, and the "wandering Jew";
The warrior bold in armor clad,
The oracle, the sibyl with her wand,
The Saracen upon his "barb";
Then came he forth, with solemn step and slow,
The monk, the minister, the prophet of his God;
Then turned his crosier to a crook—a rod,
Whereon he leaned, a "palmer" old and gray—
A Christian pilgrim lost upon his way.
Sweet, fitful child! wild, melancholy boy!
First mope with grief he would, then laugh for joy;
Each morning he was sad, each evening he was glad;
First dress in black he would, and then in gold.
Timid as a fawn he seemed—yet as the lion he was bold.
The leafy wood he loved—the bushy tree,
The heavens blue, the meadow's breezy greenery.
Of music he was fond—could sweetly play—
At early morn, at noon, at twilight still
I heard his tender lute, his liquid note,
Yet oft it brought a sorrow to my soul,
It was so plaintive wild, so gentle sad.
Oh, would I that my muses could repeat
That relique sweet, that sad complaint,
The heart-broke tale, the song of him who died—

But no, my measures are too incomplete,
And he must sleep, his story all untold,
Since none save me now recollect that hapless bard.

SING, OH, SING, LOVELY MUSE OF THE WEST!

BY

HIM OF THE SADDLE AND LASSO.

Sing, oh, sing, lovely Muse of the West!
Sing, oh, sing, dear nymphs of my country!
Say not that your voices have ceased,
That your measures are broken or lowly,
That your harps neglected are silent with rust.
Oh, hasten! Why make a defense?
Heed neither critics nor classics. Commence,
And if meters' soft fetters do bind you,
Oh, break away! and never you mind you.
Voices were sweet and words full of passion
Before critics and tunes came in fashion.
Say, Muse, are not our forests as deep and as shady?
Are not our mountains as ancient and grand?
Are not our airs just as balmy and bland?
Are not our skies just as blue and as sunny
And as clear and as sparkling as any?—
Be they those of Chipango or Cathay?
Oh, what do we care for Rome, Greece or Arcadia,
For France or for Britain, or Egypt or Arabia?
Why, not one red cent, I assure you!
Ha! ha! we will mount on our "Billy" and ride him away—
Like the winged Pegassus he shall fly!
He may lope if he wants to, or pace should he please,
While we rest by the water or sleep 'neath the trees,

While we list to the song-birds and the buzz of the bees.
We will answer no questions—tain't nobody's biz—
We will stroll where the rosebuds and lily-bells be;
We will lie in the green, grassy meadow,
Just below the wild ranges of ever-lived snow;
We will watch the clear waters flashing,
As o'er the rocky walls dashing,
As down the blue mountains they pour,
As o'er the wild precipices splashing,
As through the wild gulches they roar;
We will sit where the torrent so bold
Flashes o'er pebbles of crystal and gold.
Over big Salt Lake's waters so blue,
We will paddle our rubber canoe;
We will never once slacken our speed
Till we've reached that sweet State
Of the great golden gate,
Where the tall redwood trees grow.
Then we will turn round about,
And back to our own sunny Platte,
Like a frolicsome cyclone we'll speed.
We won't stay with cloud nor with sorrow;
We will bid rain and mist good-day after to-morrow;
We don't hanker for wealth, nor for position;
We thirst not for wine, blood, or for sensation;
We care not a cuss for the world's yellow dross,
For its high station, its delusion or dazzle;
We sigh not for spirit that reddens the eyes,
That deadens the brain, and robs us of peace—
Oh, better the Tundra so dreary,
Where the Russian exile and the Samoeads dwell!
Oh, better that Arctic zone hoary,
Than that willow-wisp glory
That poisons the heart and maddens the soul!

Oh, better—far better my own bonny prairie,
Where the fat cattle stray and the wild horses tarry,
Than all the racket and glare that is there
In your crowded big city, so fair!
Fetch me—oh, fetch me my saddle and lasso,
My dog and my gun, my bridle and broncho,
And back to the border I'll go.
I'll roam where I want to and do as I please;
I'll answer no questions—'taint none of your biz.

HOW BEAUTIFUL THE PLAINS ARE.

Beautiful—beautiful the plains are!
Beautiful, wild and grand!
When robed in the fairy cloak of Winter,
For white are they as the deserts sand—
Oh, white as a flood of fused silver,
White as the chaste ermine's soft fur!
Yet tinted are they by the sun's golden ray,
And the deep violet-blue of the sky.

Beautiful—beautiful the plains are!
Oh, wildly beautiful in Winter—
Yet, oh, what an Eden they seem
In the spring's golden beam
And the warm flush of the summer.
Like a calm, lulled ocean they lie
'Neath the cloudless dome of the sky.
Not a breath of wind stirs,
And the air is fragrant
With the sweet scent
Of the wild prairie flowers.
Not the faintest of a sound you hear,
And pulseless is the bosom of nature.

TEXAS JACK IN THE TIMBER ISLAND,

OR,

PARTED LOVERS REUNITED.

PART FIRST.

The time was noon—a summer's day,
And all was still. The beetle's drone
Had died away; in silent sympathy
A stream went by, all hushed its wonted crooning.
The summer wind had ceased to sigh,
Nor answered once the fount's complaining.
A sense of rest was in the very air—
No song of birds, no hum of bees, no voice was there,
No cloud hung in the sky.
No hut, no habitation might you see—
No life, save yet one horseman, miles away
Across the prairie, moving wearily.

But who is he, and what his quest,
Who scours the plain, nor halts to rest,
When Nature's self lies thus, by sleep oppressed?

The steed was dark—a mustang fleet,
With taper limbs and racy head—
It was, indeed, a noble steed,
And o'er the prairie lightly sped
With graceful galop, proud and slow.
The rider was a handsome lad
Of sunny port and manly brow.
His hair was of a dusky dye,
And loved to cling in clusters brown;
His form was clad in clean buckskin,
With silk embroidered shirt and sailor tie;

A broad sombrero shaded perfectly
His high, white forehead from the sun.
Upon his foot the high-topped boot
Of jaunty cowboy fashion shown;
A lasso dangled from his saddle horn,
And o'er his back, in handy manner flung,
A heavy, short, repeating rifle hung.
Two "double-acting" pistols and a bowie blade
Were belted loosely at his side,
And he was all that any maiden
Might wish for in the shape of man.
Half cowboy and half scout,
He seemed a youthful errant knight,
Dreaming ever of his lady bright.
A laughing gloom was in his eye—
A sleeping shadow that did seem
The lingering image of some love-lorn dream.
But why delay? You all have heard
His name—his many a gallant deed.
And of the black steed that he rode
O'er many a dark and dangerous road,
Afraid of naught—the living nor the dead!
'Twas he—'twas he, that famous scout,
Bold Texas Jack, the "lightning shot!"
And lo! his course lay toward the wood—
That little, leafy, prairie wood
Or "island," as 'tis known,
Upon the prairie—a spring o'ergrown
With cottonwoods, wherever is
Sweet wild currants and red roses—
Where fruits and flowers ever be,
And all around the grass grows juicily.

A mile away,
In all its loveliness it lay.

That little, leafy, prairie wood,
That little, shady, silent motte,
A mile away—so cool, so shadowy—
A mile away—a lovely spot, indeed.
A mile away—
And winding by it,
Gleaming in the sunlight
Like a shining silver thread,
Like the fabled serpent of the sea,
That famous river wound—
The sunny, silver-bosomed Platte.

A mile away—so cool, so shadowy,
But lo! behold that rider and that steed!

Now have they marked the wood—the river spied,
And swifter—swifter o'er the plain they hie,
Till lo! the trees before them loom invitingly.
And now they halt—the saddle is thrown by,
The bridle stripped, the steed set free,
When, like two brothers of the desert hot,
They seek the shade, the well-spring cool and sweet.
Their thirst soon slaked, they hie away,
The beast to crop the juicy hay,
The youth to seek in bushes green
And coverts dark the crimson plum,
The currants, golden-hued and red,
The cherry bunches black and bright.
Thus fed, anon they seek repose—
The steed beneath the leafy trees,
The youth beside the gurgling fount,
Whose music, welling low and sweet,
Soon weaves a charm—a witched spell
That chains the very fibres of his soul.

Afar—dim as a dream—he sees
Or seems to see a shadowy concourse rise!
A spectre band—as slight as fays
Or Elfin men. They sink, they rise,
They dance before his half-shut eyes.
Scouring across the prairie bright,
Spurring their tiny steeds of white
Like demons o'er the infernal wild.
They hop, they skip, they leap, they slide–
Whole furloughs seem to glide
Behind at every stride.
But no sound is wakened by their hoofs,
For muffled is the coursers' tread
In the wild-flowers' buoyant bed,
And the eye alone—no other proofs
Point out the fact that every tiny spectre moves.
Yet hold! they hide—they flee!
They sink before his half-closed eye;
They fade out and grow dim—
They vanish like a dream,
And all that world is lost to him—
That fairy world—those phantoms grim,
And all is vanished and forgot,
Till lo! and once again
A happier vision glads his sight.
A wilder fancy yet—'mong far-off scenes,
By waters bright, he seems to sit
Upon the green marge of his native river,
In distant, flowery Southern lands—
The blue sky calmly bending over,
Himself a boy again, his childhood's friends
Around him, and his heart's first choice
Sitting by him 'mid their summer trees.

Yet lo! and once again the scene is changed!
Amid the golden-colored flame
Of morning, by that same stream,
Silent with grief, lamenting all his days
With gun in hand, he seems to stand
Awaiting an order now to fire!
The word is given—both rifles flash
As one—loud rings the crash,
And lo! his foe lies bleeding there
Stark dead—yet he had shot to only wound,
And not to kill. He leaves the ground,
An exile now forever and forever more.
Beyond all words his soul is grieved!
A curse like his Cain never wore,
For he has killed—oh, heart bereaved,
The brother of the girl he loved,
And now he seeks the Western plain
All cheerless, and his soul forlorn.

Poor Texas Jack, how pure thy spirit was!
Outlawed amid the scenes around thee,
Dreaming of home and concord sweet
Amid those tribes of blood—
Amid those savage scenes of border land,
Thy soul at variance with thy roving fate,
With thy wild life and hardy deeds,
Pining for love and soft hymeneal restraints
Amid the freedom of a lawless wild—
A land where Passion claims but Power for her lord,
And "man obeys no master but his mood."
Poor, love-lorn, dreamy Jack,
The world hath *judged*, yet *known* thee not—
The world hath called thee "wild," "inebriate."
A mirthful, bold, but *reckless* scout,

Yet, oh, what melancholy and heartache
Were thine! How tirelessly upon thy track
Care, despair and sorrow ever trod.
Alas! alas! poor boy, thou now art dead,
Deep in the mountain's bosom laid,
Close by the blue Arkansas River, where
The Rocky Ranges tower in air—
Thy sky-kissed monuments forever.

There 'mid the storm hills, capped with snow—
There 'mid the highlands, wild and blue,
Calmly thy tired bones are sleeping.
O'er thy dust the pine-trees now are weeping,
And far away, sighing plaintively,
The voiceful winds sing requiems of thee.
Alas, poor Jack, untimely dead,
Thou liest in thy narrow bed,
Far from thy native land removed,
Among Virginia's purple hills no more—
No more beside the blue Atlantic shore,
No more amid the pine-wood's hallowed gloom,
No more the sunlit, rippled stream
At eve shall see thee coming home.
Flown thy spirit is from earth forever;
A better world thy search hath found—
Thy fancy's own, own happy hunting ground!

Departed, hapless scout, adieu!
Sleep soundly while to you
I build this artless rhyme.
Perchance a little time
The structure frail may stand,
Humble and perishable,
The hasty work of a careless hand—

And yet a little while
We trust it may endure,
Thy cenotaph and mine!

PART SECOND.

In the island of the prairie,
In that little, leafy, shady wood,
Sleeping calmly, dreaming sweetly,
Cares and troubles all forgot,
'Mid his fancies roaming lightly,
Still unconscious lies the Texan scout.
Now no more those demon legions grim—
Now no more those Elfin-riders trouble him,
Yet onward, onward still they come,
But earthly now—no longer airy
And phantom-like—as in his dream.

Onward, onward still they come,
Onward o'er the prairie green and flowery;
Onward, onward in a line,
Like an oriental caravan.
Onward, onward, silent as the tread
Of camels o'er the desert's heated bed;
Onward, onward, like the Arab dry
When the spring of desert meets his eye.
Onward, onward, thirsty, weary,
Onward, onward, still they hurry,
Onward o'er the boundless, pathless prairie.
At an easy galop come they,
Gently rising, gently falling
With the undulations of the plain,
Like the wavelets of the ocean,
Like the billows of the main,
Like the roses of the meadow
When the zephyrs play among them.

Brightly show their guns and lances.
Brightly show the burnished badges
On their broad and dusky bosoms;
Brightly show their robes of purple,
Brightly show their robes of crimson,
Brightly show the beaded trappings
And the gold and silver mountings
Of their bridles and their saddles,
Gayly blending in the sunlight
With the verdant herbs and grasses,
With the laughing sky and mountains.
With the fragrant buds and blossoms
Of the wild and rolling plain.

Onward, onward still they come,
Panting ponies all a-foam.
Not a single respite take they,
Not a word or sentence speak they
As they hurry madly on.
Now their carriage seems more gainly,
Now their purple and their scarlet
And their gold-cloth and their samite
Shows more brightly in the sunlight.
Now their bearing seems more manly;
Now their airs grow pompous, stiff and haughty—
Yet, with distance fast receding,
And the prairie undergliding,
Freaks and features new are showing,
Freaks and features fierce and wild,
Features until now concealed
In the hot and sultry air.
Freaks such as kings of India think fair,
Freaks such as chiefs of Arabia doth wear,
Freaks and features until now beveiled

Like distant peaks impaled
In cloudy waves of gossamer.
Robes of richest color,
Arms for fiercest valor,
Bright plumes above them waving,
Light steeds beneath them foaming,
And the war-paint on their faces
Gives the savage many graces
Envied by the Eastern races—
By the forest beaters,
By the lotos-eaters,
By the tireless ostrich-chasers
And the lazy harem-keepers.

PART THIRD.

In the island of the prairie,
By the fountain cool and sweet,
With the cloudless sky above him,
With the pathless plains about,
Dreaming now no more of elf or fairy,
Calmly sleeping lies the fearless scout.
Dreaming now no more of hopes too bright,
Of courtship vain or broken plight,
Or heated game or deadly strife,
Or lady fair he might have won,
And many a sunny Southern scene
And frolic wild—forgotten never,
Fandangos by that Mexican river,
Deeds of daring done in strife,
At cowboy tournaments and feats
Of horsemanship—all real as life,
Before his vision passes now no more.
Nor does he view the sad, sweet past revealed again
In all the weird light of dim phantasy,

Nor does he live those long, long summers o'er
As in his dreams erewhile he did,
Believing they were but the hours of a day;
Nor does he heed him now once more
The savage pageantry upon the plain,
Yet onward, onward still they come,
Silent as the executioners of doom,
Heading for the island of the prairie,
Heading for the oasis so green,
With its bowers fresh and shady,
With its fountain cold and crystalline—
Onward, onward, till at last they stand
Upon the green brim of the fountain,
There to find refreshment—not the scout,
Yet, though strange to tell, he lay there still,
Just hidden by some friendly roses.
Nor did they once observe his steed
Joined by their coursers in the wood,
But seated close around the fountain sparkling
They hear naught else besides their Chief's harangue.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S HARANGUE.

"Children of the prairie,
Minions of brave Sitting Bull,
Yours is to obey me
As you would your master's will.
Yours is to blindly follow
Wherever I may lead—
Yours is to blindly follow,
Though the bullets may fall like seed;
Yours is to blindly follow
Though the blaze of battle,
Like the white man's Hell,
All around us flares up.

Yours is to die and serve me;
Yours is to shelter and defend;
Yours is to remove me,
Should the blade of battle wound,
To some shelter in the hills.
If some hostile bullet kills,
Yours is to consign me
To the green and grassy ground.

"Brothers, warriors, red men,
Harken well to what I say.
Far off upon the swelling prairie
Comes a long, white wagon-train—
Comes a band of crafty white men,
With their women and their children,
With their white flocks and their cattle,
With their mule-teams and their horses,
With their tame ducks and their hen-fowl.
You can see them coming—slowly coming—
Coming at a snail's pace—
You can see their lazy oxen
Slowly moving o'er the prairie;

"You can see their wagons in a long line
Coming straight on, this way,
Gliding like a flock of white swan,
Like the marsh-birds of the Northland,
Like the clouds that sail the Heaven,
Like the white hills of the snow plain,
Like the hills that float so high up
In the great, big, blue, boundless sky sea,
Like the white canoes seen on the big sea-water,
Like the steamboats of the great Atlantic,
Like the war ships seen by our head men
When they went to Congress—Washington,

When they went to see the gray-haired Fathers
Of the pale-face so accursed.

"Oft, my warriors—oft, my brothers,
Oft such sights have seen you,
But not upon this grass plain,
Not so far out here to the northward
Have you ever seen so many pale-faces
With their wagons and their cattle,
With their women and their children.
Much you wonder, brothers;
Much you ponder, warriors;
Much you think of such things—
Of things so strange and unusual.
I have warned you, brothers—
I have reasoned with you,
Now I wish to tell you wherefore
The white man brings his 'house' among us.

"You are well aware, my brothers,
Of the richness of the mountains,
Of the gold and silver treasures,
Of the wild and rugged hills,
Of the precious metals hidden
In the hills far to the westward—
In the happy, hallowed hills;
In the hills so wild and dreamy;
In the hills so bright and purple;
In the silent, sleepy hills,
With their dells so green and grateful;
With their fountains cool and crystalline;
With their banks of silver-shining snow;
With their lakes of heavenly beauty,
And their skies of loving, laughing blue;
With their plateaus green and grassy;

With their valleys full of flowers;
With their bee-enlivened copses,
And their bird-enchanted bowers;
With their blossom-tufted bushes
And their stately forest trees;
With their spruce trees and their birches;
With their cedars and their song-pines;
With their light and graceful willows
Waving o'er the broad and rushing river,
Waving o'er the dancing, dimpled water,
Waving o'er the silver-shining stream
With its rounded stones and pebbles,
With its mossy banks and islands,
With its foamy falls and cascades,
And its lovely vistas in the forest.

"Brothers, warriors, red men,
I would kindle your imagination;
I would stir your hearts to action;
I would fire your lively fancies
With these dreams of sweetness,
With these thoughts of beauty,
With the image of the valley,
With the vision of the mountains—
Of those hills so cool and purple,
Of those hills so wild and dreamy,
Where grow the trees of petrifaction,
Where grow the opal, and the agate
And the gems of rosy lustre;
Where the deep and rocky caverns
Ever dwell in gloom and darkness,
Where the wild and narrow gorges
And the deep and foaming canons
Plow great furrows through the mountains.

From the desolate abysses,
Where the dashing, reckless cascades
Thunder downward through the valley,
Downward through that old, enchanted valley
By the 'fire-hole' and the 'mud-springs,'
Past those 'fountains of hot water,'
Where the booming, steaming geysers
Spout their columns into mid-air.
Wondrous columns—pillars white as snow,
Pillars like those marble shafts seen in the temples—
In those gorgeous temples of the pale-face—
Pillars like those door-posts of the White House
Of the great White House of the head man,
Like those lodge-poles seen by your Chieftain
When he went to Congress—Washington.

"These are the scenes, my warriors,
That I would portray you.
These are the beauties of our nation;
These are the dowers of our fathers;
These are the glories of our country—
Of that land of peace and plenty,
Of that land of milk and honey,
Where the forest abounds with wild-fowl,
Where the rivers swarm with fishes,
And the meadows teem with sting-bees—
Where the bison and the 'wapitas,'
Where the 'prong-horn' and the 'black-tails'
Roam in countless numbers;
Where the coney finds his quarry,
Where the eagle builds his eyrie,
Where the quail-bird and the rabbit-of-the-snow
With the seasons shed off and change their hue;
Where the siver-tip and black bear,

Where the grizzly giant and the puma,
Where the mountain-wolf and wild-cat
Live together peaceful, tame and mild-eyed.

"There, my warriors—there, my brothers,
There the fox-grape grows most luscious—
There the wild plum and choke-cherry,
There the black-cap and the red raspberry
Ripen with a spicy flavor;
There the 'quallah' grows most juicy,
There the 'camus' sweet and luscious,
There the servis is most mellow;
There the currant and squaw-berry
Ripen into golden yellow;
There the tarty *yerba buena* baubles
And the lowly, modest huckleberries
Purple all the hillsides.
There the killickinick and ivy
Hang with green and crimson festoons
All the walls and fissures of the mountains.

"There, my brothers—there my warriors,
There the roses wait us;
There the wild-birds greet us;
There perfumes delight us;
There the rivers, rushing by,
Lull us with their melody.
There the water-lily,
With its *petals* snowy,
With its *calyx* golden,
Dwells in all its chastity—
Dies in all its purity.
There the honeysuckle
With its pipes of crimson,
With its cups of treacle,

With its chalice dewy,
Tempts the wild-bee—
Tempts the flower-fairy
From his tepee on the prairie.

"There, my warriors—there, my brothers,
There have we dwelt since childhood.
There our fathers dwelt before us;
There our children play and prattle;
There our sweethearts wait to meet us;
There the old folks wait to greet us;
There our wives prepare to banquet us—
But the pale-face, he would rob us
Of all this gladness—all this bliss.

"Aye, brothers, warriors, red men,
He comes our land to plow and fence up;
He comes our game to chase and slaughter;
He comes to muddy all our running-water;
He comes our trees to cut and chop down;
He comes our shrines to pilfer and destroy;
He comes our catafalques and grave-yards to desecrate;
He comes our head men to depose and murder;
He comes our wives and daughters to dishonor;
He comes ourselves to laugh and jeer at;
He comes to steal our gold and silver;
He has broken his pledged word and treaty;
He has dared to insult our great nation;
He has come, defiant of our arms and power;
He would pack off—if he could—our whole country.

"But, brothers, warriors, red men,
Such wrong as this shall never be!
Himself, instead—his women, children, all shall die!
Oh, hearken, warriors! listen, red men,
Catch well on to what I say.

Here, hidden in the bushes, we will lie
To shoot and cut him when he comes up—
Oh, so grandly—so very scientifically!

"Much stock he has, you all know;
Much whiskey, coffee and tobacco;
Much sugar and molasses—ha! ha!
Much beans and bacon, flour and corn-meal also;
Much fruit and other good things—oh, my!
How you like it—how you long to taste it—so much!
You shall have it—it yours shall soon be;
You shall go home filled up—well, how delightful!
We shall all get drunk—oh, mighty-much drunk!
We shall all be rich men—whoopla! ha! ha!"

PART FOURTH.

Thus planned those children of the prairie—
Those painted sons of Ishmael,
Descended from old Harry
And his wife—Anaconda Sabina Cain,
Daughter of Nod, and Queen of—well,
No matter about the name of that hot place.
Suffice it, thus planned those Aborigines
Whose quest was plunder, pillage, gain.
Thus planned those robbers of the desert
Who have no pity, and who know not
Truth, religion, virtue, shame.
Thus planned those outlaws wild and red
Who revel in destruction, and delight
In torture—murder—blood.
Thus planned those Parsees of the Platte
Who rather shoot than to be shot—
Who prefer in ambush deep to lie,
To shoot the white man passing by;
Or follow, snake-like, on his track

For months—to strike him in the back.
But peace, my Muse! I meant not
Those savage frailties to deride—
Although I did, I guess—
They have their faults— and virtues—good and bad.
Their ways are artless, and their board
Is frugal—sometimes rather scant.
They don't get drunk—that is, when they can't.
But peace—I care not my *dull* pen to cross
With their *sharp* spears—'tis mine to limn
The truth, yet paint their virtue—not their sin.

In the island of the prairie,
With the pathless plains about,
Scheming—planning—making merry,
Sat that painted robber brotherhood—
Sat those favored children of old Harry,
Awaiting yet the hour of pillage and of blood.

There, too the scout lay dreaming—
Still by chief and warriors noticed not.
For o'er his couch the flags and bushes, nodding,
Hid his shapely form from sight.
But stay! what sound is that—what sight—
That makes each savage eyeball glare?
Behold—across the hot, dry plain afar,
The long white wagon-train appears at last.

And hark! the shouting, barking, braying,
As rumbling, rolling, jolting o'er the plain they come—
Happy hearts a-throbbing,
Heated lungs a-panting,
Parched lips a-parting,
Thirsty tongues a-starting,
On they come—on they come,

Man and team,
Racing, flying,
Longing, languishing
For the shade-tree and the spring.

Oh, that man far-seeing,
Oh, that woman cunning
Could look into the dim futurity—
Could read the fate that is to be.
Could shun the grave their too hasty steps are nearing!
But no! Life's book is sealed beyond all power of reading—
And it is better so—for were our doom not hidden well,
My God! what fear our hearts were daily dreading—
What agony our quaking spirits then should feel.

In the island of the prairie,
Hiding 'neath that blessed shade,
Lay those red-skinned children, waiting
Their white-faced brethren to shoot.

In that island of the prairie
Now no longer slept the scout,
But wide-awake—so witty, sly and cunning—
He was creeping softly toward his steed.

Meanwhile, across the prairie hot and glowing,
The long, white wagon-train comes speeding on.
Panting dogs are barking,
Foaming cattle lowing,
Fretful children crying,
Peevish maidens sighing,
Boys laughing, singing, shouting,
Silent man and woman uncomplaining—
What a babble! what a rattle!
Rumbling of wheels and bellowing of cattle.

But hark! what other sound is that?
Crash of firearms—noise of battle!
Patter—clatter—tramp of many feet!
Shouting voices! flying steed!
Indian ponies a-stampede!
Pursuing horseman—minus coat and hat!

"Lie down," he cries; "Haste! keep out of sight!
Make ready to give them bowie-knives and lead!"
Thus calls out Texas Jack, as merrily
He galops by, shouting, yelling lustily,
Those Indian ponies to affright.

But all too late—too late
The warning call is given!
As lurid as the bolts of Heaven,
As dire and as deadly
Those Indian rifles flash and volley,
Raining hissing leaden-messengers about!
Already scores of slaughtered cattle heap the bloody sod;
Already nearly half that pale-face band is dead;
Yet onward, like the whirlwind's devastating blast,
Those red-skin furies pour, in howling legions, past,
Striving those frightened cattle and their masters to surround.

And him—my God!—not here to succor and defend!
Borne lightly by upon his mettled steed,
Loudly shouting those ponies to affright,
The scout had sped along—scarce conscious of his need.

But now, the stampede nicely done,
He hurriedly returns to join the fray.
And see! how like a centaur he sweeps down,
A deadly fire-stream pouring from his gun!
Right into the thickest of the fray he flies—

Right where the pattering bullets hiss!
Unscathed himself by ball or blade,
He scatters death and panic in his road.
Encouraged now, the whites pursue his lead,
While, put to rout, the reds fly for the wood,
Into whose depths they shortly plunge—
Pursued by foes who seek revenge—
Pursued by foes whose pistols flash
Right at their backs, so close the range.
Yet on and on—till, closing hand to hand,
Their bowies reek with Indian blood—
Till lo! thank God! the last red foe is dead!
Then, proudly trooping from the wood,
That handsome scout still in the lead,
How loudly, gladly rings their exultant shout!

To meet those brave and hardy men,
Forth from the train the women run;
Their daughters, too, and children fair
Join in the race and hurry there,
And, though full half their kin is dead,
How blissful sweet it is to meet
Some dearly loved one, living yet.

And stay—whose snow-white arms are those entwined
That brave defender's neck, so close and lovingly about?
'Tis she—'tis she! his own—his Nellie bright!
And see! there stands her brother, too, unhurt!
"Thank God!" cries Texas Jack, "and so
My bullet only 'winged' you as I meant it should?"
"It did, indeed," the tall and handsome lad replied;
"And now, my brother Jack, I humbly plead
Forgiveness for my folly and the wrongs I did."
"You are forgiven, Frank—but pray,
Why did you challenge me so discourteously,

And so unprovoked, too?" "Ah, yes,"
The tall and manly boy replied,
"I had forgotten in my joy to mention that.
Vile men had lied to me, and said
That you were 'but a gambler and a fraud,'
And that you 'loved my sister not, but wished to wed
Her only for her beauty and her gold.'
And that 'when one was gone and the other spent,'
You would 'desert her for some other maid.'
Or, mayhap, murder her, as you had done
In other instances, they said.
Therefore I challenged you, and shot
To kill, but missed, myself to fall,
Not dead, but stunned. Yet you were told
That I lay lifeless. So you fled
To this wild land—unconscious of the truth, I see."
"Quite true, indeed," laughed Texas Jack, "for lo!
I knew that Nellie could but blame and banish me
For my unhallowed deed. But now, thank God,
We meet again, and as friends, Frank Ironhand,
While Nellie dear has promised soon to be my bride."

And now my tale is told, reader dear,
My presence is required otherwhere—
Adieu! With pleasure I will meet you later.

IN OKLAHOMA.

I sing of a train, I sing of a train;
I sing of an emigrant train—of a train
That marched out to battle, and then marched back home again.

By the blue, sleeping waters
Of Oklahoma's big stream,
Where the fair, dusky daughters
And the sons of the Kickapoos roam,

Where the bright, golden fruit bunches
And the long, drooping green branches
Of the wild China trees hang—
Oh, where the soft Southern gales stray,
And the oriole trills his sweet lay
The whole of the long summer day—
Oh! there, in a green, sunny glade,
Close down by the blue river side,
An imigrant train,
Commanded by Payne,
Had camped for a rest and a mend,
On the way to the new "promised land,"
And all were so happy and so gay
That they whiled the short hours away
In mirth and in song and in play,
And they forgot,
As they wandered about,
That Uncle Sammy,
With his big army,
Had ordered each one of them out.

"Oh, listless, wild strolling—trysting in vain,
Gay pilgrims, glad gypsies that loiter along,
Lost ever from tumult, wed ever to song—
Oh, what is the hardship and what is the pain
To the pleasure you have and the solace you gain
In this nomadic life, 'mid the Eden of Payne."

Such, such were my musings, and such was my song
As I drove on to Texas, with my cattle, along
Through that wonderful country, through that beautiful State,
Through the wild Oklahoma that is "nobody's land."

MY KICKAPOO QUEEN.

In that land where the May-apple scents the sweet air,
And the oriole trills his gay song
The whole of the summer-day long—
Oh, there, in that land of mountains so blue and of valleys so fair,
Where the red Indian basks with delight in his tropical sun,
There—there I met my Kickapoo Queen, my beautiful one.

Oh, my Kickapoo Queen—my Kickapoo Queen,
Sweet, sweet are the days that are gone,
When, oh, my Kickapoo Queen, my beautiful one,
We spent the hot days and the cool evening hours
Among the green woods and the blue, hilly bowers,
Nor counted the moons as we danced 'mid the flowers;
And you sat by my side, my Kickapoo Queen, my beautiful one,
For you loved me better than all other white men,
My Kickapoo Queen—my Kickapoo Queen,
Yet many's the time that you treated me mean,
Though I never once dared to complain,
My Kickapoo Queen, my beautiful one—
But now you've gone off with another white man,
And with no reason why—and my heart is undone,
My Kickapoo Queen—my false-hearted, dusky-skinned, cold-blooded one!

THE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my chidhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view"—
The "messa," the meadow, the cattle, the "rancho;"
The deep, shady hollow, where the white "cassa" stood;

The river, the wildwood, the mountains near by;
The old Rocky Mountains all covered with snow;
The "range" and the "round-ups," the "corral," the dairy;
The Platte River, where, in boyhood I oft used to play—
How brightly, how sweetly my fancies transport me
From the cares of this life, from the duties that press me,
To the scenes of my youth, to those visions that please me,
And I sigh for my life on the prairie—for my home in the country,
For the cot of my father again,
For that lowly thatched cabin—for that dearly loved cabin,
That vine-circled cabin, that ancient log cabin,
That white-chimneyed cabin, that clay-plastered cabin,
That mossy, old one-story cabin that stood in the lane.
And I sigh for the bee and the wild bird,
For the skies and the brooks and the green wood,
For the big purple mountains with their summit of snow,
And I long for my dog and my broncho—for my six-shooter pistols and guns—
My shaggy old broncho, my long-legged hound,
My long-barreled gun, my saddle, my lasso,
My "poncho," my canteen—that delectable canteen,
That canteen whose nectar I thirstily sucked,
No fountain could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the liquor that Hector so liked—
How often with gusto I hailed it
And sipped it and tapped it, but it never went dry.

Oh, give me the chase and the still hunt once more!
Oh, give me the bison, the bear, the elk and the red deer,
The grouse and the wild duck, the rabbit, the antelope fleet,
Oh, give me the juicy fried trout, the spring chicken meat,
The tender beefsteak, the yams on the grate,
The blackberry sauce, the johnny-cake near,

The coffee red hot, the eggs in the fire,
The milk and the dessert so temptingly set
On the sand-sprinkled hearth, where I lovingly ate
With my pet prairie dog and my old Thomas cat—
Oh, laugh, ye untutored, wherever you be,
But dear to this heart is the forest's wild fruit
And the sweets of the prairie which my infancy knew!
Oh, rail me, ye ladies—ye gents, pepper too,
But I am proud of my childhood and my log cabin, too.
My heart ever yearns for the scenes of my boyhood—
For the mountains, the woods, the plains all around me,
For the old willow tree where my mother first found me
On that hot summer day when the fairies danced round me,
But my mother she knew me and drove them away.
Oh, how I long in that old woody hollow to dwell,
'Mid the scenes of my youth, preserved ever still,
My thoughts ever peopled with fond recollections,
My heart ever young—my soul ever true!
Like tendrils of ivy about the old yew,
My love clings to thee, Colorado—my love clings to thee!

THE MILKMAID'S LOVER.

Upon her cheeks and locks of gold
Her lover's soft caresses fall,
While from the cot beside the fold
Is heard her mother's chide and call.

Adown the fragrant dairy walk
Her father hurries with the milk—
Alas! alas!
He heeds not Cupid's too-too talk
And brazen brass,
Nor Venus' tones, as soft as silk
And utter gas.

Ah, me! full in his way the lovers sway,
Close locked in sweet good-night's embrace,
Woe me! old Mercury, headless of by-play,
Trips o'er them and falls on his face.

But up he jumps, on vengeance bent,
And collars him who blocks his pass—
The stripling swells with argument,
But Mercury kicks him for his sass.

Ye boys, a lesson learn of me,
For it may stand you in some day
Right well—oh, do not block the way
(Remember that) whenever you a-courting go,
For old men will assert authority,
And they can kick (my stars!) astoundingly!

TO MARY ANDERSON—A PROPOSAL.

Returned once more, our Mary,
From worlds beyond the sea—
From sunny climes, our Mary,
Where kings have knelt to honor thee.

From France's courts, our Mary,
From Britain's chalk-white shore,
Where thou hast reigned, our Mary,
The fairest, brightest star—

The "queen of genius," Mary,
The laureled, lilied fay,
The Mab of "buskins," Mary,
The beauty of the day.

Yet welcome—welcome home, our Mary,
Thy country welcomes thee,
Thou dearest daughter, Mary,
Thou gentle, sad-eyed fay.

But why sad, our Mary?
Methinks it should not be—
Thou, of all beauties, Mary,
Whose eyes can two worlds sway.

Yet 'mid thy smiles, Mary,
We read the truth each day—
Oh, thou art sad—sad, our Mary,
And yet, *you* know not why.

But permit me, Mary,
I can name your malady—
Oh, you are lonely—lonely, Mary,
Oh, very lonely—*so am I.*

But you ought to marry, Mary,
Yes, I'm sure you ought—and *so ought I.*
Well, why don't you? *You might name the day.*
Oh, marry—marry, Mary—*marry me!*

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

(*After Ossean.*)

Hast thou deserted me, O Muse? Hast thou forsaken me, once loved by thee? Oh, have I—have I got the bounce?

My fancy is bereft, my lay has ceased, my thoughts are passionless and dull. My voice is musical no more. I walk among the minstrel tribes, but am not of them. They hear no more my gentle shout. They make merry in the courts or sin; they sing the songs of love and hate; they chirrup of pride and pomp and war. I join not in their chorus gay. My heart is sad. I can see no beauty in the ways of men—no glory "in tricks that are dark and ways that are vain." Men's hopes are lowly—their loves are un-

holy. They court the hot lusts of the flesh—their God is gold! They cheat one another, and that's what they call "business." I am not of them. I am honest—too honest. I cannot cheat—to their whims I cater not. As a financier I am not a success—I am a shiftless kind of a cuss. I "long for green fields and pastures new"—I will take a walk. I will gird up my loins and go. The wilderness shall receive me—the woods shall be my home. Flowers shall brighten my path. In the fastnesses of the wild mountains I will roam. Locusts and wild honey will supply my bread. The hum of golden bees will make me glad. The fields will hear my steps. Happy birds will welcome me. My fancy will brighten again. Nature shall be my theme—the hills shall re-echo my song. The cliffs will repeat my words. My days shall be as a long, sweet dream. My slumbers shall be full of rest. The brook will lull me to repose. I shall dream of angels.

Now am I tired. Here will I lie me down. Among these flowers let me sleep.

BONNIVARD.

PART FIRST.

'Twas in that awful epoch of reform
When sword and fire were wasting Christendom,
When Luther's foot was pressed to Leo's neck,
And Calvin followed in the bloody track
Of fiery Ulrich—all Helvetia at his back.
The transient flames had lighted far and near
The beacons of a general and enduring war,
Yet round still Lemmen's lake had eddied swift and sure
A holy peace—such was the vigor of the Swiss
To rise in valor fierce—to carry and to quell a war,
And Chillon's doors were opened wide again,
And fair Geneva's gates, where all might enter in.

'Twas in this sanguine period of the world
A stranger palmer passed, one summer's day,
By Lemmen's shore, and he was old and gray
And bent, and in his trembling hand he bore
A shepherd staff. Along the sandy shore
He held his way, nor seemed he much to care
Whence his lorn footsteps led—what pilgrimage
Time sent him on, but with a careless tread
He journeyed still. He crossed the valley and the bridge,
Passed round the hill and through the rustling wood.
At last, in wonderment and surprise dumb, he stood.
Before him, glittering in the summer beam,
An ancient castle rose, and round the massive pile
Half circling ran a long, low picket-wall,
Beside whose checkered shade the wandering palmer spied
An aged prior quietly observing him.
" Good morning, sire," the palmer bowed and said.

"Good morning, friend," the holy man replied;
"And whence thy way?" "Geneva, sir, but pray
What castle strong is this, and whom thy holiness?"
"Castle Chillon, sir, and I am but an humble prior."
"But thy name, good, aged, reverent man?"
"Francois de Bonnivard," the prior simply said.
"What! the "Prisoner of Chillon"! that famous man
Of whose exploits and prison life I oft have heard?"
"The very same," the monk replied, "but, gentle sir,
Pray have a seat; you look way-worn and tired."
"I am," the palmer said, and took a seat.
"Of all men on the earth I've longed to meet,
Thou art the man. The story oft I've heard
Of thy imprisonment, but then to hear it told
From thine own lips were pleasure rare, I vow."
"Enough," the prior said, "good palmer, you shall hear.
Come to my vault—*those doors are open now*
So long that held me in their iron jaw.
Come, for I can better tell my tale therein,
Since memories spring at every well-known turn,
You know, and chronicles in every stone are written."

The palmer followed, and betime they stood
In a deep dungeon, cold and damp, and old,
Wherein seven mossy pillars, low and large and rude,
Are standing, with gothic arches reared upon
Each capitol, and in the dungeon's farthest end
A window, where one solitary ray steals in.
In gloaming here the prior found a seat,
And motioned the palmer by his side to sit.
"Friend, this was my prison cell," he said;
"This darksome room is where I dwelt
Long years—nay, lived a life!
I know its terrors well, for it has been

A grave to me—a tomb—a torture pen—
An Hell on earth—a charnel-room!
Oh, here, here I've suffered agonies, and seen
In nameless, awful torture thrown
Sweet women and stout, fearless men.
The *scourge*, the *rack*, the *guillotine*—
Those Hell-fetched triumphs of abomination—
Have all been here. The martyr flame
Has oft dispelled the dampness of this room.
Here man-fiends oft in carnival have danced,
Have reveled oft in murder, butchery and shame.
Committed here, I've seen full many a damned deed.
I've seen men spitted, maimed and flayed;
These floors full oft with human blood
Have reeked! The horrors I have seen
Were sin to name—to tell, a deed of shame.
Oft—oh, how often I have seen men die—
The blanched cheek, the glazed eye,
And all the horrors of mortality!
E'en I have longed to yield and render up
A bleeding soul, a heart without one hope,
A life that looked on death imploringly,
And thought it wrong—oh, doubly wrong—it could not die,
For since my fellows died, why should not I?

"Here oft in crowded corner I have sat;
Here oft in solitude I've sighed.
I've seen my cell oft empty made,
As soon and suddenly supplied.
Here, through the long, long, gladsome days
In speechless quietude I've sat
And watched the sunbeam as it played
Beneath yon sculptured tableture—I wondered why the ray
Wore not the stone away, nor chiseled there

A circlet round and deep—so long it seemed to me
To linger there. Methought eternity
Must come and pass, time went so slow.
Years, it seemed—decades, centuries had flown,
Yet 'twas only moments, hours, days—
But such the wild distemper of my fantasy.
And yet I prayed and watched the long hours glide,
And men came not. I heard no voice—no word,
Save when the turnkey overhead
Let down my dinner (one meal was all I had
Each day), and his deep voice and halloo loud
Cheered me not, but, falling hoarse and rude,
Made me hate all human-kind, and wish that I
Might be alone—alone forever,
Where no man—not even one—
Might ever look into my lair or dare
Upon my loneliness intrude.
Such gall—such bitterness was mine! Despair
And hate and melancholy to me were ever sweet.
Such malice filled my heart—such venomed spite
Against the human race, I know not what
Came over me, for I would curse
The day and damn the night,
And rate creation and my God,
And wish myself annihilated—dead,
From man's base, selfish cates and follies freed.

"You smile, my friend—ha! ha! what wonder?
I laugh myself whenever thinking over
That cursed time. But soft! a change came soon—
A mild reaction—or was it that dawn of light,
That angel flame which comes to all when sorrow
And selfishness have fled—when Love bids good morrow
To Life, and tells the heart 'rejoice! be glad'?

And now with mice I friendship made;
To watch the spider spin, I joyed;
With pleasure now I saw the sunbeam play;
My very chains and I ceased enmity.

"Often I have wondered since—oh, how often!—
How I could fall so low, so far from God;
How I could grow so vile, so mean as I did then,
Barred, banished, exiled from the light of Heaven,
Robbed of earth, of man's estate, and crushed to the sod—
I of noble blood, the proud, defiant *Bonnivard*,
Who dared to *think* of liberty and *speak* the Word.
My God! what have I not endured for Freedom's sake—
What torture stood! The very Shades than I
Have suffered less Hell's fire—excuse the word,
The phrase, if it too strong, too sounding be."
"Neither one," the palmer said, "but, sire, tell me
Of thy earlier life, and how all this befell thee."

"Ay, ay! good sir," the prior cried; "full well
Do I that day—that dreaded day!—recall.
'Twas in my youth—my six and twentieth summer—
When, upon a charge of heresy against me, extorted
From a citizen of Geneva town by torture sore,
I was convicted. The charge was false, you may be sure.
What tribunal of any church has ever yet dealt justice out?"
"I have my first to learn of yet," the palmer sighed.
"And so have I," the monk replied. "At Castle Grolee
I was imprisoned. Two long years, I'm told, they kept me penned,
But I made no record—it only seemed a day,
Time was so fleeting then—so short to me.
But why prolong? they jailed, they set me free;
They loved me still. Geneva gladly

Recalled me to her breast, but sadly
I came back. What was my malady?
Ah, well—a death, a rose untimely
Plucked from its spray. But let that pass.
Once more I gained my liberty, the old priory
Of St. Victor called me to its shrine. Resignedly
I turned me from the world, and thought forever
To hide from man and live for only God.
But nay, what vow—what tenet clever
Can steal man's heart, and freeze humanity?

I thought of my old mother, and day by day
I pined ever for home's dear sanctity.
I dreamt of childhood and that happy day,
When first I learned of love—a feeling long since dead to me.
In memory I pictured still each wood, each vale,
Each holy view—the river broad and blue,
The Roman bridge, the Gothic mill,
The rustic, pre-historic watch-tower on the hill,
The tomb, the well, the grotte whose legends who may tell?
The grave of Gessler, the cave of Tell—
But dearest, fairest far to me
Of any scene beneath the Heaven
By nature blessed, by memory hallowed more,
Was that dear, quiet spot—that happy, gladsome shore
Where I was born—fair, shady Seissel on the Rhone.
There my mother lived and there I would return
To view old scenes—loved spots and friendly faces
And nameless things the memory loves, the fancy prizes.
I looked—I longed, ten lonely years went by.
I knew the hazard—feared the "die,"
For I had pricked the State and dared to say

Bold things against the faith and tyranny
Of Savoy. But, come what would—come what might,
I did decide at last the risk to take,
The gauntlet run, the journey make,
Disguise myself and play on Fate—
A foxy trick! In secret I had laid
My plans, nor dreamed that any sprite—
Not e'en the wind—had listened!
And yet it seemed the Devil's self had heard,
And, while I plotted, *he had planned and schemed.*
Anyway, the Duke learned my intention—
By spirit told, by thought or wizard inspiration,
Which I knew not, but such his information,
And, like his master, ready of invention,
He thought him of a plan—a sure temptation,
A snare so set, secreted, scented, baited,
That I was sure to smell it—bite it.
A "passport" was the kind of blind
He laid, and neatly spread o'er it
A kind of "safe conduct," signed, sealed and dated,
And pledged to pass me through his lines, escorted,
Guarded, respected, well treated, etc., all stated.
Oh, how good I thought him then—how humane!
What ineffable delight—what joy filled my heart,
My mind o'erwhelmed, deluded, captivated.
Alas! alas! I learned too late
His treachery—his base deceit;
Those scribbles fair, signed, sealed, witnessed, dated,
Were but black forgeries, warrants, writs—
Foul, sacrilegious drafts for my arrest,
Yet they admitted me—'twas on the homeward road,
The traitorous breach—the trap was sprung on me;
But soft! I found my home—my mother loved.
Deep in yonder vale it stands—that cottage old!

Close in below yon purple crag,
Where, 'mid the trees and vineyards sweeping slow,
Gleams the windings of the ancient Rhone.
Stranger, I love that scene—that hallowed spot!
You ne'er can dream how glad, how sweet
Returned to me that view! the ecstasy of thought
It wakened, the holy revery it brought.
I seemed to tread again where I had trodden
In youth—'mid scenes well known,
Yet half forgotten. Like one recallen
From centuries of sleep, from ages gone,
I felt. Some mystery I could not fathom;
Some nameless charm I could not chain nor keep
Came over me—how strange this second sight!
This deathless phantasy—the memory of man.
Yes, there, just below me, burst the valley bright,
Flooded with celestial light—clear, certain!
Yet over all some mystery prevailed,
The fancy awed, the wonder filled.
There were the meadows sweet, where often
In childhood's sunny days I'd strayed,
Gay as the golden-winged butterflies
Myself, and busy as the bees.
There were Milleri's Rocks, where I had stood
In bygone days, the blue skies overhead,
And the tall, dark cliffs in the blue waves below
All mirrored, and the white clouds far down the harbor seen,
Like spirit ships upon the straits of Heaven.
I saw the holy landscape opened wide—
The lap of nature broad and far extended,
Each hill, each vale from fair Geneva's walls
Just seen upon the glimmering horizon,
To where the muddy Rhone comes tumbling down
From Blanc's icy height to mingle its cold tide

With sunny Lemmen's glassy, purple flood.
But why delay? This all was seen
By me ere yet I reached my home at even.
My mother met me at the door, and wild
Was her first burst of transport—she laughed, she cried,
She looked perplexed and then she sighed,
And all the while, both frightened and surprised,
She wondered and she chided at my madness—
For such she said it was in those dread days
To cross the border insecure, so boldly, so audacious.
Long laughed I at her fear and showed my passes.
She said they were but scurvy cheats—devices
To lure me into snares and secret meshes,
To land me and to cage me
In some place for my reception prepared expressly.
I argued long, but still she would persist,
Nor could I blind her eyes, nor put her fears to rest,
Nor make her heart, her dear old bosom easy.
She had a woman's wit—a keen foresight;
Could read the Duke's low, craven, mean intention.
Oh, could it be? How terrible the thought!
My blood grew cold—dim grew my sight.
Man! man! can such base aims employ thy heart?
Yes, cowardice, guilt—what crimes can baffle thee?
Thou murderers—poisoners of the soul, the heart!
Thou assassins of honor, power, might,
How often—oh, how often have ye triumphed o'er the good, the right!
Yet could it be? Heavens! could it be? Before my sight
Stalked Murder, Death, and all that horrid band
Of butchery, duplicity, secret rite, clans of blood,
Party, policy, diplomacy—My God!
I learned a lesson dark that night—
A lesson damned!—nay, lived a lifetime in a minute,

And, though my hair stood well, the fright
I stood not, but made my visit short.
That very hour I started for the Vaud—
Ere morning light I was far upon my road.
At noon I reached Maudon,
And then—a plague on destiny !—
I met the fatty Bishop of Lausanne,
A jolly, oily man of much wit and learning,
Much given to ease and drink and dining.
Kindly he hailed me, too, extending
Such good cheer I stopped with him all day,
And in the evening he extolled so strongly
The Duke's good name, that ere night I did determine
On turning home again next morning,
And banished all my fears as base, unmanly.
Bellegarde now e'en more good fellowship professed,
And next day, although I did decline, he would persist,
And sent his own man-servant, liveried gaily,
And mounted on a steed to bear me company.
The day was warm—the fields were sunny,
We loitered not, but traveled fast,
And all went well till we had reached St. Catherine tall—
An ancient convent by fair Jorat's rill,
And we had stopped our flasks to fill,
Our thirst to slake, our mounts to breathe—
When suddenly, from out the poplar wood
(Where, in ambush hid, they long had lain)
Leaped forth a score of guards and doughty countrymen,
By Chillon's bold commandant headed.
" Halt ! halt ! " cried Anton de Beauford, " come down ?"
" Spur on ! spur on ! " cried I, and urged with heel and rein
My mount. But no ! that dastard, fiendish servant
Turned his horse around, and, waxing strangely valiant,
He assailed me, knife in hand. " Take that—and that ! "

He shrieked, and stabbed me in the side.
My cuirass turned the blow and broke the blade,
Yet he had cut my sabre belt and loosed my sword,
And ere my hand could grasp the hilt or draw the blade,
Belt and weapon both fell clashing to the road.
Meanwhile those rustics stout, and lean, and tall
Belabored me with such good will,
With cudgels, sticks and staves, and scythes and sickles fell,
That soon my senses reeled, and reason fled,
My sight grew dim, my heart grew sick, and I
Fell from my hinny, unheeding, bleeding, helplessly.
Then bound full soon was I, and borne away
To Chillon's doors and dungeons grey,
In martial triumph and warlike display.
You know the rest. That column hoary
Is where they chained me up. There, like a wolf at bay,
I chafed. These tireless feet did wear away
That floor—you see that circle round and deep?—
These heels did hammer it, nor would they sleep
At night, at noon, at morn, at evening,
But with ceaseless step they would still keep sounding,
sounding.
Oh, awful is the vigil Life would keep
When Death is ever wheeling, hovering near;
But wilder, swifter is the step
Of Madness when Reason flies before.
But why say on—thus was I forced to endure
My second passion."

PART SECOND.

"Thy second passion? What was thy first?"
The palmer cried in wonder and astonishment;
"Of that chapter of your heart I am sure I never heard."
"No, I never told you, friend," the prior sighed.

"But I would feel so honored," the palmer pleaded.
"Nay, nay! good man, forbear," the monk reproved;
"Speak no such flattery, 'twere a sinful habit."
"*Gratified*, is what I meant—*well pleased*."
"Good—well said!" the prior answered;
"And for your candor, sir, the story you shall hear,
Although I did intend to let the secret rest—
A secret dark—untold, I vow, forever.
But since you importune me thus—and so,
Upon this pensive time and day so pleasant,
I will relate the sad—the sweet event.

"'Twas in my youth—my twentieth summer—
When at Seissel—dear, shady Seissel, by the river.
Stranger, I love that spot—will love it ever;
It is enchanted ground to me—a sacred spot.
Deep love clings round each view—deep passion,
Deep and undying, such as the full heart
Yields only, the first blossoming of young love—
Yields once only, and then shuts up, its buds enclosing
Cup-like, forevermore, its own full world of sweetness.
Untutored thus and holy was my passion—
A high-born lad, unworldly and regardless
Of my fate. She was the equal of my station,
Since wealth was hers, beauty, sweetness,
And I had only name and hollow greatness.

Such was my Julia in the spring-time of her life,
And such was I in youth's first vernal freshness.
But why prolong—why yet the end delay?
We met, we loved, we married.
Six hallowed years we dwelt in such a world of bliss,
All honeyed sweets and rosy-hued deliciousness!
But I can't tell you all. Such Paradise
We loitered in, the very air did envy us.

Yet soft! a shadow came—a double sadness—
My first prison life. But even that was sweet;
They let her visit me, and she, poor thing,
Preferred our little daily meeting,
Preferred one hour in my lone cell to sit
To all the luxuries at home awaiting.
But soon her cheeks showed paleness;
Her pretty, cherry lips lost redness,
And day by day I noticed in her eye
A kind of gentle madness,
And then, alas! it came—the fever's mad'ning flame!
One night, one day
She tossed in agony—delirium—
My God! how can I speak the word?
She died—she died! My gentle Julia died!"

As if some hidden hand, with sudden death,
Had stricken him, the prior reeled, convulsed and blind,
And would have fallen, gasping, to the ground,
Had not the palmer, with a quick and timesome bound,
Leaped to his side and caught his sinking frame.

"Friend—O, friend!" at last the prior said,
"Forgive this tear—it is unwonted;
But when I think of Julia—Julia gentle—Julia good,
And how she felt for me, and how she died,
I cannot else but weep—but there!
Now all is past. This foolish tear
Shall be the last. Nor, hardy palmer, think that I
Am weak or womanly. In sorrow ever
Save then—save now—I've been a man, nor once
For other grief than this broke down before.
I've faced the iron front of grizzled War,
I've crossed my blade with Death full many a time,
Nor ever yet one doubt, one dread,

One single, transient, fleeting fear felt.
I've housed with madmen many a long, long year;
I've dwelt with prison ghoul and prison ghost;
I've seen the soul take flight—oh, so often!—
Yet never, never have I been so near
Grim Death, nor suffered such deep pain
Ere now—as I did then.
Oh, cruel, cruel fate was mine,
And this was all because I loved my country more
Than myself, and did that love unflinching dare
To utter, *and be a rebel, but a man.*
My God! how I have suffered and how tortured been
For freedom's sake—these very walls that were my torture-pen
Have witness borne my sacrifice, my martyrdom.
Friend, in this same vault I did grow old,
Wept out my youth—my life—yea, and did forget
The tyrant's name who placed me here. Forget!
What did I say—forget? Not while the fires of hatred
Burn within this soul so brightly, fiercely, unconsumed!
Savoy it was—that dastard Duke, whose cruelty
Hath made me what I am—all *passion, irritation.*
He little dreamt, when in these walls that day
He shut me from the light of Heaven,
That time again would set me free,
And make our troubles and our triumphs even.
Ha! ha! I've had my vengeance—yes,
Seen my wrongs righted,
His hopes all crushed, his fortunes blighted!
Yea, and by that speech I made—those thoughts I worded,
I said unless the law, the faith he soon reformed,
And with his rule some little mite of mercy blended,
That all his subjects would rise up and arm,
And blood would wash the throne by him polluted.

And well I've seen my words proved true—recorded!
Those notes I struck—those signals sounded
Were soon to call our patriots to the field—
A martial band, by tyranny united—
Were soon to call me back to liberty,
And brand his name with infamy undying.
Before Geneva's chivalry his arms were routed,
And he was forced in winter-time to fly
Beyond the stormy Alps—the blinding snow,
While at his heels upon the midnight air
Yelled the pursuers, ever gaining, drawing nearer.
From many a cliff, from many a pass afar
The beacon showed its ruddy, dread watch-fire.
Around his castle old, his dark stronghold,
The fiery-winged destroyer leaped and rolled.
Around, beyond, above him glowed the blood-red sky!
And if he once looked back, his agonizing eye
Beheld the "royal town," the country blazing brightly.
And lo! that flame the very world uplighted!
The bursting magazine—the mine exploded!
Ye Gods! well vengeance has acquitted me,
Hath paid my wrongs, and made Geneva free—
Oh, doubly—doubly free, since tyranny for liberty
Was bartered! Those stubborn walls he thought could well
defy
The banded world (such was his bigotry)
Now lie in ruins on the ground defaced.
I've trod upon the dais where his throne was raised
So high—now covered o'er with grass and mosses—
And oft on summer-days I've loitered
Among the vines and garden trees
Once by the tears of hellots watered.
His race is sunk—unmourned,
No one knows where—among the nations scattered.

Yet well he played me once, and gloated
Long upon his triumph. But, good day!
My tale is told. Farewell! I must away.
Lo! down the hills the sun is going,
And far off I hear the vesper tolling, calling—
I must to prayer. Good-by! good-by!
And may your life be pure—your passions holy.
Weed well each thought—be stout of heart,
Nor harbor vice, nor stoop to folly.
Such is my counsel, friend—and now we part."

And balanced well upon his heavy cane,
The "Prisoner of Chillon," the hero and the Christian,
Stout Francois de Bonnivard. departed,
A wept for, but unhappy man,
And he who heard his story told
Let fall for him a gentle tear,
And also passed away—as I do here—
A "wandering sphere," unnoticed and forgot.

FAREWELL, MY BOOK, FAREWELL!

Go, little Book! The time has come—the hour.
I would that you might linger in my bower
A longer time, but such the world denies.
Dame Wonder haunts me with impatient eyes,
And curious lads and lassies ever quiz me, tease me.
Oh, will such worry, query never cease—
Go, little Book! release me—ease me.

Go, little Book! God speed thee—lead thee.
May Beauty bless and Virtue read thee.
Some will slight thee, some will praise thee,
All will criticise thee. Then, little Book, be wise

And haste away. I cannot paint, disguise, nor dress thee—
I have no frills, my child, no stays, no bodice for thee.
Be truthful, then, my child, be truthful and be wise.

Away, away, my Book! I dedicate thee
Neither to pride, to rank, to wealth nor vanity,
Neither to maiden old, to miss, or widow-lady,
Neither to creeds or prejudices, to the Graces or to the Muses—
No, no, my child, thrice no—but with wishes kind
I give thee to the world, and do dismiss
Thee with all love and parental tenderness.

Away, away, my child! no tears, no cowardice!
I will not kiss thee, neither will I press thee;
Thou art an offspring I can do without.
Thou bashful rogue! thou baby of my heart!
I will not sell thee, neither will give thee;
I will not keep thee, neither shall my neighbor have thee,
Thou namless elf, thou little, rakish sprite.

Thou shalt not die, my child; thou shalt not die, e'en though the day
Is dark, the storm is fierce, the wave is high,
The elements at war, and Fate against thee.
Though fools may curse and Envy stone thee,
Though classics scold and scholars slight thee,
Thou shalt not die, my child, thou shalt not die,
For Thought will lead, and Truth will guard, and Kindness save thee.

But, farewell! my babe, my hope!
Good-by! thy cradle be the rolling deep.
In far-off seas, where summer islands smile,
In after years when I am dead and nations sleep,

My little unknown, shalt thou live and proudly dwell.
In gilded halls, in roseate bowers
Shall Genius kneel to crown thy head with flowers?

Or will you house in some inglorious cave
With Death? Aspire, aspire, my child! Be brave
Rather than a hermit be, or a dependent slave!
Be a pilgrim and a traveler bold!
Defy the desert, and o'erawe the wave!
Make energy thy sword, integrity thy shield!
Inclose thyself in brass—'twere better far than gold!
Make Independence thy steed—thy circuit the round world!

END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

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